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RECOLLECTIONS

OF

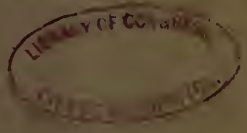
AN OLD CARTMAN,

BY

I. S. LYON, EX-CARTMAN,

BOONTON NEW JERSEY.

FROM THE NEWARK JOURNAL.



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1872.

AN ANCIENT CARTMAN.

HIS PROFESSIONAL RECOLLECTIONS IN NEW YORK THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

ARTICLE No. 1.

NEW YORK CARTMEN.

Work! Ashamed to work? No, I am neither afraid nor ashamed to work. I am now over sixty years of age, and have been a hard worker all my life, and I don't care a pin who knows it. Work is healthful to both mind and body, and honorable and remunerative to all those who perform it. The man who works, if he is sensible, will always find a dollar in his pocket and a loaf of bread in his cupboard—and what more does any man require to make himself both comfortable and independent? Fifty years ago everybody worked and nobody considered it a disgrace to work—for it was then work or starve. But now-a-days many of our extra nice young men, who sport their fine broadcloth and glossy patent leathers, think it dishonorable to work; and consequently thieves, forgers and murderers are on the increase—for our *fast* young men have to do something or other to keep up appearances.

Thirty-five years ago I commenced business in New York as a licensed cartman. I continued in that business for the next twenty years following, and during that time I had the honor of carting quite a number of well dressed young men to the old City Bridewell, that used to stand in the City Hall Park. I was at first what was then technically called a "catch cartman," the business of which was, to grab the first job that offered—provided that the compensation was satisfactory. I afterwards got promoted to what the lower crust cartman derisively termed a "fine arts cartman." This fine arts business required a spring cart, and other fixtures, suitable for removing pictures, looking-glasses, and all other kinds of household furniture, with care and dispatch. This business was quite lucrative at first, but, like everything else that has money in it, it was soon overdone. Being among the first to start in it, I obtained some advantages which I retained to the end. This employment, naturally enough, called me in every direction all over the city—more especially in those locations occupied by those who were then termed "the big bugs." I always tried to do my work well and faithfully—and by so doing I not only gained, but also retained, the patronage of many of the best families in the city. Gentlemen having thousand dollar pictures and mirrors to remove, were sometimes a little particular into whose hands they entrusted them; and why shouldn't they?

Thirty-five years ago nearly all the New York cartmen were strictly honest and upright men, and did their business on the square. They were true as steel, and could be trusted. Gideon Lee, one of New York's old-time Mayors, once paid the city cartmen a very high compliment. Old Gideon, I believe, was a cartman himself in his younger days. He said that, "during his whole term of office, as Mayor of the city, but *one* cartman had been brought before him charged with crime, and that he very readily proved himself *not guilty*." But I have been informed, whether correctly or not I cannot say, that most of the New York cartmen of the present day are not a whit better or more honest than the Broadway merchants and Wall street brokers.

If this be really true, from my soul I pity them. But, after all, how can it be expected that they should retain their old-time honesty when all the rest of the world are thieves? Like all the rest of us, they are but human. A man must be something more or less than human, at the present time, if he is expected to keep his fingers out of his neighbor's pockets.

A New York cartman, above all others, should be an honest, intelligent and upright man—for he must necessarily be entrusted with untold wealth in one shape and another. I recollect having on my cart one afternoon property valued at half a million of dollars, be the same more or less. It consisted of a collection of about thirty dingy-looking old oil paintings—said to be the grandest productions of some of the so-called old masters. I never once doubted the genuineness of their *antiquity*; but, although I had plenty of money in my pocket at the time, I wish to have it distinctly understood that I did not purchase them at that price. And right here permit me to remark—not under oath, however—that I acquired a very high character for honesty and square dealing during the twenty years that I followed carting; indeed so *high* that I have not yet, with all my subsequent practice, become a very expert thief, which fact almost debars me from obtaining my rightful dues in this thieving and grab-game age.

The business of a catch cartman calls him in every direction, all over the city, into the damp and loathsome vaults of the dead, and all through the stately marble palaces of the living, into the attics of six-story hotels, and down to the fish-smelling wharfs, whence the "people" go down to the sea in ships. His daily beat comprises not only the city proper but all the surrounding country for twenty miles or more round about. Everybody trusts the cartman—oftentimes with secrets that they would not have divulged for the world—and it is very seldom that their trust is betrayed. His cartman's frock, and his honest, open countenance is a sufficient passport for him to go unchallenged wherever he pleases, and there is no one to say to him, "thus far mayest thou go and no further." And no matter where he goes, whether it be into the vaults of a bank or a lady's dressing-room, everybody supposes that *it's all right* and that he has been sent there by somebody on business, and no one questions him for being there. Oftentimes ladies of the *very highest* standing—sometimes standing as *high* as five feet six in their gaiters—confide secrets to their cartman such as they would not *dare* to intrust to their husbands, and much less to their servant girls. A cartman who has established a good character for honesty and intelligence is looked upon by most business men as a person of more than ordinary importance, and treated accordingly.

During the last two weeks in April of each year the cartmen begin to put on a few extra airs, and look and act with more importance than at any other time during the year. Everybody then calls him *Mr.* Cartman, and when the first day of May arrives then "stand from under!" He then becomes very domineering, and everybody feels that it is their interest, if not their duty, to bow and cringe to him, for on that day of all the year it is generally admitted that a cartman may charge any price that he pleases. Through a long continued practice this has become a fixed custom, which no one presumes to call in question, although there is no law in existence that justifies this assumption. All the goods and personal property, as well as a large portion of the real, contained within the city limits have passed through the hands of the New York cartmen at one time or another, and I fully believe that, were the truth of the case known, more wealth passes through the hands of the city cartmen every year than is handled by the whole board of Wall street brokers.

It is generally expected that a cartman should know everybody and everything—here, there and everywhere—past, present and to come. He must know the exact locations of all public and business places—theatres and hotels, factories and workshops, shipping points and railroad depots—what time this ship sails, and what time that train starts, and whether there are any *runaway couples* on board of either. He must know in what streets all the churches and justices' courts are located; to what denomination each church belongs, and who preaches in them; the name of the presiding justice in each court, and how large a fee it will require to bribe each of them. He must know where to find all the colleges and schoolhouses, the

names of the professors in this college, and of the teachers in that schoolhouse; who lives here, and who lives there; when this man is going to move, and where that man has moved to. He is likewise expected to know all the doctors, both quack and regular, and which can make the largest blue pills, and which can saw off your leg without your knowing it. Also, all the choice city scandal, and who has been fortunate enough to see the elephant; who is going to elope with this man's wife, and who is going to run away with that man's daughter. In fact, it is generally expected by all those who know nothing themselves that the New York cartman should be an encyclopædia and an intelligence office combined; and if he don't happen to know all this and a great deal more, he is set down as a know-nothing, and asked why he don't go to school and learn his A, B, C's? But almost any sharp, wide-awake cartman, who has taken out the first renewal of his license, would be able to answer all these questions correctly, and a great many more which it would not be prudent for some gentlemen, who value their domestic peace, to ask.

During my long connection with the cart and carting, I generally went around with both my eyes and ears open—the consequence of which was that I often saw and heard much that was strange and curious, that did not find its way into the newspapers. I was myself occasionally engaged in some queer and startling adventures—abounding in fun, trickery or romance—of which the outside world knows nothing. In the way of business I have frequently been on hand when none other than interested parties were present, discussing and wrangling over matters not designed for the public ear—they little dreaming at the time that there was a "chiel amang them takin' notes." In this way I collected and preserved in my memory many little scraps of secret history, some of which fire could not burn me to make public. But there are other scenes and incidents about which I am not so particular. Having not much else to do at present, I have been and still am engaged in writing up a few of these now half-forgotten scenes and adventures, which I herewith offer you for publication, should you deem them worthy the space they will occupy.

I know very well that, like many other scribblers for public favor, I am much better fitted for acquiring knowledge for myself than I am for imparting it to others; but this is rather more of a misfortune than a crime. Like many other would-be great men, my "early education was neglected," and I am not ashamed to admit that what little intelligence I may happen to possess was acquired out of books read while sitting on the tail of my cart waiting for a job. But, still, I think that I may venture to say—without feeling the least bit proud—that I have seen worse trash than I have written in print.

ARTICLE No. 2.

NEW YORK—THEN AND NOW.

Most of my readers, I doubt not, have visited the great city of New York, and know something about its vast and magnificent proportions *as a whole*—but few of them, I presume, have ever examined its many mazy and intricate windings *in detail*. And why should they? An investigation of this kind would require the labor not only of a day, but of a lifetime; and even then, they would be like a blind man groping his way in the dark, unless they were accompanied by a competent guide to pilot them through its ten thousand palatial mansions, and lead them into its twice ten thousand loathsome dens of human misery and degradation. Trusting that a brief sketch of the rise and progress of the great city during the last quarter of a century might prove entertaining to some of my readers, I now propose devoting this, my second article, to the task.

It is not always commendable for a person to blow the trumpet of his own fame; but being now an *old man*, and not at all *ambitious*, I think that I may venture to throw off my usually *modest garb* and boldly assert my competency to do justice to the undertaking. During my long-continued residence in New York I had frequent opportunities for seeing the city, and the people thereof, such as few other men have ever had. My business while there led me in every direction, and gave me *free access* into many places, and brought me into juxtaposition with many parties, into which it would have been next to impossible for money to gain me admission. A New York cartman engaged in the

general jobbing business cannot, if he would, avoid seeing and hearing many strange and curious things, such as the devotees of fashionable life keep constantly screened from the vulgar gaze of the public. I believe I can truly say that I have seen New York city all over—inside and outside, before the curtain and behind the curtain, by daylight, by moonlight and by gaslight, above ground and underground—yea, even from the lowest stews of crime and pollution up to the gilded saloons of the most sleek and saintly aristocrat. And, reader, did I choose to tell thee all I know concerning the city's wickedness, "I could a tale unfold" that would harrow up thy better feelings and cause the warm blood to freeze in thy veins even like unto that of skimmed milk in an *I scream* freezer. But thee may rest perfectly easy on this point, for I don't intend to divulge any of the secrets that have been intrusted to my safe-keeping in the way of business—not much, if I can help it.

The New York of twenty-five years ago, and the New York of the present day, bear but very little resemblance to each other. *Then* and *now* are horses of an entirely different color. A person leaving the city *then*, and returning to it for the first time since, *now*, would no more know where he was than he would if he were suddenly dropped from a balloon down in the midst of London for the first time. All the old landmarks of those days, with few exceptions, have been swept away to make room for "something new;" and still the change goes on. One generation has passed away, and another of an entirely different type has taken their places. Consequently very few of the old familiar faces are anywhere visible to remind one of the olden time.

And now, in order to more fully understand this question, it will be necessary to note a few of the changes that have taken place within the space of time mentioned. One of the principal objects I have in view is to show that the city has more than doubled in size and population, and that the present New York has been mainly built within the last twenty-five years. In 1834 the city contained about 350,000 inhabitants, and covered less than half the ground which it now occupies. *Then* the bounds of the city proper did not extend beyond the line of Tenth street from river to river, and there were many thousand unoccupied lots embraced within the space situated below that line; but, *now*, the city proper extends as far up as Fiftieth street, and numbers about 800,000 inhabitants. There are comparatively few vacant lots located below this line, while the whole island above is becoming quite densely populated. *Then*, all that vast tract of land lying between Tenth and Fiftieth streets was covered over with orchards, cornfields and vegetable gardens, interspersed here and there with a gentleman's country-seat and a few rude, old-fashioned farmhouses; *now*, it is all checkered over with spacious streets and avenues, and covered with solid blocks of marble and brown stone edifices, the city residences of what are termed upper tendom. *Then*, there were but two omnibus lines running in the city—one on Broadway, and the other on Hudson street—employing some half a dozen stages each. A stage started every half hour, and ran down as far as Wall street—fare each way twelve and a half cents. *Now* there are some thirty different lines, employing about one thousand large and elegant stages, running in every direction, from South Ferry to Forty-second street—each line starting a stage every five minutes; fare in all directions, *five cents*, and not able to accommodate more than half their customers at that. *Then* there were no city railroads, and but few public or private carriages; *now* there are five city railroads, upon which there are some two hundred horse cars, transporting thousands of passengers up and down the island every hour in the day, at a cost of from five to ten cents each. And, in addition to all this, there are over ten thousand public and private carriages, drawn by horses valued at from fifty to five thousand dollars a pair. *Then* there were but 2,489 licensed cartmen to do the whole business of the city; *now* there are between 6,000 and 7,000, and the cry is "still they come!" Surely, "the world still moves."

Then most of the wholesale business was transacted on the east side of Broadway, below Fulton street; *now*, the whole space below Chambers street, on both sides of Broadway, is occupied almost exclusively for the same purpose. *Then* the lower portions of Broadway and Greenwich street, were occupied as private residences by the oldest and

wealthiest families of the city ; *now* the same localities are occupied by large storehouses, drinking saloons and German boarding houses. *Then* the retail dry goods trade was confined exclusively to the west side of Broadway below Canal street, and to Canal, Grand and Catharine streets ; *now* you can purchase dry goods at retail in almost any street in the city, even up in the avenues among the old time cornfields and potato patches. *Then* the west side of Broadway was called the "*Dollar side*," and the east the "*Shilling side*," and both sides of Broadway above Canal street were occupied as private residences, by what were then termed "*our best families ;*" *now* every house in Broadway, all the way from the Bowling Green up to Fourteenth street, are turned into marts of traffic of some kind, and whoever will take the trouble to traverse this magnificent thoroughfare from one end to the other will make no hesitation in exclaiming: "There is but *one* Broadway in the world, and that is *Dollar side all over !*"

At the time of which I am speaking (1834), there was but one railroad leading into the city from any quarter, and the fear of encountering an *unavoidable accident*, in which "nobody was to blame," caused that to be very poorly patronized ; but *now*, the city is the terminus of more than a dozen of these great iron-plated highways, connecting with others all over the country, and which discharge into this great mart of commerce thousands of human beings every hour in the day. *Then*, such a thing as an ocean steamship was unknown, and fifteen or twenty days, "Later news from Europe" fully justified the issuing of an "extra." *Now*, more than a hundred of the noblest and fastest steamships afloat daily arrive at or leave the port of New York, and instead of issuing an extra, *one day's* later news is now published in the regular editions of the daily papers. *Then*, horse expresses conveyed important news from one distant point to another at the rate of ten or fifteen miles an hour—*now*, a hundred telegraph lines diverge from the city in every direction, flashing back over their magnetic wires with lightning speed news of the various events that are constantly transpiring thousands of miles away in every section of the country. *Then*, Horace Greeley occupied the third story of an old frame house in Vesey street, and was himself engaged in setting up type for the columns of the *New Yorker*, and James Gordon Bennett at about the same time stood behind a rude counter in a little old basement in Nassau street, selling with his own hands his own "spicy little *Herald;*" *now*, they stand at the head of two of the greatest newspaper establishments in the United States, and both are men of substance—the former counting his wealth by the hundred thousands, and the latter by the millions. Greeley flourishes like a green bay tree on Graham bread and Adam's ale at his cozy little cottage in Fourth avenue, while Bennett indulges in his mutton chops and sips his venerable claret at his magnificent country seat at Fort Washington, on the east bank of the noble Hudson.

Then building lots fronting on the present Union Square were sold for $500 each—*now* they will readily sell for $15,000 to $20,000 ; but the assessments levied upon them, from time to time, have been perfectly enormous. *Then* lots could be obtained on the Fifth avenue, in the vicinity of Fortieth street, for from $100 to $200—*now* they are anxiously sought after at from $10,000 to $15,000—and so with real estate all over the city. The children of many of the old market gardeners of that day, who had hard work to keep soul and body together, *now* live in brownstone fronts, keep their carriages and liveried servants, sport the finest silks and broadcloths, and fare sumptuously every day. In common parlance, they have got rich in spite of their teeth, whether natural or artificial. In New York the wheels of Fortune are always revolving—one man *goes up* to-day, and another *goes down* to-morrow. One *makes* and another *loses*—a business man cannot stand *still* if he would ; for, if he does not move *forward*, he will most assuredly be found traveling on the *back track*. Twenty-five years ago I saw a man digging in a dirt-bank, who lately died worth three hundred thousand dollars ; and I knew another, at about the same time, who inherited five hundred thousand dollars, and who, in less than five years thereafter, died in the Alms House, not worth a red cent. I have seen a man who stood at the head of one of the largest banking-houses in Wall street, and who could draw an accepted check for a million dollars, in less than ten years thereafter go into an up-town Dutch grocery and purchase a No. 2 salt mackerel for his family

breakfast—*and carry it home himself*. It was *misfortune* and not *crime* that brought about this sudden change of fortune. I could name more than one now prominent broker in Wall street, who were once poor boys, loafing around the streets, begging a chew of tobacco of this one, and the loan of a shilling from another, to pay his fare into the pit of Mitchell's Olympic Theatre. Such are the vagaries of ever-changing fortune, and none of us know at present what good or bad luck may yet be in store for us.

That New York is a *go-ahead* place no person, who is in the least conversant with her past and present history, can for one moment doubt; but it is only when we take a detailed view of the rapid progress that we can fully comprehend the grand strides she has taken. In some countries hundreds of years have been consumed in the erection of a single edifice, and we have often had it thrown into our teeth by foreigners that we have not the means nor the ability to master such a job at all. But where upon the face of the whole earth is there a *single structure* of any description that can for a moment compare with the great city of New York as a whole? And yet, despite of all the convulsions and revulsions that have taken place within that time, the present city of New York has been wholly built within the last twenty-five years, and that, too, without the aid of prince or slave. Startling as this assertion may at first appear to the uninitiated, it is nevertheless true. Point me, if you can, to 3,000 buildings on New York island that have been built more than twenty-five years, and I don't think that I could find much more than half that number. Of the buildings that have been erected since 1834 there have been burned and torn down, and again rebuilt, more than there are now standing that were built prior to that time. And yet, should you take a stranger to New York and show him around the city, and then tell him that all this great city had been constructed since 1834, he would look at you with distended nostrils and glaring eyeballs, while he most unqualifiedly exclaimed "Impossible!"

Then Williamsburgh was a rural hamlet, containing only a few hundred inhabitants, and Brooklyn a small town, containing a population of only a few thousands—*now* the former is a large town, comprising a population of 50,000, and the latter a splendid city, crowded with a population of 200,000. *Then* Staten Island was a barren and unfrequented place—*now* it is the abode of wealth and refinement, and thickly studded with the magnificent country seats of wealthy New Yorkers. *Then* all the fashionable people resided down town, and all the working people up town—*now* the positions of the two classes are directly reversed, or at least so near so that it is now unfashionable to live below Fourteenth street. *Then* the entire city was *well governed* at an expense of about $2,000,000 a year—*now* it is the *worst governed city* in the world at a cost of $10,000,000 per annum. *Then* the streets were kept well cleaned by the corporation at a cost of $75,000 a year—*now* they are not cleaned at all by a contractor who *theorizes* the city out of about $500,000 per annum. *Then* murders and assassinations were of rare occurrence, but when they did occur the perpetrators were arrested and punished "as the law directs"—*now* foul deeds of this description are perpetrated at almost every hour of the day, but the perpetrators are very seldom arrested, and if so, are generally acquitted on the plea of *insanity*, or on a plea still more potent, that of "belonging to *our* Ring." *Then* some 300 night watchmen, at an expense of a few thousand dollars a year, kept the whole city in a state of quietness and security—*now* the city employs 1,400 day and night policemen at an expense of half a million dollars a year, to guard and protect the citizens in their rights; and still the work of crime and pillage are grandly on the increase. *Then* New York was a place fit for a quiet Christian white man to dwell in—*now* it is the haunt of human devils, and more to be dreaded than even Hell itself. New York may, perhaps, be a *handsomer*, and a *wiser*, but certainly not a *better* man, than it was twenty-five years ago.

There is one thing, however, that is quite certain. With all her glitter of prosperity, and all her rapid increase of wealth and population, New York is not now the place for a poor man that it was when I first took up my residence there. *Then* there was plenty of work for all; wages were high, and all the necessaries of life were low in price and better in quality than they are at present; *now* wages are low, work scarce, and all the nec-

essaries of life poor and high in price. *Then* you could hire good, comfortable apartments for $75 a year; *now* the same accommodations will cost you twice that amount for the same space of time. *Then* the farmers brought their own produce to market, and you could go down to the wharves and purchase *at retail* anything you wanted from first hands; *now* you cannot purchase anything from first hands at all, but have to pay two or three commissions upon every article you obtain from the markets. *Forestallers* are now constantly scouring the country in every direction, buying up all kinds of produce long before it reaches the city, and often before it comes to maturity. *Then* the workingman was looked upon and treated as a human being; *now* he is looked upon and treated more like a brute than like a man and brother. Verily, verily, I say unto you, that New York has been growing *great*, without growing *good*.

Change, and what is termed the spirit of improvement, are now the order of the day—and there is but little use in trying to impede their onward march. All the ancient and time-honored landmarks of the city are being fast swept away—one by one they disappear and are forgotten; everything that bears the impress of age and antiquity—everything that remains reminding an aged man of the glorious old past—everything esteemed and held sacred by our defunct grandfathers, are rapidly disappearing before the onward march of the spirit of gain! The Park Theatre—the old "American Drury"—upon whose ancient boards Cooke and Cooper, Hilson and Barnes, and a host of other old-time worthies, once gave character and standing to the "legitimate drama;" Columbia College, the venerable Alma Mater of heroes and statesmen, whose mortal bodies have long since passed into dust and ashes, once famed as the oldest literary institution in the city; the quaint old Tabernacle—yea, even the "Tabernacle of the Lord," within whose walls have so often echoed the commingled eloquence of saint and sinner—all are gone! and tall storehouses, filled with the richest wares of commerce, now flourish where they once stood. The old City Hotel, once so famous as the place where fashionables used to hold their "city assemblies," and the old Washington Hall, the place where the ancient Whigs used to assemble to listen to the fervid eloquence of their Clays and Websters, and their Hoffmans and Grahams, both have long since disappeared, and the large and costly storehouses of Astor and Stewart now occupy the sites upon which they once flourished. The overshadowing Broadway Bank now rears its lofty turrets high above the spot where the genial Phil Hone once resided. The magnificent granite pile—*then* the grandest and most costly private residence in the city—in which John G. Costar lived and died is now occu ied as a cheap concert hall, in which lager-bier and "pretty waiters girls" greatly abound; and the neat, modest little two-story dwelling-house opposite the Metropolitan Hotel, in which the great millionaire Astor breathed his last, is now known as one of the most fashionable "gambling hells" in the city, where thieves and blacklegs "most do congregate." Even the old Potters' Field, the last sad resting-place of thousands of the poor and friendless, has been modernized into a "parade ground" for drilling the city militia—and a portion of an up-town burying ground has lately been transformed into a horse bazaar for the sale of spavined nags and *fast horses*. O, what a desecration of that which should be looked upon as *hallowed ground!* Niblo's Garden, long the pride and boast of all old New Yorkers, now sports its fashionable Metropolitan Hotel, and Vauxhall Garden, once the Summer resort of gay and happy thousands, is now encumbered by that misnomer of a building denominated the "Astor Free Library!"

Of all the memorable and time-honored buildings that graced the city but a few years ago, how few now remain! The old Walton House in Franklin square still stands, but to what "base uses has it come at last!"—degraded to a common sailors' boarding-house, and a place where much bad whisky is disposed of. The foundation of the old building in Broad street, once known as the "City Tavern," in which Washington bade a final farewell to the officers of the Continental army, still remains in part, but now so changed in its appearance that Washington himself would not easily recognise it, with its present "modern improvements." Number one Broadway, the headquarters of Sir Henry Clinton during the Revolution, and of Washingron after the

"evacuation" of New York by the British, still stands solid as a rock, and firm as the everlasting hills; but, like the old Walton House, it has been degraded from its "once high estate," and is now used as a mart for the disposal of *high-toned* mint juleps and sherry cobblers. Of all the old Dutch buildings scattered over the lower part of the city when I first took up my abode there, not one now remains entire. About the only one of which I have any knowledge, composed in part of Holland bricks, is that standing on the corner of Pearl and Ferry streets, at present occupied as a Dutch grocery.

And now, reader, what think you of New York city as it *was* and *is?* There is not another place like it in all the world; and "with all its faults I love it still;" for it presents to the world one of the most striking exemplifications of what a *free* and enterprising people can do when they set themselves about it. New York is what might be most emphatically termed a *fast* city. Yes! the very *fastest* in all creation. Its men are *fast*, its women are *fast*, and so are its horses. Its merchants are *fast*, its brokers are *fast*, and so are its swindlers. Its steamships are *fast*, its railroads are *fast*, and so are its politicians. Its churches are *fast*, its theatres are *fast*, and so are its saints and sinners. Everything goes with a *rush*—everybody are always in a *hurry*—and any man who is of the city-born, can always recognize a fellow New Yorker in any part of the world, by the *fastness* of his movements. I have seen a *fast* man, with a *fast* horse and sleigh, jump over a cartman's sled, without doing any damage to either—*and nobody to blame.* I have known men to leave their offices in the afternoon, worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, and wake up the next morning not worth a cent—and nobody made any richer by the loss. New York is a *fast* place in every sense of the word. It's a *fast* place to make money in, and a *fast* place to spend it—a *fast* place to live in, and a *fast* place to die in. Justice and Religion are the only two dignitaries that drive a *slow* coach—and under the present organization of society *they* could not drive fast if they wished to.

The march of New York is onward! and all the convulsions and revulsions that her speculating *stockjobber* may conjure up, cannot impede her progress. Her march is onward and upward, but whether for good or for evil, God only knows. The mighty magician of Progress has but to wave his wand, and lo! the time-bound quarry yawns, and the grandly sculptured palace pile springs into existence, even like a vision of enchantment. Other cities of the world may rear larger and more costly public edifices, to gladden the eyes of kings and princes, but, as regards the splendor and magnificence of her hotels and storehouses, and other places of fashionable resort, New York *can't be beat.*

As a place for the disposal of rich and costly wares and merchandise the marble palace of Stewart stands without a rival in the world. This building alone is valued at more money than it has cost to build the whole of Boonton, with the iron works included—and its contents, which average from two to three millions of dollars, are still more valuable than the building itself. The St. Nicholas Hotel, a building capable of accommodating from twelve to fifteen hundred guests, is allowed on all hands to be the largest and most magnificently furnished hotel in the world—its dimensons being about 200x250 feet, six stories in height, and erected at a cost of about two millions of dollars.

Taylor's mammoth saloon, considered one of the seven wonders of New York, as it well deserves to be, is worthy all the high encomiums that have been bestowed upon it. It is composed of a single room, 50x200 in size, and furnished in a style of more than Oriental magnificence—the marble and looking-glasses in it costing $50,000, and the two mammoth panes of plate glass in its front windows costing $800 each. There is nothing like it this side of sundown, and you will have to travel a long way beyond before you can beat it.

MARCH, 1860.

Such was the situation as viewed from my standpoint ten years ago, running back thence twenty-six years to 1834. Since then, New York has increased in wealth and population far beyond that of any other ten years of her former history, until she now stands before us one of the greatest business marts and money centres in the world.

THE MAN WITH THE BIG WHISKERS.

ARTICLE No. 3.

It was on the evening of September 14th, 1800 and blank. Twilight had already set in, and the street lamps were just being lighted, when a "solitary" cartmen of about my size might have been seen winding his devious way up Sullivan street on his way to his suburban home. When a little above Bleecker street, a gentleman in Quaker garb, who was standing upon the sidewalk, beckoned him to haul up alongside the curbstone.

"Friend," said he, "hast thee anything special on hand for the morrow?"

"Nothing, either special or in expectation."

"Then I would like to engage thyself and another of thy profession for the day—that is, by the day, and for the whole day. Dost thou understand me?"

"I think I do; you wish to employ two cartmen for the whole day?"

"Thee hast hit it exactly; what will be thy charge for the whole day? The work will be easy, both for thyself and horse."

"Five dollars is our usual price by the day providing the work is not too hard."

"Thee mayest consider thyself engaged at that price, and also thy associate. Thee and thy friend will please call at No. 29 Grove street, at precisely 5 o'clock to-morrow morning. Thee will please be punctual, for it is on business of the utmost importance that thy services are wanted."

"All right; I will be on hand, with an associate, at the time and place named."

Continuing my way home, I met Jim Moore, with whom I was slightly acquainted. Informing him of the job I had on hand, he very readily agreed to go with me and take the chances.

The next morning we backed up in front of No. 29 Grove street, at the appointed hour. The old Quaker—I will call him old, although he was not more than twenty-eight or thirty years of age; having been so much among old pictures I had acquired the habit of calling nearly everything I saw or handled *old*—the old Quaker soon came to the door, and pleasantly remarked:

*

"My good friend, I admire thy punctuality muchly. Thee hast hit the nail on the head to a moment."

"Yes, sir; I always look upon punctuality in business matters as one of the cardinal virtues," I replied.

"I am much rejoiced to hear thee talk of *virtue* so understandingly. It is one of the great principles that I most admire; and now thee and thy companion will please to go to work and load thy carts with as much haste as thy strength and activity will permit. I have several most excellent reasons for getting my goods out of this earthly tabernacle as soon as possible."

We then set to work and loaded our carts with the best and most costly furniture contained in the two parlors.

Just as we had finished loading, a gentleman passed us on the run, and soon disappeared round the next corner. I should not have noticed him particularly, only that he sported the most enormous pair of black whiskers that I had ever seen attached to a human countenance.

Having now properly tied and secured our loads, I notified the old Quaker that we were now ready for a start.

"Thee will please bear in mind that this is to be a strictly *secret* expedition—that thee art engaged by the day—and that no questions are to be asked or answered. Thee will now select thine own line of march, but let thy course be as *devious* as possible, so that thou meetest me at the Jersey City ferry at precisely eight o'clock."

We then started off upon our "devious" way, going up this street and down that, and finally arrived at the ferry just as the eight o'clock boat was ready to start.

The old Quaker was standing by the side of the gate, and the very moment he discovered us shouted: "Drive right straight on board the boat—hurry up on the double quick; your ferriage is paid."

Just as we had fairly arrived on board, a cab came rattling down Courtland street at a furious rate, and stopped directly in front of the gate. A gentleman bounded out at a single leap, and, without stopping to pay his fare, rushed down the bridge and jumped on board at the risk of falling into the river. Stopping for a moment to pick up some loose papers that had fallen out of the side pocket

of his coat when he sprang on board, he hurriedly disappeared into the ladies' cabin. *It was the man with the big whiskers.*

On landing upon the Jersey shore the old Quaker motioned us to follow him, which we did, until he halted in front of a dining saloon.

"*Thee* and *thou*," said he, addressing my companion, "are to be mine guests for the remainder of the day. I have here ordered refreshments for the inner man, for three persons, to be in readiness at half-past eight o'clock this morning. Although we toil not, our poor, weak, frail and dying bodies crave and require nourishment; let us now enter herein and partake of such entertainment as mine host hath provided for us."

We all entered in and partook of a plentiful breakfast, including all the delicacies of the season, and after that a little *strong water* "to warm the stomach and keep off the chills and fever," as the old Quaker remarked.

We then continued our line of march up Bergen Hill, thence down the Hoboken road, until we came to an open lot near the old arsenal, where we came to a dead stop under a large tree.

"Thee and thine will tarry here until my return," said the old Quaker. "Thy dinner will be served thee here at two o'clock precisely."

At precisely two o'clock he returned, bringing with him a nice, clean, new basket, containing a cold roasted chicken, accompanied by numerous other fixings, and *a small bottle of genuine old cognac.*

Having appeased our appetites with the good things provided, and warmed our stomachs with a drop of the cognac, we rested upon our oars, awaiting further order, for we had pledged ourselves to not ask any questions.

We remained in entire ignorance of our future movements until about four o'clock, when the old Quaker broke silence by remarking that "After due consideration of the situation I have changed my whole order of battle; we shall not return to the wicked and God-forsaken city until the shades of night have fallen upon the noble Hudson, and the city lamps have been lighted. This change of programme will entitle each of thee to an extra dollar for thy day's work."

At about seven o'clock the order was given to strike tents and march down to the Hoboken ferry. When we arrived there we found the old Quaker standing near the gate, apparently impatient at the slowness of our movements. He informed us that our ferriage had been paid, and bade us hurry on board the boat.

While we were driving down the bridge to the boat, a gentleman rushed past us, went on board, and hurriedly descended the steps that led into the engineer's room. *It was the man with the big whiskers.*

"Well, Jim," said I to my companion after the boat had got fairly under way, "what do you think of our Quaker employer and the adventures of the day thus far?"

"Why," said he, "I guess that our Quaker friend is all right, *but a little queer* at times; and as for the other adventures, I rather like them."

"He may possibly be all right," I replied; but right or wrong, Quaker or devil, not a thing goes off our carts until he has forked over the full amount of cartage due us. I have had a little experience in such matters before to day, and I am fully satisfied in my own mind that there is a screw loose somewhere."

"Do as you please," replied Jim, "but I still think that the Quaker is all right, though a little mysterious."

As the boat was entering the slip the old Quaker came up to me and said: "Thee will keep a bright look-out and follow me up the left hand side of Canal street until thou seest me stop, at which point thee and thy companion will back up in a convenient position for unloading."

We followed on as directed until the old Quaker came to a dead stop in front of a shoe store near Hudson street, where we backed up and began to make preparations for unloading. Much to my surprise, the first thing I noticed on reaching the sidewalk was the man with the big whiskers coming up the street from the ferry. As he approached, he, and putting up his hand to the left side of his mouth, in a low but emphatic tone of voice, exclaimed:

"Don't take a thing off your carts until your cartage has been paid," and then moved rapidly on toward Broadway.

Thinks I to myself, "The crisis is approaching," but I kept mum.

I immediately turned around, and addressing the old Quaker, said:

"I suppose, sir, that we have now arrived at the end of our day's journey. I don't say that there is anything wrong intended us, but it is a part of our duty to protect ourselves. Our cartage is now due us, and must be paid before your goods can be delivered."

"Do I look like a knave that thee shouldst doubt mine honesty? Have I not entertained thee all this long day like a gentleman, and thee questions mine ability to pay thee?"

"As matters now stand, we have our suspicions, and not without cause. You are an entire stranger to us, and will have us at your mercy the moment your goods leave our carts. Our demand is just twelve dollars, and the quickest way for you to remove all our doubts will be to pay it. We are now ready and willing to unload your goods, but our cartage *must* be paid before we untie a rope."

"Well, it matters but little to me whether I pay thee now, or twenty minutes hence. Here's thy money, all in good Chemical Bank bills; but it grieveth me sadly to have my honesty doubted. Now, the sooner these goods are removed out of sight of the curious and prying public the better I shall like it. Thee will pass them down into this basement, where there are two robust men waiting to receive them and pack them away. Use all possible dispatch, and when they are properly disposed of we will all go up to Friend N. H.'s, and partake of a few of his noble Prince's Bay oysters; *but it grieveth me sadly to have mine honesty doubted.*"

[The "N. H." here alluded to was Nicholas Houghwout, the man who, about forty years ago, first introduced the *cheap* oyster system into New York. In a short time thereafter oysters on the "Canal street plan" were sold all over the city, and "N. H." was soon forgotten.]

Just then a flaunting, gaily-dressed lady, heavily veiled, made her appearance upon the scene. Throwing back her veil for an instant, she exposed to public view a face of surpassing loveliness and beauty—then addressing herself to our Quaker employer, she in a very unlady like manner thus exclaimed:

"Bully for you, Ned!—I guess that we have got things all right now—your becoming Quaker disguise has deceived that self-conceited, red-whiskered young detective to a nicety."

"You may bet your life on that, my lovely Sue—with two such sharp and compliant confederates as I have with me the Devil himself could not detect my strategy. But we have had a curious day of it, I can assure you."

Replacing her veil the lady passed on, saying that she would return again in a few minutes.

Thinks I to myself again the plot begins to thicken, but I said nothing.

The lady passed on amid the crowd, and was soon out of sight.

Just then the man with the big whiskers again made his appearance, and, tapping me gently on the shoulder, said:

"Hold on, carman!—don't untie a single cord until I so order it. I am Deputy Sheriff, and I now seize all the goods contained on these two carts, by virtue of a chattel mortgage."

"The devil you do!" shouted the now enraged Quaker; "hands off, sir!" these goods belong to me, sir," and rushing at the officer with an unsheathed dagger in his hand, he continued in a more subdued tone of voice: "If thee would see the color and thickness of thine own blood, thee will continue thy interference in mine affairs; if not, thee had better pass on about thy business."

The next moment the officer had the sham Quaker by the throat; the dagger glittered in the gaslight for an instant, then went whizzing among the limbs of a tree overhead and landed upon the awning in front of the next store.

"Villain! and so it seems that thou would add murder to the long list of thy other rare accomplishments; but not quite yet. You think, no doubt, that you have been playing a sharp, deep game, but your badly assumed Quaker disguise has not deceived me for a single moment. I now take pleasure in informing you that I am a detective as well as a deputy sheriff, and I at once arrest you, Edward Johnson, on a warrant for grand larceny."

Then placing a revolver within two inches of his head, the detective continued: "And now manifest the least attempt at resistance, and I'll tunnel a hole through your wicked

brains in less time than it would take a hungry rat to go through a Limburger cheese."

"That's not my name, sir; thee hast entirely mistaken thy man, sir; but if thee will loosen thy iron grasp upon my throat and let thy servant depart his way in peace, I will freely forgive thee for thy unintentional mistake."

"Perhaps not; perhaps I have; anyhow, I'll take upon myself the responsibility of holding you by that name. I very seldom mistake my man. Besides, a person with as many *aliases* attached to his name as you have seldom knows himself what his *real* name is."

Tightening his grasp upon the prisoner's throat the detective quietly restored the revolver to its usual hiding place, and then taking a small torpedo out of his vest pocket, dashed it furiously upon the sidewalk. The instant that it exploded two men sprang from behind an awning post, and rapidly approached the spot where we were standing.

"Officers, take this man, Edward Johnson, immediately to the city prison, and tell the keeper to confine him securely in criminal's cell No. 27—and by the way, should Mr. Justice Bloodgood happen to be still in his office, tell him that I will be on hand with my witnesses at precisely ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

"And now, Mr. Quaker Johnson," continued the provoking detective, "I hope that thee will enjoy 'a good night's rest' at thy new lodgings; and mayst thee have many pleasant dreams, and may they all be about that *self-conceited young detective and his red whiskers*."

As the trio moved off, the poor crestfallen Quaker turned back his head for a moment, and with a most woebegone look upon his countenance, exclaimed, "Well, damn my eyes! if New York ain't a queer place."

The detective, now addressing his discourse to us, said: "Well, carmen, we have had quite a stirring time of it to-day, but we are not quite through with it yet. It was my intention to have made this seizure the very moment that you left the boat, but I did not want to see you cheated out of your cartage. You will now please drive these goods down to the Sheriff's store, at No. 26 Ann street, by doing which you will each add a dollar and a half to your day's work."

We accordingly drove down to the store as directed, and there found two men in waiting to help us unload. Just as we had got everything nicely housed big whiskers again made his appearance.

"Well, carman, I see that you are already unloaded; now step up to the desk, and I will settle with you"—which he did. "We will now go over to my old friend Windust's, and have a bit of supper together before we part."

We went over to Windust's, as directed, hooked and tied our horses, and went in. The deputy was sitting alone by the side of a marble-top table, and the moment he saw us enter he beckoned us to come and take seats beside him, which we did.

"Now," said he to me, "what shall we have for supper? Don't be afraid to ask for anything that you may desire."

"A good nice hot mutton chop is about as good as anything that I can think of for a late supper."

"All right. Waiter!"

"Here, sir! What's the order, sir?"

"Three hot mutton chops and three glasses of iced claret. About how long shall we have to wait for them?"

"About six minutes and a half, sir;" and away scampered the waiter to give the order.

"And now, Mr. Deputy," I queried, "while we are waiting for our mutton chops, suppose that you enlighten us a little in regard to the causes that have produced the grand explosion which we all have this night witnessed?"

"Certainly; but the story in detail would be a long one. In brief, it is something like this: Two years ago Charles Marshall was clerking it on a $2,000 salary, and had $1,000 in bank. Susan Martin was one of Madame Armand's handsome milliner girls, and had nothing but the clothes on her back. They met each other at a public ball—loved, wooed and wedded. Then went to keeping house—had everything nice—loved each other, almost to death, for awhile. Finally wife got a touch of high-life on the brain—ran husband in debt for jewelry and fine clothes—husband protested against wife's extravagance—Sue got mad and ran off with Ned Johnson, the noted blackleg. Finally bill came in for $500 shawl—money was all gone—creditor impatient for amount of bill—husband had to give

him chattel-mortgage on parlor furniture to satisfy him. Then husband called to the country to see sick sister—wife informs blackleg of the fact—wife and blackleg put their heads together and lay plan for stealing mortgaged furniture—was then employed to work up the case—got on trail for the first time last evening—saw you loading at the door this morning—intended to stop you before you got out of the city—was delayed in getting papers made out, and as you very well know was just one minute too late. But here comes our chops, all smoking hot—you both know what has taken place since."

"Gentlemen—here, sirs!" exclaimed the chattering waiter, "time's just up to a second—here's the mutton chops all red hot and the claret all cold as ice."

We then set to with a zest and dispatched our supper in silence. On rising from the table the deputy turned toward me and inquiringly said: "Do you know the name and address of the carman who has been associated with you to-day?"

"I know his name and the place where he stands, but I am not very intimately acquainted with him."

"All right—that will do—now please give me your name, number and stand. I may *possibly* have to call upon you in relation to this affair, but I think not."

I then handed him my card. He gave it a hasty glance, and then holding it up near the gaslight slowly read aloud—

I. S. LYON,

FURNITURE CART No. 2489.

Stand,

Corner Broadway and Houston street.

Putting the card into his pocket he keenly scrutinized my person for a moment, and then inquired:

"Mr. Lyon, may I make bold to inquire what part of the country you hail from?"

"Certainly—I am a Jersey Blue all over."

"Did you, at any period of your life, ever reside in the beautiful village of Orange?"

"It was there that I served my apprenticeship."

"At what trade, if I may presume to ask?"

"Well, I believe they used to call it shoemaking; at any rate the work consisted of sewing, pegging and pasting little bits of leather together."

"With whom did you serve your time, please?"

"With old Tim Condit, as they used to call him, and a rum old fellow he was, too."

"Was you ever acquainted with a lad they used to call Gus Baldwin?"

"Oh, yes—certainly. He was one of my shopmates, and was generally known as the *laziest* boy in the village; but he turned up a trump after all. Gus is now an officer in he U. S. Navy, and is off with Capt. Wilkes ton his exploring expedition."

"Did you know Tim Waldron—the boy who always worked with a book before him?"

"Of course I did. Tim is now head teacher in one of our city high schools, and bound to make his mark in the world, if he lives."

"Well, once more. Do you recollect Will Harrison, who worked in the same shop, and whom the other boys used to call Baby-face, because he couldn't raise a beard?"

"Well, if I didn't, I don't know who should. Will was the handsomest boy in the village—full of fun, and always playing his tricks on the other boys, but kind and good-natured to a fault. And oh, dear me, how I should like to see him again!"

'Well, take a good look! My name is William Harrison—sometimes called Bill Harrison, the *sharp detective*. Do you discover any resemblance between me and the baby-faced boy of fifteen years ago?"

"Not a bit. Why, sir, there is no more resemblance between *you* and *our* Will of fifteen years ago than there is between a lion's mane and an old Thomas-cat's whiskers."

"Perhaps not—but we shall see. There are more strange things transpiring in this city every day than are even dreamed of by many persons who call themselves *smart*."

"I know very well that this is a strange world, and that New York is what the sham Quaker called it, *a queer* place; but you can't fool me by palming upon me those huge whiskers as being part and parcel of my old baby-faced shopmate."

The wily detective then raised his right hand up to the side of his face, and gently pressing his forefinger against a small invisible spring, fiercely exclaimed: "Presto! begone!" and the next instant the terrible whiskers disappeared from sight, and passed into the land of the invisible.

There was no use in any longer disputing the fact, for there stood the well-remembered features of my baby-faced old shopmate, all unveiled before me—the same soft, fair skin, creased with the same sunny and benignant smile. The recognition was now mutual on both sides, and the friendly greetings most cordial and enthusiastic—indeed, so much so that the whole establishment was soon in a roar of the most boisterous merriment.

"I have been thinking all day," continued the detective, "that I knew you as an old friend and acquaintance; but, blow me, with all my supposed detective sharpness, I could not *spot* you to a certainty until I saw your name on the cart."

"By Jove, Will, I never felt so happy in my life as I do at the present moment. Now, tell us all about what brought you to the city, how long you have been here, and all about it—that's a good boy."

"Well, I have been bumming around the city here for the last ten years as deputy sheriff and detective, having in the meantime acquired a little fame and accumulated a small pile of dollars, which are deposited in a safe place. But it is now getting late, and I have yet some important business to attend to before I can retire to rest. So, good-night, old shopmate; I will soon call and see you again on your stand."

About a month later, sitting on the tail of my cart one fine morning, intently engaged in poring over the pages of "Milton's Paradise Lost," I was suddenly tapped on the shoulder by what appeared to me to be the hand of a big, red-whiskered, Irish hod-carrier, which was soon followed by the kindly salutation of

"Good morning, old shopmate; how are you getting along during these hard times?"

"Why, how's this? Good morning, baby-face; and pray what's in the wind now? been *dyeing* your whiskers, I see, eh?"

"No; not *dyeing* but *changing* them for another pair; always keep stowed away in my wardrobe not less than half a dozen pairs of different colors."

"And how about our old friend, the sham Quaker? what's become of him?"

"Oh, he's *all right*; was indicted, tried, found guilty and sent up to the State marble works for four years and six months; but he begged mighty hard to be let off."

"And how about Charley Marshall and his gay milliner girl?"

"Well, they are *all right, too.* Charley came back the next morning, borrowed $500 from a friend, redeemed his goods, had them taken home, and him and Sue are living together again as cosily as a pair of billing and cooing turtle doves."

"Well," said I, "wonders will never cease. The Quaker was about right when he pronounced New York to be a *queer place.*"

"Yes, New York *is* a queer place, and a *dangerous;* and it is my intention to get out of it as soon as possible. I have just been purchasing a farm out West, and I am going out there to engage in farming. I am getting to be too well known among the "roughs" here in the city. I have already been *shot at twice;* the only chance I have for my life is to emigrate. But I must be again on the move. I am at present engaged in working up a very bad and dangerous case—*dangerous,* because there is a very *wicked* woman in it. Should I happen to escape the next shot fired at me, I will call and see you again in a few days; but at present I have only time to say, Good morning, old shopmate."

"Good morning, Will; don't fail to call soon."

On the evening of that same day, at about eight o'clock, a man and woman were seen rapidly approaching each other on the sidewalk, directly under the darkening shadows of the Carlton House, on the corner of Broadway and Leonard street. As they neared each other, the short, sharp crack of a pistol was distinctly heard by a gentleman who was passing on the opposite side of the street. The man was seen to stagger for a moment, and then fell dead upon the sidewalk, his head pierced by a pistol ball. The woman passed rapidly down Leonard street, and suddenly disappeared into a dark, narrow alley near Elm street. The murdered man proved to be *my old shopmate,* "the man with the big whiskers."

On reading a detailed account of this tragic event in the *Herald* next morning I could not help mentally exclaiming, "Well New York *is* a queer place, and—*a wicked!*"

[NOTE.—There are plenty of old New Yorkers yet living who recollect *that fatal night* when a man was shot and killed by a woman

just under the shadow of the old Carlton House, about thirty years ago. The woman who was suspected of having committed the crime was arrested and tried for the murder; but, notwithstanding the general evidence was sadly against her, she succeeded in proving a strong *alibi*, and thus saved her neck from the gallows.]

YE OLDE HEIRLOOM MIRROR.

ARTICLE No. 4.

It was a beautiful morning in the early part of the month of September, 1854. I had just returned from delivering a load of pictures by *the old masters* at the marble palace of one of the up-town millionaires. The boss and myself stood together near the middle of the store, discussing the question whether we should go and take a *little something* or not. Just as we were on the point of leaving the store for that purpose we discovered "a solitary horseman"—no, not a horseman, but a tropical-looking gentleman—no, not a tropical gentleman, but a gentleman with a tropical-looking countenance—moving up toward the place where we were standing. In a moment thereafter the following conversation ensued:

Stranger—"Good morning, sir; very fine morning, sir; have a very handsome store here, sir. My name is John Smith, sir; I reside, when at home, down among the tropics, in the old Island of Guadaloupe, sir; I am here for the purpose of having a job done in your line, sir—*a very particular job, sir.*"

Boss—"I wish you a very good morning, sir: a little eccentric I perceive, sir. Smith?—*John Smith?* I think I have heard that name mentioned before, sir; at any rate, the name sounds somewhat familiar, sir. It's a *good name*, however, sir. Well, my name is Thomas Brown, sir; I am sole proprietor of this establishment, sir; shall be glad to take any orders that you may think proper to intrust me with, sir."

Stranger—"Mr. Brown, I owe you one, sir, and, by-the-by, your name, too, sounds quite like that of an old acquaintance, sir. *Thomas* Brown, sir. Yes, sir, I was once *done brown* out of one of my valuable old heirlooms by a person of that name, sir; but I take it for granted that *you*, sir, are not a member of the *done-brown* family of Browns."

Boss—"Why, Mr. Smith, you are pretty hard on the Brown family this morning. No doubt but what some of them deserve it; but, as regards myself, Mr. Smith, I always *try* to do business *nearly on the square.*"

Stranger—"Well, Mr. Brown, having now each had a shot at the other, let us at once proceed to business. I have an old French plate mirror in my possession which myself and family value very highly—indeed, above all price in dollars and cents—not so much for its *intrinsic value*, as for its having been an *heirloom* in my family for over a hundred and fifty years. It was made and brought over from France in the year 1698, and put up in the old stone mansion house in which the Smith family have since continued to reside, where it has hung ever since, the pride and admiration of every beholder. But, owing to the damp and humid climate of the tropics, the frame has lost most of its gilding, and the silvering on the plate has become so defaced that I can no longer see to shave myself in front of it. Now, what I wish to know is this, whether you can regild the frame and resilver the plate or not?"

Boss—"Well, if any man can do it I think that I can—but how *well* it can be done, is more than I can say until I see the condition that it is in."

Stranger—"All right, Mr. Brown—I don't expect you to make me a *new* mirror, but to make the *old one* look as well as you possibly can. And about how long a time will you require to do it in? I keep all of my heirlooms heavily insured, and I should not like to have this, the most valued of them all, out of my possession any longer than is absolutely necessary."

Boss—"Well, Mr. Smith, the best that I can say is, in case everything works well, I can reship the mirror to you within about thirty days after its reception here."

Stranger—"Thank you, Mr. Brown—that will be full as good as I expected. I say nothing about the *price*—all that I ask is, that it shall be *well done and quickly*. The *cost* is of no account whatever—charge what you please, and I will send you a draft for the amount. I start on my home voyage to-morrow, and will ship you the mirror immediately on my return. Here's my card—on the back of it you will find the names of three

first-class New York business houses as references. Please remember that *dispatch* is the word. Good morning, Mr. Brown."

Boss—"Your expectations shall not be disappointed. Good morning, Mr. Smith—I hope that your return voyage will be a pleasant one."

About six weeks after the foregoing conversation occurred, the boss and myself stood in the front part of the store, complaining about the *dull times*, when the door opened, and the letter carrier hurriedly entered and delivered a letter. It was a ship letter, sealed with wax, on which was impressed an armed Christian Crusader and a very savage looking Turk, *en rampant*—supposed to be the coat of arms of the Smith family. The boss at once opened the letter, and having glanced his eyes over its contents, he passed it over to myself, at the same time remarking:

"Mr. Lyon, you had better take this bill of lading, and go down and bring up Mr. Smith's box immediately after dinner."

The boss was a Yankee by birth, but he had resided in New York long enough to acquire the manners of a gentlemen. He always called me *Mr.* Lyon whenever there was anything of importance on hand—but only Lyon when he invited me to go with him and take *a little something*. The letter read as follows:

SMITH'S OLD HOMESTEAD PLANTATION,
ISLAND OF GUADALOUPE, Oct. 5th, 1854.

THOMAS BROWN, *Esq.*, *Looking-Glass Maker*, *No.* 749 *Broadway*, *N. Y.*:

DEAR SIR: By the same vessel that brings you this (bark Mary Ann) you will receive box containing old mirror, which please repair and return as soon as possible. Please make it look as *new* as you can—*cost no object*. You will find bill of lading inclosed. Please pay freight charges, and add same to bill. Had very pleasant passage home—and a quick one. Dispatch is the word—*cost no object*. All are dying with impatience to see our *old friend* in its *new dress*.

Yours truly,
JOHN SMITH, L. D. O. J. S.

The mysterious initial letters attached to Mr. Smith's name were, after much debate, *pro* and *con.*, finally translated to read thus: '*Lineal Descendant of Old* (or *Original*) *John Smith.*"

Having finished eating my dinner, I jumped upon my cart and drove down to the foot of Pine street, where I found the "Mary Ann" lying alongside the wharf, discharging her cargo. Going on board, I luckily found the very identical box I was in pursuit of, lying upon the deck. It was a large box, measuring about 8x10 feet—very much larger than I had anticipated, judging from the size of the plate, which was only 30x48 inches.

"Mr. Mate," said I, addressing that officer, "I have come down for that box," pointing to the one indicated.

"All right," replied the mate. "I shall be mighty glad when it is out of my sight." "That box," continued the mate, "was shipped by one John Smith, one of the *looniest* men I ever saw in my life. He informed me in the most confidential manner that it contained an old hairloom that had once belonged to *Old* John Smith, the original head of the great Smith family; that it had been in the Smith family for, I don't now recollect how many thousand years, and that there was not money enough in the world to buy it. He also told me that he had a large number of other old hairlooms, of one kind and another, in his possession, but that he never allowed more than one of them out of his sight at the same time. What the devil the old lunatic does with such a lot of old looms of any kind, lumbering up his house, away down in old Guadaloupe, is more than I can tell, and more especially as there is not now, and never has been, a single weaver of any kind to be found anywhere upon the island. But that is his business and not mine. I have, however, performed my duty in informing you of the contents of said box, as I promised Smith I would do."

The box was hoisted up, loaded on my cart, and brought up to the store. It took eight men to unload it and roll it into the packing room. When there the lid was taken off and the contents exposed to view, and such another sight mortal eyes never rested on before. There lay the grand old mirror, embedded in a forest of carved work two feet broad on all sides, of the finest and most curious workmanship that human eyes ever beheld, but all dark and dingy as a blackboard in a country school room. The mirror had entirely lost its power of reflection, and the frame was mouldy and tunneled with wormholes in every direction. Nearly the whole field of animated nature was represented on the frame. One scene represented a long cavalcade of mail-clad Crusaders, with Peter the Hermit at their head, wending their way toward the Holy Land; another discovered a long line of turbaned Turks, drawn up in line

of battle on the plains of Palestine, ready to give them battle. There were long-bearded monks, disconsolate-looking nuns, and pilgrims with staff in hand wandering hither and yon, shepherds attending their flocks, and mounted huntsmen on the chase in pursuit of the wild boar. There were elephants on the *rampage*, lions on the *roar*, tigers *en couchant*, and hyenas on the *grin;* there were whales and dolphins, snakes and scorpions, frogs and lizards, peacocks and swans, and—But it is sheer folly to attempt to describe that which is *indescribable*. I thought that I had seen some pretty fine specimens of carving before ; but all that I had previously seen was nowhere when compared with this wonder of the art. It was an undoubted *unique* as well as an *antique*. Several of our city carvers called in to see it and they all united in declaring it to be a work of art without a rival in its line.

"Well," said the boss, "what do you think about this frame, Mr. Johnson?" Mr. Johnson was foreman of the gilding-shop. "Do you think you can regild it, and make a good job of it ?"

"There will be no difficulty on that point," replied Mr. Johnson ; "but it will take time."

"Take all the time and materials you may require, Mr. Johnson," replied the boss ; "but, by all means, try and make a good job of it. You will now take the plate out of the frame and commence the work of regilding the frame at once, for it is a job that's got to be *pushed*. And, by the way, Mr. Lyon, you had better take the plate down to the depot—French Looking Glass Depot, No. 42 Broadway—the first thing in the morning, and tell them they must resilver it immediately, *and do it well—no matter what may be the cost*. And if you like, on your return, you can bring up one of Mr. Jay's plates."

The person here alluded to was John Jay—not the old Chief Justice of the U. S.—but a grandson of his of the same name. Twenty years ago Mr. Jay was counted one of the handsomest men that walked Broadway. He married the only daughter of Hickson W. Field, a Broadway millionaire, and one of the original owners of the N. Y. Hotel. Mr. F. was a fine, courtly old gentleman, but mighty *close-fisted* in money affairs. Mr. Jay is at present U. S. Minister to the Court of Austria. I noticed in the papers a few months ago that he had to appeal to the Austrian Government for protection, on account of threats made against him by his brother-in-law, H. W. F., Jr. who was on the *rampage* and "*went for him*," because he fancied that Mrs. Jay had got rather more than her share of the paternal estate.

Well, the next morning I took the old plate down to the depot, and stood it up against the wall.

"Mr. Remey," said I—Mr. Remey was the head man in the silvering department—"Mr. Remey, here's an old plate that I want to have resilvered. It must be well done, and quickly—*no matter what may be the cost* How soon can I have it?"

Mr. Remey cast a hurried glance at the plate, and replied: "I will place it into the hands of the workmen and have it resilvered immediately, and it will be in a condition to remove in about fifteen days."

"All right, Mr. Remey, that will do," I replied ; "but be sure and have it *well done—no matter about the cost*."

On going down to the depot again, about two weeks thereafter, for another one of Mr. Jay's plates, what was my surprise on finding the old heirloom standing there untouched, in the same place where I had left it. "Why, how's this, Mr. Remey?" I inquired. "I have come down for this old plate, and here it stands untouched, in the same place where I left it."

"And it is not worth touching," replied Mr. Remey. "It would cost more to resilver this *old* plate than it would to buy a *new* one, and then it would not look any better than it does now."

I went into the office to see Mr. Noel. Mr. Noel was the head man of the establishment. "Mr. Noel," said I, "I have come down for Mr. Smith's plate, but I find it still standing here unresilvered."

"Tell Mr. Brown that he had better buy a new plate ; it would cost him much less than it would to resilver this old one," was the reply made by Mr. Noel.

"But, Mr. Noel," I replied, "this old plate is an heirloom in the Smith family, and valuable on that account only. *It must be resilvered, cost what it will, and look as it may*. And it must be done in time to ship it on the 4th of December next coming."

"*Must* is a pretty strong expression, Mr. Cartman," retorted Mr. Noel. It shall be done in time, but I won't promise you that it will look any better than it does now."

Time passed on. The gilders had scoured up the old frame, puttied up the worm-holes, and finished up everything in the very best manner possible. It looked splendid. A person would have to shade his eyes when he looked at it. It was as fine a piece of gilding as was ever turned out of any shop. In the meantime the third day of December had arrived. On the morning of that day the boss came to me with a smile on his countenance, and said: "Mr. Lyon, you had better go right down to the depot and bring up Mr. Smith's plate, so that we can have it put in the frame, and boxed up ready for shipping early to-morrow morning."

I went down with all possible dispatch. The very first thing that I noticed on entering the door was the old heirloom plate standing against the wall entirely shorn of its *ancient* silvering, which had not yet been replaced by any of the *new*. I looked around for Mr. Remey, but that gentleman was just then invisible. I then went into the office in quest of Mr. Noel, whom I found writing at his desk. "Mr. Noel," said I, "I have come down for Mr. Smith's plate, which I find still standing here unsilvered. What's to be done?—it's got to be reshipped to-morrow morning or somebody will get 'hurt.'"

"There's but one thing that *can be done*, and that is to replace it with a *new plate*," replied Mr. Noel.

"But," Mr. Noel, "a *new plate* will be but a poor substitute for an invaluable *old heir loom*—do you mind that?"

"It can't be helped, Mr. Cartman. The enamel on the back of this old plate is so corroded and effaced by the ravages of time that it will have to be re-ground and polished before new silver can be made to stick to it—and this is a job that can't be done in this country at the present time. You will therefore have to either substitute a new plate or return the old one in its present unsilvered state."

"Mr. Noel," I replied, "such a *fraud* as you propose would be attended with great risk of detection. A new plate would, no doubt, become a valued heirloom of the great Smith family in the distant and shadowy future—but what will become of the venerated old heirloom of the great Smith family of the grand old past?"

"Your musty old heirlooms are all great humbugs," replied Mr. Noel. "Put in a new plate, say nothing about it, and let it take its chances. Smith will never know the difference; I will take all the responsibility on that point. Mr. Remey has selected you a new plate of the exact size and thickness of the old one, which, being slightly imperfect, I will put to you at half-price."

Seeing that there was no other way of getting out of the scrape, I went black into the store and took a look at the plate that had been selected for me. It was a very imperfect plate indeed, being full of waves and small bubbles and not fit to put into an ordinary frame.

"This plate will not answer at all, Mr. Remey," said I. "If Mr. Smith has got to be swindled out of his *old* plate, he shall have a good *new* one in its place."

After having carefully examined several, I finally found a new plate of the exact thickness of the old one, but it was two inches too large one way and four the other. It was a perfect beauty, without a wave or blemish anywhere upon its highly-polished surface.

"I will take this plate, Mr. Remey. Please cut it to the exact size of the old one."

It was cut to the size required. Both plates were placed upon my cart and taken up to the store.

I now explained this swindling transaction to the boss for the first time. He appeared to be very indignant at the intended cheat, at first; but, seeing that there was no help for it, he soon began to cool down.

"Well, I don't much like this style of doing business," replied the boss; "but, by jings! there is no other way of doing it. Boys, hurry up now, and put this plate into Mr. Smith's frame, and fasten it in securely. We shall have to try this *dodge* on Smith, and abide the chances of being detected, which are anything but encouraging."

The plate was put into the frame, the backboard was firmly screwed on, and the frame was then turned over, front-side up.

A more beautiful, enchanting and magnificent picture than this old frame in its new dress was never placed before the enraptured gaze of wondering mortal. No world-re-

nowned painting by any of the so-called old masters could compare with it. It was a sight worth going a thousand miles to see. Crowds of curious New Yorkers called in to praise and admire this grandest of all human creations—this more than eighth wonder of the world. Well might the Smith family feel proud in being the possessors of such a grand and magnificent, such a priceless and world renowned old heirloom. To all those who were not fortunate enough to get a sight at it I can only say, as a consolation for their disappointment, that they will have to

"Talk of beauties that they never saw,
And fancy raptures that they never knew."

This modernized old heirloom was boxed up late that evening, and the next morning I took it down to the wharf and reshipped it on board the "Mary Ann." With it I took a large envelope containing a letter from the boss to Mr. Smith, and the bill of charges for repairing old mirror; and after getting the bill of lading signed, I placed that, too, in the same envelope, sealed it securely, and deposited in the ship's letter-bag. The letter was very plausibly written, and well calculated to cover up the fraud and make everything appear clear and satisfactory. It read as follows:

No. 749 Broadway, New York,
December 4th, 1854.

John Smith, *Esquire, Smith's Old Homestead Plantation, Island of Guadaloupe:*

Dear Sir: I this day reship to your address, per bark Mary Ann, box containing *old* mirror in *new* dress. I think that you will be pleased with the perfect manner in which plate has been resilvered—but the cost for doing it has been enormous. It had to be *reground and polished*, to make a good finish, before it could be silvered; but, as you charged me to have it *well done*, "no matter, what might be the cost." I have assumed the responsibility incurred by the *extra expense* for making it so. Although I am compelled to send you a *heavy* bill of charges, I can assure you that my profits are very *light*—in fact, scarcely sufficient to cover expenses.

Inclosed please find bill of charges, and also bill o lading.

Trusting that I have done the work in a *satisfactory* manner, however much you may object to the *cost*, and hoping that the grand old heirloom will reach you in good order, I remain,

Very respectfully and truly yours,
Thomas Brown.

The bill called for charges, amounting in the aggregate to two hundred and fifty dollars—two hundred would have covered all expenses and left a large profit. The extra fifty was added to the bill as a *blind* to cover up the cheat. It was a fine piece of financial strategy, and would have added an extra laurel to the brow of a Wall street broker.

It was now about the middle of February, 1855. The boss and myself were standing at one of the front windows gazing in wonderment at an immense stage-sleigh containing a hundred and fifty passengers, and drawn by sixteen pair of fine horses, just then dashing down Broadway. The store door suddenly opened, and the letter-carrier hurriedly entered and laid a letter upon the desk. It was a large one, containing an immense wax seal, upon which was impressed the great coat of arms of the grand old Smith family. The boss took it up, broke the seal, and carefully and slowly read over the contents of the letter enclosed. As he read on I very distinctly noticed a smile of satisfaction gently stealing over his countenance. Having finished reading, he handed the letter to me, at the same time ejaculating with unusual emphasis the single word, "Bully!" I then felt satisfied that the *artful dodge* had accomplished the work intended. The letter read as follows:

Smith's Old Homestead Plantation,
Island of Gaudaloupe,
January 10th, 1855.

Hon. Thomas Brown, *Prince of Looking Glass Makers, No.* 749 *Broadway, New York:*

My Dear Sir:—Your esteemed favor of Dec. 4, 1854, and also box containing *old mirror* in its *new dress*, have both been received. You will please accept a thousand thanks from myself and family, and also from the whole Smith family, for the exceedingly elegant and satisfactory manner in which you have performed the difficult work intrusted to your care. The silvering on the old plate is *perfect*—and the gilding on the frame is all that the most fastidious person could desire. Indeed, had you sent us an entirely *new plate*, in place of the *old one*, it could not have pleased us any better.

Inclosed, please find draft for three hundred ($300) dollars, which is drawn payable on sight. Your bill is entirely too reasonable—no person can do business and live, without a fair profit. As you will notice, I have added an *extra fifty* to your bill. I make this addition as a small token of my thankfulness for the very prompt and satisfactory manner in which you have performed the very important and difficult work committed to your charge.

N. B.—I have yet remaining in my wine vault a few bottles of genuine old French brandy, that came over in the same ship with the old mirror—and I should be greatly pleased and delighted if you would pay me a visit, and drink a glass or two with myself and a few very particular friends, in honor of *our old friend in its new dress.*

With high consideration and respect, I remain your most obedient and humble servant,
John Smith, L. D. O. J. S.

"Bully for Smith!" I shouted, as I handed back the letter.

"Yes," chimed the boss. "Bully for *John* Smith! Bully for us all! And I say, Lyon, this news is too good to pass without a drink. Let's go over to Bob's and take *a little something.*"

Well, we went over to Bob's and took *a little something*, and—some oysters. It was Bob Sinclair's, corner of Broadway and Eighth street. Everybody knew Bob. He kept one of the very best places of entertain-

ment for the inner man in the city. But, alas! Human life is short at the best, and quite uncertain. Bob and the boss were both human. They have both long since gone to that distant bourne where heirlooms and mint juleps are neither made nor wanted.

On our return to the store the old heirloom plate was conveyed to me in due form by a quit-claim deed as my portion of the "spoils," obtained under *false pretences* from the personal estate of the grand old Smith family. It still remains in my possession, and is the very identical old "hairloom," as the mate called it, in which I have *wove* this long and truthful story.

And now, I doubt not that, could I trace out the whereabouts of *the* veritable John Smith hereinbefore mentioned, and identify to his satisfaction the genuineness of this old mirror plate, he would gladly draw me his check on the old Chemical Bank of New York, *payable at sight*, for half a million dollars, to again get the aforesaid old plate into his possession. I might then become one of the "bloated bondholders" of the country, ride in a one-horse van, sport cheap jewelry, be able to take *a little something* occasionally, and have roast beef and plum pudding every Sunday for dinner—but, having no uses for money, and no inclination to sport jewelry and eat roast beef, I must positively decline the acceptance of Mr. Smith's generous offer. Should he really insist on having the old plate restored to him again, he can have it returned on the following conditions and none other, viz.: If he will pay to me in hand one million dollars in nickel cents for children to play store with and pay off and cancel our magnificent national debt, then I will pledge myself to deliver up and re-quitclaim the priceless old heirloom aforesaid to him and his heirs forever.

How many hundreds of Mr. Smith's relatives and friends have since stood in front of that so called *old* heirloom mirror, and worshipped and admired its unique beauties and curious workmanship, fondly believing that they were worshipping at the shrine of the grand old original Jacobs, is more than I can tell. But this much I do know, that the genuine, Simon Pure, original Jacobs is now in my possession, doing duty as a *fly-screen* in the top of an old show-case, in which a variety of German toys and Yankee notions are exposed for sale to the *highest bidder;* and should any of my readers have any curiosity to see it, they will always find "ye olde heirloom mirror" on exhibition at my place of business, *free of charge.*

And thus it was that Smith *lost* his priceless old family heirloom, and *gained* a splendid mirror, in which he could see to shave *himself;* but not the *shave* that had been played upon him.

I. S. LYON,
Ex-Cartman, No. 2,489.

WASHINGTON.

ARTICLE No. 4.

His glory fills the land—the plain,
The moor, the mountain and the mart—
More firm than column, urn or fane,
His monument—the human heart.
G. P. MORRIS.

To the Editor of the Daily Journal:

In my youth I was taught to look upon the life and character of Washington as being that of the model man of all the world. Some of the best efforts of my life have been devoted to the work of *trying* to have a monument erected to his immortal memory in the city of New York that should foreshadow to the future inhabitants of the United States the estimation in which his memory was held by his countrymen of the nineteenth century; but for reasons known only to myself the movement was not successful at that time I know very well that in these latter days, when the word loyalty has superseded that of patriotism, such old fogies as Washington are but little thought of; but it is hard for us to forget our old way and habits, and consequently I have not yet lost quite all my old veneration for the character of the Father of his Country.

The following article was written on the last anniversary of his birth—more for the purpose of warming up my own cooling patriotism than in the expectation that it would be approved by others. It is truly one of the "recollections" of the *Old Cartman* of which he feels proud, no matter what others may think of it. It was written to please myself, and not those who think that a "Second Washington" has already appeared. Should you think it worthy the space it would occupy in the JOURNAL, publish it; if not, *burn* it, and send me the ashes, which might, perhaps, warm me up to do better next time. The memory of Washington must not, and *shall not be forgotten*, until the Ex-Cartman becomes so imbecile in mind and so palsied in his limbs that he can no longer make his *mark.*

The American orator, if he rightly improve the opportunities which are freely open to all, needs not the aid of a Prometheus to steal

fire from Heaven to light up the altar-fires of patriotism within his bosom on a day like this. The history of our country is rich in materials suitable for the display of eloquence of the highest order, and fraught with scenes and incidents well calculated to impart renewed inspiration to the pen of poetry and romance. The discovery and settlement of this vast continent—the legends and traditions of the native Indians—our glorious war for independence, and the immortal battle-fields of the Revolution—these are themes eminently calculated for the display of the loftiest flights of human eloquence, and are such as Grecian nor Roman orator never had. Though yet in our infancy as a nation, we dwell in a land hallowed by a thousand fond and endearing recollections. It is the home of liberty, intelligence and religion—the birth-place of Washington and Franklin, and the theatre upon which have been performed some of the greatest and grandest exploits recorded in history. Here are Jamestown and Plymouth, Lexington and Bunker Hill, Trenton and Monmouth, Saratoga and Yorktown, Chippewa and New Orleans. These are fields of fame, upon which were performed feats of valor and heroism, such as the world had never before witnessed; fields consecrated to liberty and baptised in the blood of patriots and heroes, battling for home and native land; fields, the glory of whose achievements shall live in "song and story," and dwell upon the lips of posterity, long after Marathon and Thermopylæ, Bannock-Burn and Waterloo shall have been forgotten. Who, that possesses a patriot's heart and the feelings of an American, can visit any of those memorable places, where fought and bled the daring sons of liberty, and not feel that he stands upon *classic* ground? Who, that can peruse the glowing and instructive history of his country's rise and progress—a history such as no other country in the world can boast of—and not feel *proud* that he is an American citizen, and a co-heir to such a precious and invaluable inheritance?

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land."

MR. EDITOR:—I shall not occupy your valuable space, nor insult the intelligence of your readers, by going into a detailed history of the life and character of Washington at this time. His fame is as wide-spread as the bounds of civilization, and the whole world knows his history by heart. He was a most wonderful and extraordinary man, and I very much fear that we shall "never look upon his like again." He possessed the wisdom and sagacity to plan and originate, as well as the untiring energy and perseverence to execute and accomplish any project he wished to carry out, in a more eminent degree than any other man whose name is recorded in history. Like the Heaven-inspired prophet of the olden time, he willed it, and it was done—he commanded, and the great work was accomplished—he declared to a wondering world that the great day of jubilee had arrived, and that the toil-worn captives should go free—he proclaimed "liberty to the land and to the inhabitants thereof," and instantly the chains and fetters of the long down-trodden sons of oppression crumbled and fell, and ransomed man again walked forth, fearless and erect, "emancipated and disenthralled."

Considered in the character of either a soldier or a statesman, Washington has had but few equals, and still fewer superiors; and whether on the battle-field or in the council-hall, he always maintained the same dignified and commanding traits of character. Although there is no *tinselled brilliancy* in the productions of his pen, still there is no lack of wisdom and sound judgment in any of his official writings; and in all his intercourse with his associates in public life he always exhibited to the world all that is great and good, all that is grand and ennobling, all that is just and dignified in human character. The history of his life and character is the history of human greatness and human freedom; and no man of ordinary intelligence can read it attentively and not rise from its perusal a wiser and a better man. And whether we will it or not the name of Washington is destined to live in the grateful recollections of millions yet unborn, ages after we and ours shall have crumbled into dust and been forgotten. Like the gnarled and storm-pelted oak, whose roots have been embedded in the solid earth for centuries, when the hurricane blast sweeps through the forest, uprooting in its devastating course the smaller trees by which it is surrounded—this mighty and majestic monarch of the "wooded realm" having bid defiance to the whirlwind and the storm—still stands forth in all the pride and power of its native strength and beauty, lifting its head on high and looking calmly and serenely down upon the wide-spread scene of ruin and desolation at its feet. And thus shall it be with the name of Washington in after times. Having outrode the storms and revolutions of a thousand years, like the kingly oak of the forest, it shall

stand alone in the solitudes of time, casting a shadow of obscurity over all the other once treasured names of antiquity, *unapproached and unapproachable;* an orb of glory, illuminating with its living splendors the dark night of the past, and a beacon light to guide the footsteps of the pilgrim of liberty through all coming time. Age shall never dim the lustre of his unsullied name; oblivion shall never shroud the sublime emanations of his mighty genius; the storms and throes of revolution shall never blot out the record of his glorious achievments; but the career of his future fame shall ever be onward and upward, even like unto that of the eagle's, whose flight is amid the sunshine and the clouds.

"His is Freedom's now, and Fame's,
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

Such, in brief, is the history of the individual whose birthday millions of happy freeman have this day met to celebrate; such the character of *the* man whose name and memory Americans delight to honor. Washington's is a fame, "not for a day only, but for all time." As a man, his public and private character stands before the world without stain or reproach, and it presents a model for emulation which it would be safe for every American citizen to imitate. In early life he enlisted in the service of his country, and during his prime, for fifteen long years, he bore the heat and burden of the day, for which he refused to accept pay or recompense. Had he desired it he might have been crowned the sceptred monarch of the New World, but he *spurned* the glittering bauble from his presence as he would the venemous reptile that crawled at his feet. Take him all in all, a better or greater man than George Washington never lived. His integrity was incorruptible, his patriotism was pure and sincere, his philanthropy was of the highest order and bounded by no human restrictions; his benevolence was widespread and without ostentation, and his christianity was meek and without guile. In the language of Charles Phillips, the celebrated Irish orator, "No people can claim, no country can appropriate him; the boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity and his residence creation."

And now, whether we are willing to admit the fact or not, we owe much of our present prosperity and happiness to the wisdom, the courage and the patriotism of our Revolutionary ancestors. "There is a Divinity which shapes the affairs of men and nations," and "rough-hew them as we will," the all-controlling hand of the Great Invisible is constantly at work, moulding them for the good of His creatures. So closely and intimately are the events of *cause* and *effect* of human actions and results, linked together, that no human foresight can divine the consequences that might result from the loss of a single link in the great chain of this most wonderful and intricate combinatien. Had William Pitt, instead of George the Third, occupied the British throne; had Thomas Jefferson written a petition or a remonstrance instead of the Declaration of Independence; had Washington declined the commission of Commander-in-chief of the Continental forces; had Benedict Arnold succeeded in consummating the black plot of conspiracy; had the battle of Saratoga ended in defeat instead of victory, or had the contest at Yorktown terminated in the surrender of Washington instead of Cornwallis; in a word, had any one of these events resulted differently from what they did, who can say what may have been its effect upon the future destinies of the world's history? Would it be too much of presumption to suppose that, had any one of these events transpired differently from what they did, England might have been at this moment the proud mistress of the world, with the American continent for one of her distant outposts, and the people of this now great republic her obedient and submissive subjects. Instead of being a nation of freemen in the full enjoyment of civil and religious liberty, we might have been a colony of cringing slaves—"hewers of wood and drawers of water" to the British throne—the trembling dependents of a foreign despot, who claimed the "right Divine" to rule us with a rod of iron, by the grace of God, and taxed to the utmost extent of human endurance, to maintain in regal luxury a hoard of royal robbers, rioting on the fat of the land three thousand miles beyond the seas. British ships would have guarded our coasts; British troops would have garrisoned our cities and towns; British sentinels would have been posted before our doors, and the tide-waters of the broad Atlantic would still have flowed over many a

waste place, *now* the high-roads of commerce and the busy marts of traffic, where our "merchant princes most do congregate."

Under the stringent system of Colonial legislatien there were no inducements held out to our oppressed ancestors to encourage them to rise above the common level of their age and nation. But the instant that their independencehad been declared and acknowledged almost instantaneously, as if touched by wand of subtlest magician, the new divinity began to stir within their bosoms, and from that day down to the present time our march to national greatness and renown has been ONWARD! One hundred and sixty-nine years had intervened between the first settlement of Jamestown and the promulgation of the Declaration of Independence, and yet but little progress had been made in the settlement and civilization of this vast Continent. And had the same state of affairs continued, a thousand years more might have winged their onward flight before this country would have arrived at its present high state of prosperity and advancement.

But God in His mercy had willed that it should be otherwise. The war of the Revolution having terminated in our separation from the mother country—the Constitution of the United Sta'es having been framed and adopted—and the National Government having been organized with Washington at its head, a progressive movement commenced in our social and political condition, which has gone on, "conquering and to conquer," until the infant republic of the West has grown to be a giant in strength and stature, and now stands before the enraptured gaze of an admiring world, *the* model republic of modern times! Since the fourth of July seventeen hundred and seventy-six, these *then* British colonies have grown into a great, powerful and independent nation—far outstripping in all the elements of national greatness and civilization, many of the kingdoms of the Old World, whose existence was "reverend with age and grey with hoar antiquity" ages before the adventurous sails of Columbus had caught the inspiration of the Western breeze. Here, then, on this great Western Continent, the grand theatre of all our greatness and renown, we reign supreme, with none to molest or make us afraid; and it is to the indomitable energy and perseverance of our noble progenitors that we are indebted for most of the blessings and much of the prosperity and happiness which we now enjoy. They laid deep the foundation stones of our Republic, and upon this solid basis they reared the superstructure of free government and free institutions which still tower aloft in all the pride and greatness of their power, the wonder and admiration of mankind.

The report of the last gun of the Revolution had scarcely died upon the listening ear, when the work of progress and improvement commenced their onward march. And what has been the result in regard to our condition as a people? Accustomed to toil and fearless of danger, the hardy pioneers went forth, and at their bidding the wilderness disappeared, the desert bloomed and blossomed as the rose, the golden harvest waved in the noonday sun, and countless flocks and herds roamed the green pastures, and were seen feeding on a "thousand hills." Beneath their sturdy strokes the tall old forest trees fell prostrate in the dust; the rude hut of the Indian disappeared, and cities and towns now occupy the places where they stood; the tapering church-spire points towards the heavens, and the merry, clanging school-bell summons our sons and daughters to their desks in school-room and college-hall. The lurid glare of blazing forge and furnace now illuminate the sable firmament and light up the lonely dell where once the savage panther screamed; the whirring water-wheel and ponderous trip-hammer now make "night hideous" with their clangor, where once the "wild fox dug his hole unscared;" and from the dark solitudes of many an ancient forest-glen now ring forth the pealing anthem of millions of joyous and happy freemen. Other countries, 'tis true, have achieved greater triumphs in arts and architecture of various kinds, than we can yet boast of. The Old World is strewn with the ruins of ancient temples, obelisks and pyramids, reared in commemoration of the mighty deeds of the great master-spirits of their age and nation; but it was reserved for the people of the New World to rear the greatest and grandest political temple that the world has ever witnessed—mightiest of the mighty—the noblest monument of them all—the great temple of American Liberty, Union and Independence!

Was I not right, then, in saying that we owe much to the wisdom, the courage and the patriotism of our ancestors? And yet, how little do we heed the solemn teachings of the sages and heroes of our Revolutionary era, who fought and bled, and even died, that *we* might inherit the blessings of freedom?

"How soon doth time
Sweep from the records of the human heart
The noble deeds our fathers won of yore!
We prosper from *their* fame, and yet forget.
Whose blood, like water, moist'nd many a field,
That *we* might flourish well."

Let us, then, practice them ourselves, and instill into the minds of our children the noble sentiments of the Father of his Country: "*That the unity of government is a main pillar in the edifice of our real independence*—and "*indignantly frown upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.*"

I know very well that the present is what is termed a *fast age*, and that Young America is abroad in the land. I know very well that in these latter days men are springing up in every direction, who vainly indulge the belief that they are more capable of managing the affairs of the nation than were their "illustrious predecessors." But is it so? Are the people of the present day any wiser, more patriotic, or any way better fitted for self-government than were the people of our Revolutionary era? Let every man be convinced in his own mind; but, as regards myself, I go in strong for the Union and Constitution as our fathers made them. They constitute what I call the great American platform—a platform long enough, broad enough and strong enough for the whole American people to stand upon, no matter whether they are native born or adopted. I look upon the *old* American Constitution as the greatest and grandest political structure ever reared by human hands. It is the grand citadel of our independence; it constitutes the indissoluble bond of our Union, and is the impregnable rock of our political salvation, against which the waves of faction and misrule shall beat in vain. It is the great palladium of our liberties—the mighty Areopagus around which the true friends of their country shall rally when all else is lost. It is an easy matter to *adulterate*, but it is impossible to *purify* pure gold.

Such are my sentiments, whether right or wrong; but it is perfectly right that every one should be convinced in his own mind. But, for upholding these opinions, for standing up in defence of this ark of our political safety, I shall, no doubt, be looked upon by some of our modern political reformers as a little bit *old-fashioned*. But when I recollect that such *grand old fogies* as Washington, and Franklin, and Jefferson, and Madison, were among the master builders of the *old* American Constitution, I feel that I have taken sanctuary in a safe place of refuge.

Other men may pursue whatever course they please, but as for myself I have enlisted for a life-cruise on board the good old ship American Constitution; and come weal or come woe, blow high or blow low, in sunshine or in storm, no matter how loud the enemy's broadside may thunder, my motto is, and ever shall be, "*Don't give up the ship!*" Let us then, one and all, unfurl our tattered banners to the battle and the breeze—pipe all hands on board—and with our old battle-flag nailed to the mast fearlessly pursue our voyage, fully resolved to stand by our guns as long as there remains a "*a shot in the locker!*" And should the heavens threaten and the clouds begin to lower; should the angry waves begin to roll, and the howling tempest burst forth in its fury, then let us beat to quarters, call all hands on deck, double-reef our sails, make all taut fore and aft, and having committed our souls to the protection of the God of our fathers, patiently await the issue of the storm; and if at last the good old ship is doomed to sink beneath the ocean waves, then let her go down amid the war of elements, with all hands on board; and may the starry old flag of our Washington be the last object that shall disappear beneath, the rolling billows of the great deep.

It has been said, and truly said, that the voice of the people is the voice of God. It then remains for the American people to say whether the good ship, American Constitution, shall continue on her prosperous voyage dispensing the blessings of peace and happiness, of liberty and civilization abroad throughout the world—or whether she shall founder and sink amid the rocks and shoals of unrelenting party strife. In *unity* there is strength and safety—but a government *divided* against itself cannot stand. If we are

just to ourselves, and true to the principles of government, as laid down by the framers and founders of our glorious old Constitution, the United States will yet become the grandest and mightiest republican empire that the sun has ever shone upon. Then, with hearts and hands united, and with the patriotic spirit that animated the hearts of our venerated ancestors burning within our bosoms, we need not fear the hostile approach of the combined world in arms, for we should then present to the world an unbroken front, on which would be written in characters of living light the all potent words, "Americans when united are invincible!"

Let us then continue to feel and act like Americans, and not forget that we once had a Washington, who was greatest of the great—"the noblest Roman of them all." Let us show to the world that we know how to cherish and defend the institutions that have been committed to our care and protection Let us continue to celebrate with becoming respect each returning anniversary birthday of the Father of his Country; for by so doing we shall keep alive that spirit of brotherly love, without which we never need expect to grow and prosper as a *free* and *united* people. And when we shall have been laid in our graves, and all the fleeting scenes of life and beauty by which we are now surrounded shall have passed away and been forgotten, our children's children through countless generations yet to come shall rise up and fill the places which we now fill, and reverently bless the auspicious day that gave a Washington to their country.

"Freedom shall wake the votive lay,
Fame blow her silver horn,
Oft as returns the glorious day
That Washington was born."

Patriotically thine,

I. S. LYON, Ex-Cartman, No. 2489.

Boonton, N. J., Feb. 22d, 1871.

PROFESSIONAL BEGGARS.

ARTICLE NO. 6.

Mr. Philospher Greeley has told the world "what he knows about farming." I now propose telling the fifty thousand readers of the JOURNAL what *I* know about beggars and begging.

That there are many poor and deserving persons constantly on the *beg*, I do not pretend to deny; but the professional beggars are always the most energetic and persevering, and are, consequently, the most successful. Dirty and slatternly-looking women, with one or more puny and sickly infants in their arms, are constantly to be seen prowling about the streets soliciting alms; and it is no unusual thing for some of the smarter sort to *pile on the agony*, by hiring two or three of these poor innocents, at from twenty to twenty-five cents a day each, and by this means make a *double* appeal to the sympathies of the *childless*. I have often heard it said that these professionals owned a fine large hall somewhere down on the "Points," where they assembled and enjoyed themselves in high carnival when the business of the day was over.

Yes! I used to know these New York professional beggars well. I have seen them in all their various phases, and have made them a study for years. I have watched them during their business hours through the day, and when their daily avocations were ended I have tracked them into their dens and hiding-places. Their deceptive arts, sly cunning, shrewd tricks, canting hypocrisy and well selected disguises make detection almost impossible. I have watched them as a cat would watch a mouse, but I have only been able to trap them when taken off their guard. They may catch me if they can, but I don't believe they ever will. But it has been said that the laborer is worthy of his hire—and why not the beggar of his alms? The fools are not all dead yet; so let them ply their trade and accumulate all they can. There is but little difference, after all, between the beggar and bondholder, for they both live off the hard labor of others, *and neither of them pay any taxes.*

This much by way of preface; now for a few choice samples:

SAMPLE NO. 1.

One bright Monday morning in June, 1848, a stout built young mulatto girl, aged about sixteen, led by a small, ragged, dirty-faced, bare-footed girl, might have been seen slowly wending their devious way up the dollar side of Broadway. When they arrived under the shade in front of St. Thomas's church they came to a sudden halt; the elder of the two unfolded a camp-stool, which she carried in her left hand, and placing it hard up against the iron railing in front of the church, quietly seated herself thereon; the small girl, tipping her a sly wink, left. The mulatto beggar girl was cleanly but coarsely clad, and her physical condition very plainly indicated that she had not been starved. After smoothing the wrinkles in her dress and arranging her head-gear to her taste, she took from underneath a coarse, thin shawl, a thick piece of white pasteboard, about 12x16 inches in size, upon which was plainly printed in large letters the following incription:

"To a Generous Public—Please Help a Poor Blind Girl."

Having carefully attached the placard to her breast, suspended from a string encircling her neck, she then placed a small tin-cup in her lap, and thus intimated to the passers-by that she was ready to commence taking up collections. Notwithstanding the plumpness of her person the girl was, on the whole, a poor, pitiful-looking object, and bore every appearance of being in reality what she professed to be—*stone blind.*

Business now commenced with her in good earnest; pennies poured into her little tin-cup in a continuous shower, and she appeared to be in a fair way for reaping a rich harvest. This state of affairs continued on for months; every day there sat the poor blind mulatto girl, calm and unruffled as a marble statue and sad and dejected as Patience sitting on her monument. That she was doing a safe and thriving business was quite certain. I quite frequently saw ladies after they had passed her turn suddenly back and deposit a silver quarter into her little tin cup. The girl seemed to possess an intuitive knowledge of the difference between silver and copper coin, for the very instant that a silver piece of any description was dropped into her cup she would remove it therefrom and hustle it into her pocket.

My stand being just around the corner in Houston street, I used to watch this girl and her ragged little tender pretty sharp. One day I went close up in front of her and said: "Well, Miss, how are you getting along today?"

"Not berry well; I'se not had much breakfast."

"About how long have you been blind? and what caused your blindness?"

"I'se bin blind all my life; dun'no who dun 't."

"Where are you residing at present?"

"Dun'no; down town, I blebe."

"About how much money do you collect daily?"

"Dun'no—guess not much—can't count."

"Do you ever take in any silver coin?"

"Dun'no—can't *see* any dif'erence—dun'no what mean."

During this brief conversation the poor girl appeared to rest very uneasily in her seat, and I was fully satisfied in my own mind that she was *playing a part*, and very successfully, too.

I, a few days thereafter, coming up Pearl street, on my wayhome just after sundown, on turning into Elm street noticed a very superbly dressed young lady pop out of a dirty alleyway, and trip along up the street with the fleetness and elasticity of a rope-dancer. She was clad in a fashionable silk dress, and sported any quantity of feathers, flounces, ribbons and jewelry, and tripped along as daintily as a Broadway belle. I caught a full view of her face as she came out of the alleyway, but the very instant she espied me she turned her eyes in the opposite direction, and increased her speed very rapidly. I kept my gaze fixed upon her for half a block, when she glanced around slyly to see if I was still observing her, and when she discovered that I was still watching her, she suddenly stopped in front of an Irish grocery, and began to critically scan the odds and ends exposed for sale in the front windows. Although she professed to having been born *stone blind*, the recognition had been mutual. The dashing, flashily dressed young lady who had so opportunely bounded out of that dirty alleyway, was no more nor less than the blind mulatto girl, who had been sitting like a statue for the last three months in front of St. Thomas's church, asking and receiving alms

of a too confiding and credulous public. She was probably on her way to "Beggars' Hall," for the purpose of having a high old time with her fellow professionals, and to indulge in a grand oyster and champagne supper at the expense of the charitable ladies of Broadway.

What became of the poor blind beggar girl after that is more than I can tell, but it is quite likely that she assumed a new disguise, and appeared in a different character in some other part of the city. At any rate, she that day made her *last appearance* in front of St. Thomas's church.

SAMPLE NO. 2.

It was on a bitter cold afternoon in the month of January following. The wind whistled and howled around the street corners, making human locomotion almost impossible, unless you sailed before the wind. I was pacing briskly up and down the sidewalk in front of St. Thomas's church, lashing myself with my arms to keep from freezing. Presently I noticed a small boy and girl running up and down the block between Houston and Bleecker streets, fiercely importuning every passer-by with the stereotyped supplication, "Please give me a penny to buy mother a loaf of bread?" The children were thinly clad and ragged in the extreme, and looked as though they were half starved. Contrary to a former resolve not to give anything to strange beggars, I was on the point of putting my hand into my pocket and tendering the poor children the price of a loaf of bread for their mother—but I didn't. Their appearance was so forlorn, and their appeal so earnest, that it went directly to the heart, and was liberally responded to by most of those to whom it was made. Whenever they discovered a lady accompanied by a gentleman they would rush at them in the most furious manner, seize them by their garments, and give them no peace until their demands were complied with. I scrutinized their movements for some time, and could not help admiring the pluck and perseverance displayed by them in their thankless vocation. I soon discovered a movement on their part that I could not readily account for. I noticed that every time they took up a collection they would suddenly dodge around the corner of Bleecker street, disappear for a few moments, and then return again to their post and prosecute their work with renewed vigor and perseverance. Watching them still more sharply I was not long in making up my mind that there was a second party ensconced behind the scenes somewhere.

Being just then a little troubled with what is termed inquisitiveness on the brain, I thought that I would attempt an investigation, for I felt quite certain that there was a cat in somebody's meal-tub. I accordingly took a run down to Mercer street, and proceeded up that street to the corner of Bleecker. There was a porterhouse located on the southerly corner of those two streets, and I entered therein and took up my stand by a window looking out upon both streets. I had not stood there long when I noticed a man—I will not call him a gentleman, although his dress and appearance denoted him to be such—striding up and down the opposite side of Mercer street. The man was well dressed and enveloped in a fine new pilot cloth overcoat, tightly buttoned up to his chin. It was quite apparent that he was waiting for somebody or for something to turn up. Presently the little beggar-boy popped around the corner and placed a couple of pennies into his hand. The man looked first at the pennies, then fiercely at the boy, and then, giving him a slap on the side of his head, bade him be off to his work and do better next time. My blood was already on the boil, but I remained quiet.

The boy had scarcely disappeared when the little girl came bounding around the corner and deposited a silver quarter into the man's outstretched hand. Sweetly smiling all over his face, he patted the poor thing gently on her head; then taking a small cake out of his pocket he gave it to her, and then motioned her to hurry back to her post. And thus it went for the next ten or fifteen minutes, first one then the other returning and making their deposit. The man continued to look pleased, and well he might, for during that time he must have received between one and two dollars. Just then the boy came dashing around the corner with a childish smile on his countenance and a silver half-dollar in his hand. The man patted the boy approvingly on his head, gave him a large ship biscuit, and, stowing away the coin into his pocket, started off on the run and came bounding into

the porterhouse. Shrugging up his shoulders and stepping up in front of the bar, he exclaimed in an authoritative tone of voice: "I say, bar-keeper, it's a tam cold day; I vants von large, strong hot punch; make him out de very best stuff you 'ave—none of your tam common vishee for *me*."

While the barkeeper was concocting his punch the man (he was an undoubted Italian) unbuttoned his overcoat, and taking out of his vest pocket a large gold watch, to which was attached a massive gold chain, casting his eyes at the dial-plate, he remarked: "Come, barkeeper, hurry up—its gittin' late."

The punch was now placed before him, and, hot as it was, he dashed it down at a single gulp. The barkeeper stared at him with a look of amazement, and so did several others.

"Now," said he, "let me 'ave von good segare—non ave your tam cheap trash, but von of de best imported."

After paying the bill he lighted his segar, and hastened back to his post on the sidewalk, where he found both the children awaiting his return.

While in the porterhouse I feltvery much like seizing the villain by the throat and throttling him on the spot, but I didn't. These big-whiskered Italian brigands generally carry about them very sharp, ugly-looking daggers, and most of them are not very particular as to who they bleed with them—so considering "discretion to be the better part of valor," I allowed the scoundrel to escape with a whole hide. Whether these children were his own, dressed up in character to perform a part, or whether they had been hired and tutored for the occasion, I never tried to learn. Driving in the upper part of Broadway, a few days after, I saw the same parties performing in the same play, between Eighth and Ninth streets. But, methinks I hear the reader inquire, "Why didn't you hand them over to the police?" My reply to which is, for the very good reason that there were no day policemen in the city at that time.

SAMPLE NO. 3.

Many years ago—I don't now recollect the exact year—a little withered old man might have been seen seated on a box, standing on the sidewalk, on the northerly side of Chatham square, just at the commencement of the Bowery. I had frequently noticed him in passing along the square, and I thought him the most pitiful and disgusting-looking object that I had ever seen. A coarse piece of brown pasteboard hung suspended from his neck, upon which was inscribed in large capitals the following: "I am a Poor Blind Soldier of the Revolution." With uncovered head there he sat, day after day, silently soliciting such contributions as the charitable public might see fit to bestow upon him. His general appearance denoted him to be a *very old man*, and very much enfebled by age. Indeed, some of the Sunday papers had said that he was a *hundred years old*, but if he was he was certainly a very *small person for one of his age*. Nobody seemed to know him, or from whence he came, but everybody talked about him, and wondered how he had managed to live so long. His head was one-half bald, and the other half was profusely adorned with long, flowing, snow-white hair. His face was shriveled and wrinkled, and of a pallid and death-like hue. He looked, indeed, an object of pity, but more of disgust. Some of the papers had declared that he was a *leper*, and cautioned their readers not to go near him; others said that he was just what he purported to be, an old Revolutionary soldier, and that it was a disgrace to the patriotism of the country to allow him to be seen in the streets begging. This state of affairs continued for months, without anbody being able to obtain a clue to his history. Some few shunned him as they would the plague, but more pitied him and contributed to his relief. But the *denouement* was drawing nigh.

One day, driving along up the square, I noticed a party of Bowery roughs skylarking on the sidewalk just below where the old veteran was sitting, and I hauled up for a few minutes to see the sport. They soon arrived in the vicinity of the man of unknown years, when one of the heartless scamps, losing all his love and veneration for things holy and Revolutionary, seized the whitened locks of the old man in his iron grasp, when lo! the centenarian, forgetting all his assumed infirmities, sprang upon his feet in a trice, and the next moment he went bounding across the square at a rate of speed never before witnessed in that locality, leaving his venerable locks and the outer skin of his face dangling

in the hands of the brutal rowdy. And so this poor old blind soldier of the Revolution turned out to be a slender youth of seventeen, with hair as black as night, and with racing abilities that it would be safe to bet on. The old continentaler pointed down Oliver street, with several hundred dirty ragged urchins close upon his heels, and shouting at the top of their voices: "Stop that old Revolutioner—crackee! *how he runs!*"

The roughs had a jolly time over the Revolutionary relics left in their possession, and the lookers-on had a good time generally. Verily, verily, New York has produced some *very fast* young men—you may safely bet on that. It was, I doubt not, the last appearance of the accomplished young rogue upon that or any other stage in the character of a Blind Old Soldier of the Revolution.

SAMPLE NO. 4.

And now for the king of beggars—a man whose character and conduct almost beggar description. My stand at that time was on the westerly corner of Broadway and Canal street, the same corner upon which the Brandreth House now stands. At the time of which I am writing there was a plain old three-story brick house standing there, the basement of which was occupied as a dining saloon and the first story as a porterhouse. On the northerly corner, directly opposite, a certain Mr. Walker kept a fashionable boot and shoe store, having its main entrance on Broadway.

One morning in the latter part of May, 1838, an old man of not less than seventy years, with staff in hand, came hobbling along the upper side of Canal street, toward Broadway, apparently seeking a place of rest. When he arrived at the corner he glanced around for a moment, then taking one of Mr. Walker's empty boot boxes, he deliberately placed it on the middle of the sidewalk, and quietly seated themselves thereon. He then took off his hat, placed it between his knees, began bobbing his head at a furious rate, and commenced rolling up his eyes toward the awning overhead, as much as to say, "I am now ready to proceed to business." There was no apparent *sham* or *disguise* about him—not a bit of it. He was, no doubt, just what he appeared to be, a poor, feeble old man, and the very embodiment of humility itself. It was impossible for any one to pass him without noticing him, and his manner was so pitiful and imploring that it was next to impossible for a person to pass him without dropping a penny or two into his hat. It was very evident to a looker-on that he was doing a safe and profitable business. Retaining his position until near noon, he then returned the box to the place whence he had taken it from, and then, repairing to the dining saloon on the opposite corner, he ordered the best dinner the place could furnish. Dinner over, he then hobbled up into the porterhouse, ordered a mint-julep, took a costly meerschaum pipe from his pocket, filled it with the most choice and fragrant tobacco, and, having lighted it, quietly seated himself on a settee and commenced reading the morning news. At two o'clock he was again at his post, on his box in front of Mr. Walker's store, where he remained until about sundown.

And thus it went, day after day, week after week, and month after month, until the old man became so well known to the frequenters of Broadway as any stationary object located thereon—not excepting the Astor House and Barnum's Museum. The shameless course pursued by the old beggar caused considerable comment among residents of that locality, but no one feeling it his duty to investigate the matter, the old fellow continued to beg and feast unmolested. I had often heard it hinted that the old man was a downright impostor—that he was the owner of considerable real estate, and had any amount of money out at interest on bond and mortgage—but nothing of a strictly reliable character could be ascertained from any quarter.

Being on my way home about dusk one evening in July, just as I had turned out of Broome into Sullivan street, I discovered the old Broadway beggar trudging along up the street, staff in hand, directly ahead of me. When up near Spring street he dodged into a narrow alleyway and was out of sight in an instant. My curiosity was a little awakened and I drove up alongside of the curbstone in front of an Irish grocery, located on the upper side of the alleyway. The groceryman was standing in the door and I alighted and called for a segar, having lighted which, I said: "Patrick, do you know the old gentleman that just entered this alleyway?"

"Bedad! but it's meself that oughter be after knowing him, the old Jew! He's me landlord, bad luck till him!"

"Is that so? He's a man of property, then?"

"Yez better belave that—its avau so, the auld hathan! He's bin me landlord for more nor five years, and one of the divel's auld skinflints to boot. It's himself that owns all the houses between here an' Spring street, and the Lord knows how much more baside."

"Thank you, Patrick, the news which you have communicated is worth remembering."

I counted the houses referred to, and their number was five—worth at the lowest estimation $15,000. I then took a turn down the alleyway for the purpose of getting a peep at the old beggar's residence. It was a large, neat, three story brick building—much more so than the average of rear houses. The gas was already lighted, and through the openings of the lace curtains I could distinctly see a fine display of gilt mirrors and costly paintings. Everything looked neat, clean and comfortable. The cat was now fairly out of the bag, and might be easily seen without glasses. The name, "Williams," shone forth resplendently from a large gothic, well polished silver door-plate.

Going into the porterhouse on the corner, a few days after, I found the old man sitting alone on the settee enjoying his pipe. I took a seat beside him, thinking that I would have a little conversation with him.

"Well, neighbor," said I, "how are you getting along these dull times?"

"Poorly, very poorly indeed—I am not making enough to pay my expenses—just paid seventy-five cents for a very indifferent dinner, and a shilling for a weak, sloppy julep—costs me every cent of two dollars a day to live, and some days don't take in above a dollar and a half. Can't stand such a business much longer; am losing money every day."

"Yes, times are very tight, and money is dreadful scarce. I hardly know what is going to become of us poor devils who have to look to the public for our support. If it's a fair question, may I inquire about what have been your average receipts daily, since you have been doing business in this section of the city, and the highest amount taken in in any one day?"

"Well, sir, to tell you the plain truth, there is no average about it. Some days I have taken in as high as eleven dollars, but only on a few special occasions. My general average is from two to six dollars. At present I am not doing more than half that, for most of my best customers are now rusticating in the country. If business don't improve soon I hardly know what's going to become of me."

"Why, Mr. Williams, I understand that you are in possession of a large property, both real and personal."

"My good gracious! who in the world told you that my name is Williams?"

"Nobody; I read your name in very large and distinct letters on your handsome door-plate in Sullivan street."

"The devil you did! but why were you there sneaking around my private premises? It was a very mean act on your part, to say the least, and I don't thank you for it. But all this trouble and exposure comes from my careless servants leaving my alleygate unlocked; *damn them!* But you don't intend to expose me, do you?"

"Oh, certainly not, if you will only inform me how many hundred thousand dollars you are worth."

Well, to tell you the solemn truth, I am worth but very little at present—a mere nothing. But there *was* a time when I owned considerable property—but it is all gone, and left me a beggar in my old age. I am now in my seventy-second year, and nothing is left me but my *profession*. If times don't mend soon I fear me that I shall be compelled to go to the alms house, and end my days there among the common paupers. It grieves me to the heart when I think of it."

"That's all, Mr. Williams—go ahead and do your double best—I won't expose you, and you know much better than I do that the 'fools are not all dead yet.'"

One fine morning, a few days later, a dashingly dressed young lady, accompanied by a so-called Hungarian Count, who displayed to public gaze many more *native hairs than foreign graces*, came rattling down the dollar side of Broadway, the "observed of all observers." They dropped into Walker's, not to *purchase* but to *price* some of his latest imported French gaiters. Having tumbled over half the stock in his store without buying

anything, they came rushing out upon the sidewalk, not dreaming that there were any other persons in the world except themselves. They stumbled against the old beggar, who was sitting bolt upright upon his box, and the whole trio toppled over together in a somewhat mixed and confused condition upon the sidewalk, the lady exhibiting to the vulgar gaze, *free of charge*, a set of very ragged skirts, a very clumsy pair of ank'es, a very full-fed pair of calves, and an extremely *dirty pair of stockings*. The Count, being the first upon his feet, hurriedly gathered up his rumpled parcel of second-hand dry goods, and the twain dashed off down Broadway at a furious rate, cheered on by a gang of young vagabonds who followed after them, shouting and screaming like so many unchained devils, "Stop that Hungry-garian Count, who is running away with the old clam-peddler's daughter!" A couple of gentlemen, who were passing at the time, assisted the old beggar upon his feet, and a trio of newsboys, who had stopped to witness the sport, gathered up the contributions of the morning and restored them into the old man's hat, not forgetting, however, to transfer the larger portion thereof safely into their own pockets.

Mr. Walker then came out, and informed the old man that he had been blockading the sidewalk in front of his premises until it had became a nuisance, and ordered him to leave *instanter*. The old beggar, taking the hint, *left*—but not until he had bestowed a shower of fearful maledictions upon the head of the poor Count and his fair tender, who had been the cause of his losing one of the very best begging stands in the city.

But, methinks I hear the reader cry out, "Hold! enough!" and being very much of the same opinion, I shall come to a close; but not until I have cautioned every one of them to look out *sharp* when they come in contact with New York's wily professional beggars.

I. S. Lyon,
Ex-Cartman, No. 2489.

Boonton, N. J., May, 1871.

SYLVESTER GRAHAM.

ARTICLE NO. 7.

How many of your readers of the present generation have ever heard this name mentioned before? And yet but fifty years ago Sylvester Graham was one of the best known and one of the best abused men in New Jersey. How fleeting and evanescent is all human fame! and yet we are all struggling to acquire it in one shape or another, thinking that it will endure forever. Most of the people of the present generation, however, know a little something about Graham bread—but how few of them know anything about its author or its origin? The design of my present article is to post them a little on this point.

Sylvester Graham, the person whose name stands at the head of this article, was the inventor of the bread that bears his name. Of Mr. Graham's early history I know but little, but my recollection is that he came from Connecticut to this section of country about the year 1816 or 1817, being then some 20 or 21 years of age. About the year 1818 or 1819 he was a resident of Parsippany, in this county, and kept a country store in a little old wooden building that then stood near the spot where Judge Cobb's barn stands now. When a small boy, many is the time and oft that I have taken butter and eggs to his store and exchanged them for sugar and molasses. Butter was then worth about 10 cents a pound and eggs 6 cents a dozen; brown sugar costing about 25 cents a pound and molasses $1 50 a gallon. In those days poor people indulged in but few of the luxuries that are deemed indispensable in almost every family at the present day—and what it will require to satisfy the wants of the next generation it would be hard to say. Graham was an eccentric and wayward genius from first to last—and well do I remember his general appearance. He used to be very gay and foppish in his dress, and in his manners and appearance he bore a very strong resemblance to the late N. P. Willis, as I recollect him twenty years ago—both being in the strict sense of the word what was then, and is now, denominated *a ladies' man*—and like Willis, he spent much of his time in wooing

the Muses. Mr. Graham was a man of many parts, and endowed with many noble qualities—but, like most of us, he was human, and consequently had his weak points. He was a good prose writer, a poet, an orator, a musician, a portrait painter and a play actor of more than ordinary merit. He wrote many splendid articles, both in prose and verse, for the Morristown, Newark, New York and Boston papers, and I have never yet seen a piece of his composition that was not worth reading. He was also one of the leading members of the old "New Jersey General Debating Society"—a society that embraced among its members many of the most talented young Jerseymen of that day, such, for instance, as John J. Wurts, George Wurts, Jas. Gibbs, John F. Ellis and George Meeker. This society was formed about the year 1820, and held its meetings alternately in Morristown, Newark, Bloomfield and New Brunswick.

Mr. Graham sometimes wrote over his own signature, but more generally over that of "G——, of New Jersey," and his writings were very extensively copied by the newspapers of that day. He had a long discussion with a number of able opponents in the columns of the New Jersey *Eagle*, in the year 1820, on the subject of "Punishment of murder by death," he taking the negative side of the question. I have carefully preserved a number of his poems and essays in an old scrap-book, and I now find them much more instructive and entertaining than anything that is published in the fashionable magazines of the present day. His "Ode to the Moon," a prize poem published in the Boston *Recorder*, commencing with the following verse:—

"Fair, lonely Moon, thou speakest not,
Yet thou are eloquent to me!
Oh! that the scenes could be forgot,
Which have been witnessed oft by thee!
But, no! remembrance will not part
With what it once too dearly priz'd;
The bosom cannot cease to smart
Whose feelings have been sacrificed!"

His "Farewell to Parsippany," May 16, 1822, commencing thus:

"Parsippany, list! for the tale I will tell,
Shall rejoice thee extremely to hear;
Oh! list to my lyre's valedictory swell!
The bard thou hast hated now bids thee farewell!
Farewell—with a smile and a tear!"

His address "To Mary Ann, who crowned me with laurel and roses," of which the following is the first verse;

"Mary, why thus my brow beset,
With laurels and with roses fair?
The wreath is blooming lovely yet,
But ah! 'twill wither there!
For my cold temples oft are wet
With the inhospitable sweat
Of melancholy care.
Nay, Mary, nay! thou shalt not twine,
With heart and hand so pure as thine,
A brow so blight and bare."

And his "Lines written during a thunder storm at 2 o'clock Thursday night, August 3d, 1822," of which take the following first four verses as a sample:

"Love ye, who will, the sylvan vale—
The calm retreat—the peaceful life—
The moon's mild beams—the balmy gale,
Remote from man and nature's strife.

Love ye, who will, the social tie—
The kindred throb—affection's wiles—
The pressing lip—the sparkling eye,
And beauty's love—and beauty's smiles:

Love ye, who will, the martial field—
The blood-begotten wreath of fame;
And ye who will, may sceptres wield,
And die to leave the world a name.

But let me love sublimer things
Than earth or earth-born beings love,
And on anticipation's wings,
Thro' faith's bright vista soar above!"

These are all pieces of high merit; and, in my humble judgment, are surpassed by but few others that have since been written by an American poet. A sad disappointment in a love affair (which breathes itself through all his poetry) caused Mr. Graham's removal from Parsippany about the year 1822. I know but little of his history after he left this section of country, but my recollection is that he went to New York, where he first studied medicine, then law, and finally divinity. It was after he left Parsippany that he invented his brandbread system of diet, and became a somewhat noted and eccentric preacher of the Gospel, but of what denomination I do not now recollect. Take him for all in all, a singular and erratic genius was that of Sylvester Graham's!

About the year 1818—having first obtained the consent of the trustees—Graham fitted up the third story of the old brick academy at Parsippany as a place for theatrical performances. It was quite a large place, and was very neatly and commodiously fitted up, containing an elevated stage, and seats so arranged and raised up that the whole audience could have a good view of the performances. Graham was grand Major Domo of the whole concern—manager, scene-painter, costumer and chief actor. The fact is, it was his own individual establishment; he furnished all the requisite funds for carrying on

the concern, and took his chances of being reimbursed out of the profits; but it was generally understood that he made a little something out of the enterprise. His assistant players were talented young ladies and gentlemen, belonging to the first families of the village.

The plays performed—and they were generally well performed—were mostly of a laughable character, such as "Paul Pry," "Family Jars," &c. These entertainments always took place during the Winter months, continued for about a fortnight at a time, and were held for a number of years. The most respectable families for miles around used to attend these highly entertaining exhibitions. In good weather the house was always crowded. The people of those days were not afraid nor ashamed to go there and indulge in a good, hearty, honest, square, old-fashioned laugh, which was more beneficial to their sound bodily health and digestion than a dose of blue pills or a modern oyster supper. There was more *true* religion, more sterling honesty and liberal-mindedness among the young men and women of those days than there is among their canting, hypocritical descendants in these latter times. The people *then* shunned everything that was mean and dishonorable, but they *dared* to enjoy themselves in a rational and harmless amusement, without stopping to inquire "What would Mrs. Grundy say?" They did not then excommunicate their next-door neighbors from the church or good society because they attended a village exhibition and drank sparingly of hot lemonade, while *they themselves* slipped off slyly to New York to see the Black Crook and indulge in unlimited quantities of hot Tom-and-Jerry—all under the *false pretense* of going to the city to buy *cheap* goods.

The following "supplement" to Collins' Ode on the Passions, written by Graham, and recited by himself at the close of the exhibitions in 1819, is but little inferior to the original production. At any rate it is highly spirited and abounds in fine poetic images. It is certainly worth reading and preserving, more especially as its being one of his earliest productions:

And he amid the frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.—*Collins.*

But as the little god in rapture smil'd,
On rushed in fury, from a nook retired,
With haggard look, and air and gesture wild,
A love-lorn maniac, with mad phrenzy fir'd;
His step was hasty now, and now delay'd;
He grasp'd a dagger in his trembling hand;
Seemed desperate now, and now appear'd afraid;
And now he gnash'd his teeth, and madly shook brand.
First he beat loudly on the hollow drum,
Then blew a blast upon the clarion shrill;
Then stood a moment motionless and dumb,
As tho' himself were stone inanimate and chill;
But as subsided the delirious fire,
His brow relaxed—his eye more mildly beam'd;
And calm he seem'd,
As tho' all undisturbed by love or ire;
Then with a placid smile—
Tears wet his cheeks the while—
He gently took the sweet, melodious lyre,
And softly and serenely played;
The notes harmonious rung,
As o'er the chords his fingers stray'd,
And sweeter still he sung—
"Oh! she was divinely fair,
Was all my love—was all my care;
When I was sad, she sigh'd for me;
When I was glad, she smil'd with me;
Upon my lips how oft she hung,
How kind the music of her tongue,
When lying on my breast,
With melting look, she all her love confess'd.
But where now is she?
O death! O misery!
Those foul, perfidious charms,
Now fill a rival's arms—
Those lips that gave me kisses,
Now! now! a rival presses."
Then fierce again became his look
Again his naked blade he shook
And plunged him headlong on the ground;
Then started up and wildly gazed around,
And raged, and foamed, and frantic tore his hair,
Exclaiming, "Death! damnation! hell! despair
O horror! vengeance! murder! O!
Let go my heart! mad demon! let me go!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!—
Away, foul fiend! away! away!
Dost still pursue?—then let me die!"
Thus saying, he raised his steel on high,
And plunged it downward furiously.
It reached his heart, he drew it out,
And from the gaping wound the warm life's blood did spout!
Groans, stifled groans—sighs interdicted sighs;
His cheeks grew pale; his senses reeled around;
The shades of death came o'er his hollow eyes;
He staggered, tumbled—died upon the ground.

It was a very cold night, indeed; but, it being the last performance of the season, the house was crowded almost to suffocation. When the actor stabbed himself and fell, his white vest smeared with blood, there was a terrible commotion among the audience—many of them supposing that Graham had really killed himself. Had the house been on fire the consternation could not have been greater than it was. A score or more of ladies fainted outright, and the rest raved and screamed like so many maniacs just broke loose from Bedlam. The scene was terrible beyond description, and for a few moments the tumult was sufficient to appal the stoutest heart. Doctors were called for—there were two or three in the house at the time—windows were smashed, and snow and water were used

without stint. The doctors flew to the rescue, and numerous old-fashioned smelling bottles were brought into requisition. But after the first alarm was over it was found that nobody was killed, and but few were wounded—except in their pride and feelings. Most of the ladies soon recovered from their fright, and were taken home by their friends; but it was a long time before a few of the more nervous old maids were fully restored to their wonted health and cheerfulness. It was generally believed that Graham had written and introduced the piece for the purpose of revenging himself on some of the ladies who had jilted him—at any rate it caused him to be more shunned and despised by most of them. The startling events of that night of horrors constituted the theme of social gossip round many a village fireside for years after; but probably there are not ten persons at present living who have any recollection at all about it

Graham removed from Parsippany about the year 1822. He returned there again on a visit a few days after, a licensed preacher of the Gospel, and solicited permission to preach in the *old* church, located there seventy years before; but the same church-folks who had encouraged and cheered him on as a *player*, now indignantly scouted his request and refused to listen to him as a *preacher*. He then applied to the trustees of the old brick academy, and his request was granted; and there, one Sunday night, in the school-room, he *preached* to a much larger audience than he had ever *played* to in the room overhead. His sermon was a very *eccentric* one, and he was very severe and sarcastic on that class of persons who would gladly *pay their shilling* to see the devil perform his foolish antics, while they refused the use of the house of God to a messenger of Christ, who offered to preach to them *gratis*. The sermon was long, eloquent and full of cutting invective against that class of persons whom he denounced as the best aiders and abetters of the devil in his crusade against Christ's ministers. As a whole, it was certainly a curious sermon.

But alas, poor Graham! He's dead now and gone to his last account! May his once troubled spirit rest in peace. His was an eventful and wayward existence, full of bright hopes and bitter disappointments. But that he did not live entirely in vain is quite evident from the good works which he has left behind him. If not his poetry, his bran bread will remain a towering monument to his memory until that dread monster, dyspepsia, shall have been banished from the world!

Little did the writer of this rude sketch even dream—when a poor, bare-footed boy, hanging round Graham's counter in 1820, the hope big within his bosom that some one would give him a stick of candy—that he should ever live to write the life (and the only one that has ever been written) of the eccentric and talented young store-keeper, in the *then* far distant year of eighteen hundred and seventy-one. But it has been even so—and he don't feel a bit ashamed of what he has been doing, although so poorly and ineffectually done.

TWICE CHARGED WITH THEFT.

ARTICLE NO. 8.

Yes! verily, it is even so. Twice during my life I have been charged with theft. I don't deny the fact—that is the *charge;* but I do most decidedly and indignantly deny the *theft*. The facts of the case, as I recollect them, still retain a place in my memory, and are looked upon as rather pleasant incidents of the past; and being an extremely *modest* man, I intend, if possible, to narrate them without *blushing*. I shall give the facts precisely as they occurred, without going into any unnecessary personal details of the parties concerned. The first charge was made by a lady, and the second by a gentleman; I say *lady* and *gentleman* despite the hard words that passed between us, for they afterward both proved themselves to be such. My stand at the time was on the corner of Broadway and Houston street.

Madame Rhonan was an American girl by birth and education, but transferred into a French lady by marriage, and at the time of which I write she was a person of a *very uncertain age*—that is to say, she was about *sixty*, be the same more or less. She resided in a fine large house, situated on one of the highest points on Staten Island, and was sur-

posed to be quite wealthy. She had a handsome daughter who married a prominent Wall street broker and lived in a fine house in Bond street, New York. Madame and her daughter used to exchange residences with each other once a year; they both residing in Bond street during the Winter and on the Island during the Summer. This exchange of residences very naturally necessitated the removal of more or less personal baggage, and the removal of the aforesaid baggage also necessitated the occasional employment of one or more cartmen. My cart being the only one standing in the neighborhood at that time, I was frequently called upon to do odd jobs for both families. I had been over to the Island several times, sometimes to take loads over and at others to bring back the same articles again. In the meantime I had become more or less acquainted with the principal members of both families, and they began to address me quite familiarly as "our carman." Such was the situation of things generally, when, one Thursday morning in the latter part of December, 1840, the waiter came down to the stand and notified me that Madame wished to see me at the house in Bond street.

I immediately went up to the house, rang the bell, and was at once ushered into the august presence of Madame Rhonan, who, with all the grace and sweetness of a girl of eighteen, thus addressed me:

"Good morning, Mr. Carman. Oh, I am *so* glad that James has found *our old carman!* Please sit down a moment, and I will inform you what I wish to have done. Now, please listen attentively. I have a very handsome suite of parlor furniture—indeed, I may say magnificent beyond description—at my house over on the Island, which I want brought over here for the purpose of showing it off among my friends during the holidays; and, oh, I am quite sure that the bare sight of it will *create a sensation!* It consists of a sofa, two arm and eight parlor chairs, all composed of the choicest rosewood, and made by Roux, of Broadway, the backs and seats of which are adorned with splendid embroidered patterns, all worked by my own hands. Now, can you procure the services of another good carman to go with you and bring over the chairs this afternoon—mind you, I don't want anything but the chairs brought over to-day, do you understand?—the two armchairs on one cart, and the eight parlor chairs on the other. On to-morrow or next day you can go over yourself and bring the sofa; and, mind you, should I find the least *soil or stain* on any of them, you may expect to witness something a little more terrible than "a tempest in a teapot."

"Madame," I replied, "I think that I understand you. Your commands, as respects to-day, shall be strictly complied with; but I am otherwise engaged for to-morrow, and probably for the next day. I will, however, do the best I can for you."

I engaged another cartman, and we both went over to the Island by the 1 o'clock boat. We found the furniture all neatly and carefully covered, standing in the dining-room ready for removal. Some half-dozen servants, both male and female, were there engaged in clearing the room of all its other furniture, seemingly making preparations for a grand ball, or some other kind of frolic. We set to work, loaded the chairs in the most careful manner, brought them over to the city, and delivered them at the house in Bond street, all in good condition. Madame paid the other cartman, and said she would settle with me for both loads when I brought over the sofa.

I was so pressed with work at the store that I could not find time to go over for the sofa, either on the next day or the day after, and on Saturday evening I called at the house to notify Madame of the fact.

"Why, how's this?" said she. "I don't understand this kind of business at all. One of my servant girls has been over here this afternoon, and informs me that you came over there and got the sofa yesterday. Now, how do you explain this? and what have you done with my sofa?"

"I think your girl must be laboring under a grand mistake. I have not been out of the city since I was here with the chairs. There must be a big mistake somewhere, Madame."

"It is all very well for you to prate about mistakes, but that don't restore my lost sofa. That sofa cost me every cent of $500, and if it is not forthcoming very soon *somebody* will find themselves in trouble that they little dream of. But I am going over to the Island myself on Monday, and I intend to give the matter a thorough sifting."

Early on Tuesday morning the waiter again came down to the stand and said that Madame wanted to see me at the house immediately. I went up to the house at once, and there found Madame standing upon the landing at the head of the hall stairs, looking more like an enraged fury than a human being. The very moment her eyes caught sight of me she, in anything but sweet and dulcet tones of voice, thus rapidly and vehemently exclaimed :—

"I say, you carman you, what in Satan's name have you done with my sofa? There is no mistake about it at all. I have been over to my house on the Island, and both of my servant girls *positively* say that either yourself, or the man that was with you, came over there on Friday and took away my sofa—now, what have you to say to *that*? And what's still more to the point, the deck hands on the boat say that they saw a cart, containing just such a sofa as I described to them, come on board on that very self-same Friday afternoon—and what have you to say to *that*, you bad man you? Only think of it—that sofa cost me every cent of $500, and contained $300 worth of the most elegant embroidered work ever seen by human eyes—and all done by my own hands. Oh, good heavens!—*what shall I do?* I tell you, now, I want you to bring back my love of a sofa—if you don't, I do verily believe that I shall go crazy. Oh, dear! oh, dear!—what in the world *shall* I do?"

Here she came to a momentary pause, and I embraced the opportunity offered, to remark :—"Madame, you had better try and keep cool—my word for it, everything will come out right at the proper time. I once knew an amiable old lady, who lost or mislaid her spectacles. She soon worked herself into a towering passion, and accused one of her best friends of stealing them. She finally resorted to her Bible for consolation ; and on opening its pages at the place where she had been reading a short time before, she suddenly threw up her hands in wonderment, and smilingly exclaimed :—"Well, I declare, if here ain't my lost spectacles, right in the place where I left them, where I was reading all about them "foolish virgins!" Now, you have a valuable sofa, that has been either lost or mislaid, and you accuse me of *stealing* it—but I don't lose my temper, and rave like a lunatic. No!—I keep cool, and try to reason upon the question—well knowing that the law looks upon every man as being *innocent*, until he has been proven *guilty*—and I think that this is the best way to act, in deciding upon any difficult question."

"No—you are mistaken—I did not accuse you of *stealing it*. But I don't want to hear anything more about your old woman and her spectacles—and the hint at the *foolish virgins* might as well have remained unsaid. I have just been over there myself, and I have carefully searched every room in the house, high and low, except the garret—and I don't think that my sofa would be very likely to get up there, without any one knowing it. It is all very well for *you* to talk about keeping cool—*you* have not lost a $500 sofa, *have you?*"

"Well, you *do say* that I have taken it away from one house and have not delivered it at the other—and that you can prove it. Now, this is what I call pretty *hard talk*, to say the least of it. But how about your servants?—do you consider them in every respect trustworthy?"

"I do, most assuredly—they have all been with me for three years and upward. The sofa has certainly been taken away—and who else but yourself, or the man that was with you, could have taken it? That's what I *do say*, and the sooner you return it the better it will be for you."

"Madame, this is a very serious charge. If you really think that I have taken it your duty is plain—you should have me arrested, and if found guilty severely punished. But I still think that you are mistaken in your calculations, and that you will yet find your sofa, just exactly where some of your friends have placed it."

"Well, I am going over again on Monday next, and I shall take another good look for it—but mind you, if I don't find it over there. I shall take out a search warrant, and I'll have every house in the city searched until I find it—that's what I shall do."

"Madame," said I, "no matter how humble a man may be, his good name and character is always dear to him—and the manner in which you have assailed mine has been anything but pleasant to my feelings."

"Never mind now," said she, and a forced smile stole over her countenance, for a mo-

ment—"a curious thought has just this instant occurred to my mind, which may possibly change the whole aspect of this strange affair. I am going over again, and I will make known to you the issue of my visit, whatever it may be, on Tuesday morning next. But I don't think that I have ever charged you with *stealing* my sofa."

About 10 o'clock on the morning of the following Tuesday I called again at the house in Bond street for the purpose of hearing the report. I found madame in the back parlor, sitting in a large arm-chair, reading one of the morning papers. The instant I entered the room she arose from the seat and greeted me with one of her old-time salutations. Then pointing to a vacant chair she continued:—"Now, Mr. Carman, please take a seat; don't be afraid of *soiling* the chair. These chairs were made for *use* as well as ornament. Sit down for a moment. I have some excellent good news to tell you this morning. I have been over to the Island and have found my long *lost* but not *stolen* sofa. And where on earth do you suppose that I found it? You give it up, do you? Well, all right; you couldn't guess in a week, so I'll tell you. And would you believe it? I found it just where I expected to—stowed away up among the rubbish in the garret. Yes! and placed there by my stupid, deceitful and lying servants—the more than *foolish* virgins—who, it seems, have been having a servants' Christmas ball in my splendid dining-room. But I have discharged them all—the wretches!—every one of them, from my service forever."

"I am very glad, Madame, to hear that you have found your lost sofa—found it just where it was left, as I always thought you would. And so I have turned out not much of a *thief* after all, just as I always knew that I should."

"The fact is, Mr. Carman, I have never really believed that you did steal my sofa; and yet I have been abusing you like a dog; but I couldn't help it at the time. The supposed loss of my elegant sofa maddened me to such a degree that I did not know what I was doing and saying half the time. I know that I have done you a great wrong, but not intentionally. I am too much of a lady at heart to tender you any kind of pecuniary consideration as a solace to your wounded feelings, but I can and do most cheerfully withdraw all the unkind expressions that I used toward you in this unpleasant business, and any other satisfaction which you may demand."

"Not another word, Madame—the settlement is made. You have found your sofa—you have discharged all your lying servants—you have withdrawn all your offensive language—now let peace be declared between us."

"Nobly, said, Mr. Carman! And now here are $10 to recompense you for the trouble I have given you."

"Only five dollars, Madame—that's three dollars for the load and two dollars for lost time—not another cent—that's all you owe me."

"Just as you say, Mr. Carman; but you may depend upon it, everything will be all right in the future. This has been a tragic-comedy that will not bear repeating—certainly it will not be played again upon this or any other stage, with myself sustaining the principal character."

"The next time it is played here or elsewhere I beg to be counted out altogether."

"And now, how about the future? Shall we be again permitted to address you as—'Our Carman?'"

"Certainly. Good morning, Madame."

One Monday in the latter part of April 1841, a gentleman came into the store and inquired—"Carman, is that your horse and cart standing in front of the door?"

"Yes, sir, I believe it is—do you wish to employ a horse and cart, sir?"

"I am going to change my residence in a few days, and, seeing that you have a good horse and cart, I should like to engage you to remove my furniture."

"Yes, sir—about when do you wish to have it done, and about how many loads will you have?"

"Well, the carman that moved me last *charged* me for twenty-five loads, and I have made but few additions to it since. I am going to remove from 100 Fourth street to 48 Clinton place—only a short distance, as you will notice. I wish to commence about day after to-morrow morning—about what will be your charge per load?"

"It is a very busy season just now—my charge will be $2 a load."

"It strikes me that your charge is rather high. You should bear in mind that the distance is short—and I intend to send up a couple of men from my store to assist you. Say $1.50 and you may consider yourself engaged."

"I don't wish to be particular—good help is worth something on such a job—I'll close with you on the terms which you propose, and say no more about it."

Then turning toward the boss, the gentleman remarked: "Mr. Brown, I suppose that you know this man—do you consider him perfectly trustworthy?"

"*Perfection,* sir, is a virtue not often found in this world," replied the boss—"but I can say this much in Mr. Lyon's favor, that *I* have been trusting him for the last five years, and should have no scruples about trusting him during the next hundred, should we both live that length of time."

"That will do"—and then addressing himself again to me, he said: "Mr. Lyon, you may now consider yourself engaged for the job—don't forget the time—No. 100 Fourth street—you will see my name, Richard Shanks, on the door-plate."

I was on hand at the appointed time; but, to my surprise, I was informed that Mr. Shanks had already given his orders and gone down town. Instead of the *two good men* promised I found but one, an Irish lad about nineteen years old, who was much freer in the display of his blarney than of his muscle.

"Why, how's this?" I inquired of the Irish girl in charge of the house. "What kind of a man is this Mr. Shanks of yours?"

"He's not *my* Shanks at all, at all," replied the girl, "but a lone widower, wid naithur a chick nor a child about the house, barrin' his own self and us two servant girls. He is a very nice kind ave a man generally, but a little *singular*, and absent minded at times, and these be the orders he's bin after givin' me. It's meself that's to stay here and superintind the loading of the goods, and it's Bridgit that's to go to the new house and resave thim and stow thim away- And now yir can go to work as soon as yir plaze, and it's vary careful yir will be that niver a thing gits strayed or stolen."

We then went to work, but Pat proved anything but a good tool to work with, for he spent about half his time tattling with the Biddies about their friends in Ould Ireland. We continued to work on, but our other *good man* still remained invisible. At about sundown on the third day we arrived at the new house with our last load, and while we were unloading Mr. Shanks made his appearance.

"Mr. Shanks," said I, "you have not done exactly the square thing by me in this job; you promised me *two* good men to help me, but you have put me off with only *one*, and he is less than half a man."

"Well, really, it can't be helped now; it was not possible to spare another man from the store. 'Tis true, I am a little *singular* at times, but you will find me anything but a *bad man* at heart. But, by the way, how many loads have you had? Nothing lost or stolen, I hope?"

"Just twenty-one loads, and nothing either lost or stolen, that I am aware of."

"Only twenty-one loads! did you say? Then that rascally carman that moved me last Spring must have *cheated* me out of the price of at least five loads, the scoundrel!"

"Yes, sir, just about the same amount that you have *cheated* me out of this Spring by withholding the services of the other man you promised me."

"Can't be helped now; but, although I am a little *singular* now and then, you will find me all right in the end. You are quite certain that there was nothing either lost or stolen?"

"I hope that it may be *all right* in the end, but I am sorry I can't see it in that light."

"Twenty-one loads I think you said? Well, I'll look around, and if I find everything all right I'll call down and settle with you on your stand."

On the morning of the third day thereafter, Mr. Shanks called upon me at my stand and said: "Carman, I have not yet had the spare time to give the house much of an examination myself, but my girls inform me that there is a marble top washstand missing; will you be kind enough to inform me what you have done with it?"

"Well, it's only a few months ago that I was accused of stealing a $500 sofa, and now comes another charge of stealing a marble-top washstand. Why, if I keep on stealing at this rate I shall soon be able to open a first-class furniture wareroom. But, Mr. Shanks,

are you certain sure that you have had a washstand stolen?"

"I did not say it was *stolen*, but the girls say that there is one missing—understand me, *missing*. But I will give the house a thorough searching myself in a day or two, and will report to you the result; and if found I will call and settle with you; if not, you will have to find it yourself."

The next morning Mr. Shanks called upon me again and said: "Carman, I have just been giving the house a most thoroughgoing search myself; I have examined every nook and corner, from the basement to the attic, and the washstand is nowhere to be found. It cost $30 but a few months ago, and I cannot settle with you until you have returned it. Everything else is all safe and in good order, much more so than I have usually found them."

"Then you have finally come to the conclusion that I have stolen a washstand from you worth $30. I very much doubt if you have had one stolen at all—but suppose that you have—what then? Admitting that I am a public thief—and what then? Are there not other thieves in the city besides myself? The hall doors of both your houses stood wide open during the whole time that I was removing your furniture—and during most of the time your girls were lounging around on the second and third floors. Don't you think that it is *possible* somebody else might have stolen it, that is, provided it has been stolen at all?"

"All that I have to say at present is I am a man of *short stories*—when the washstand is restored into my possession, your money is ready for you."

"I wish you to understand that I am a man of *short stories* too. If you think that I have stolen your washstand, you know how to proceed—the courts are open, and the law will protect you in your rights. Perhaps you may think that I am a little *singular* as well as yourself—and probably I am. I want my cartage, and I intend to get it if I can; and in case it is not paid me between this time and Saturday night, the first thing I shall do on Monday morning will be to place my account in the hands of a lawyer for collection. That's all. Good morning, Mr. Shanks."

Saying which, I jumped upon my cart and drove off to do a small job that was waiting for me, leaving Mr. S. standing upon the sidewalk, looking like a man who had been thunderstruck.

On the following Saturday Mr. Shanks again made his appearance on my stand. The appearance of his countenance was very much like that of a *sneak-thief*. Indeed, if he had just been convicted of stealing his own washstand he could not have looked more mean and sneaking. Sideling up toward me, with his eyes intently fixed upon the pavement, he drawled out, in a whining tone of voice, "Well, carman, I have called for the purpose of settling that little bill of cartage."

"The devil you have!" I exclaimed. "Why, how's this? Have you found your stolen washstand?"

"Yes; one of my girls accidentally happened to come across it yesterday afternoon."

"And where in the name of wonder did she find it?—*up the spout* in one of the old Jew pawnbroker's shops in Chatham street?"

"No; she found it just exactly where she herself had placed it when engaged in putting down the carpets. The stupid hussy! she had stowed it away into a dark closet on the third floor, completely buried out of sight beneath a pile of bedding, and forgotten all about it—*the crazy-headed fool!*"

"So, then, you are pretty well satisfied that I didn't *steal* it, after all? But it seems a little singular to me that, in so 'thoroughly searching the house from basement to attic,' you should have overlooked it yourself."

"Perhaps it does; but never mind about that now. Let me see—twenty-one loads at $1 50 per load amounts to $31 50 in all. Well, here are $32—you can keep the odd fifty cents as a compensation for the trouble and delay which I have given you. You will be kind enough to give me a receipt in full for the bill."

"A *receipt* did you say? Then you still have doubts as regarding my honesty? I am not often asked for receipts in my line of business."

"Perhaps not. But *I* am a little *singular* on this point. Whenever I pay any money I consider that I am entitled to a receipt for it."

"Certainly; you are entitled to a receipt if

you desire it. Please step into Mr. Brown's store and I will give you one."

We then went into the store, and I went to the desk and wrote the following:

New York, May 6th, 1841.

Received this day of Richard Shanks, "who is a little *singular*, now and then, but not a *bad man* at heart," thirty-one dollars and fifty cents, in full for removing twenty-one loads of furniture from No. 100 Fourth street to No. 48 Clinton place, and for all other dues and demands, now due or becoming due, past, present and to come, while grass grows and water runs, now, henceforth and forevermore, world without end, amen.
$31.50. (Signed) I. S. Lyon, cartman, No. 2,489.

I handed Mr. Shanks the receipt and fifty cents, at the same time remarking:—"Here sir, is your receipt, and the change due you. I hope that both will prove satisfactory—especially the receipt, for I have been very particular in making it out."

"But why do you return the fifty cents? I intended that as a present."

"I am not at present in a suffering condition, and consequently do not feel like patronising "Gift Enterprises." When I am compelled to beg, it will not be in front of 48 Clinton place, that I shall solicit alms."

"But you have put a great many useless and unnecessary words in this receipt—and some of them are not of a very complimentary character."

"Although a little *singular* now and then, I am not a *bad man* at heart. You demanded a receipt and I have given it to you. It is *full* and *complete* in all its details, and warranted to stand the test of the most critic l *cross*-examination." Saying which I left.

On the fifteenth of the same month I received through "Boyd's City Dispatch Post" the following letter:

New York, May 15, 1841.

To I. S. Lyon, No. 595 Broadway: Sir—Inclosed please find $10 bankbill. It rightfully belongs to you and I hasten to restore it. You need not make any inquiries in regard to it, for you will never know whence it came. It is needless for me to say that *conscience* prompts me to do as I have done.

Justice to the Wronged."

"Oh, the *sly* old fox!—*singular* to the last!' I said to myself, as I put the money into my pocket—"and certainly not a *bad man* at heart after all."

Time passed on, and I had quite forgotten all about Mr. Shanks and his marble-top washstand—little expecting to ever see either of them again; but I was nevertheless mistaken. On the morning of the 20th of April following I was sitting on the tail of my cart reading and inwardly laughing over the "Comical Adventures of Mr. Obadiah Oldbuck," which had just then been published, when I received a smart slap on my shoulder, accompanied by a "Good morning, Mr. Lyon!"

And sure enough, it was my old friend Shanks, with a pleasant, good natured smile on his countenance.

"Why, good morning Mr. Shanks," said I, and I tendered my big brawny hand, which he accepted, and shook in the most cordial and hearty manner.

"Well, I am going to move again in a day or two—how would you like to undertake the job?"

"I don't know, Mr. Shanks—how about that receipt? The time for which it was drawn is not quite up yet."

"Oh, hang the receipt!—am a little *singular* now and then, 'tis true—but I hope you don't suppose that I was fool enough to take *that* to heart. It was a good joke—yes, a very excellent joke—and I richly deserved all the back-handed compliments which you bestowed upon me. But are you willing to try me again? I greatly like your style of handling furniture. Make your own price, and I shall not dispute it. Try me again; you will find me not a *bad man* at heart."

"Move you again?—yes, certainly, a hundred times if you wish it. Yes, I am a little *singular* now and then myself, but I am the poorest man in the world to habor old grudges. You will furnish me with *one good man* to help me, I suppose?"

"Yes; select your own man—two of them, if you like, and I will pay them. And mind you—do you understand me?—make them do all the *hard work!*"

I moved Mr. Shanks five times after that, and he never once asked me how many loads or how much I charged a load, but always paid me the full amount demanded without asking any questions; and what was still more curious, I noticed that in counting out the money he always managed every time to make a mistake in my favor of from $3 to $5, and would never allow me to correct it. The fact is, Madame Rhonan and Mr. Shanks were two of the best customers I had ever afterward.

It will thus be seen that a man never loses anything by standing up in defence of his own rights. If a man is stupid enough to look upon himself as a slave, he will always

be treated as such by others; but if he holds up his head and acts the part of a man himself, as a general rule he will receive manly treatment at the hands of those who look upon themselves as his superiors. I have lived in the world long enough to learn this simple fact: that if you wish to be respected by others you must first learn to respect yourself. Crockett's is a very good maxim for all young men to adopt—"Be always sure that you are right, and then go ahead!"

OLD ROUGH AND READY.

ARTICLE NO. 9.

I once owned an old horse who caused me many grievous trials and tribulations. He was as black as a Fifteenth Amendment, and nearly as stupid. I called him "Old Rough and Ready." The Lord knows he was *rough* enough, but the *ready* was not quite so apparent. Like angels visits, his steps were *few*, but unlike those friendly visits, they were not *far between*. The fact is he was decidedly *slow*, and that was the only good quality he had about him. This was his chief recommendation, and I bought him on that account. My work was of such a character that I had to have a horse that I could *trust*. I had had Old Rough and Ready about three years, and I *could* trust him—there was no mistake about that. It was safe to leave him unhooked and tied anywhere—and wherever he was left there I would be sure to find him. I do verily believe that he would have stood in the same place and position, unless ordered to move—and he always moved very reluctantly—until the last trumpet sounded.

It was now the third Spring since I had owned him, and he had become more slow and stupid than ever before. It was getting to be a hard matter for me to *thrash* him into a trot, and I began to think that I should have to part with him; but I thought that I would try and get along with him until the Spring work was over.

It was now about the middle of April, 1850. One morning a gentleman came into the store and asked me if I could move him. His name was Gassner. He resided in Houston street, and kept a large retail grocery store in Chatham, near Pearl street. He wanted to remove from his present residence up to the corner of Irving place and Nineteenth street. I engaged to do the job at the rate of a dollar and a half a load—he to pay for the extra help. He asked me if I had a kind and gentle horse. The boss told him he might safely depend on that, as he had no recollection of ever having seen him going off a walk in his life. So we struck a bargain—the work to be commenced the next morning at 9 o'clock.

I obtained the assistance of a stout, active young Irishman, and we backed up in front of the Houston street premises next morning at the appointed hour. I had set out to make $15 that day, and should easily have accomplished it, but for a sad accident that afterward occurred. Mr. Gassner was on the spot, and told us to go to work and load to suit ourselves, as he knew nothing about moving. Mr. G. was a jovial, good-humored sort of a man—full of jokes and anecdotes, and not a hard man to please. We got along finely during the forenoon, having delivered three loads by a little past noon. When we returned for the fourth load, Mr. G. invited us into the dining room to partake of a bit of cold dinner. There was a bottle of brandy standing on the table, of which we partook sparingly. After dinner we commenced on the parlor furniture. Mr. G. cautioned us to be very careful in handling it, as it was all new and costly, and greatly admired by his wife—pleasantly remarking that, should it receive any injury at our hands, we might expect to get a good broom-sticking. The furniture was of choicest rosewood, made light but tasty, and was neatly enveloped in stiff brown linen covers. We put on a sofa across the front of the cart, a marble top centre table directly behind it, and eight parlor and two arm chairs in the rear of the table. They made a very light load, but it was all we could carry with safety. On arriving at the new house, which was situated on the northerly side of Irving place, one door above the corner of Nineteenth street, I told the Irishman to take the feed bag and hold it up,

so that the horse could take a bite, while I unloaded the chairs. I had such entire confidence in old Roughy's docility that I did not even put the hook on the cart wheel. I had just taken off the last chair, when there came a little spiteful gust of wind, which set the sofa covering to flapping quite lively for an instant.

Old Roughy suddenly began to prick up his ears and looked as if he had awakened from a three years' slumber. He then cocked his eye around to the right, then quickly jerking his head round to the left he struck the frightened Irishman on the side of his head and sent him sprawling into the gutter. Paddy gave a terrific Irish howl, and Old Roughy making a sharp, short snort, threw back his ears, and started off on the jump as though there were ten thousand unchained devils howling at his heals. All this was the work of but a moment. He crossed the triangle formed by the corner of the two streets opposite, passing between a tree and a hydrant without touching either, and down off the curb-stone into Ninteenth street, dashing the centre table upon the pavement, badly bruising the frame and smashing the marble slab into nearly fifty pieces. He then gave a loud snort, laid back his ears, and gathering himself up into about half his ordinary size, started off down the street at a speed that was perfectly astonishing. Bidding Paddy to stay and gather up the fragments of the broken table, I started off in full chase after the old run away. I thought that I had seen horses run before, but I was mistaken. A *two-forty* gait was nothing when compared with the rate of speed at which old Roughy was traveling. I cared not what became of horse, cart or sofa, so that no one was killed or hurt. Following on as fast as I could run, I craned up my neck and tried to look ahead to see if there was anything in the street ahead of him. The street was entirely free of all obstructions as far as I could see, and I prayed to God that he would continue on down to the wharf and plunge into the river and sink so deep that he would never be seen again. But what was my horror and consternation when I saw him dash around the corner of Nineteenth street and proceed up the First avenue. I knew that the First avenue was densely populated with poor people who generally had large families of small children, and that both sides of the street were lined with old carts and wagons of one kind or another. The thought almost paralyzed me, for I now felt almost sure that murder would be committed and that I myself should probably be torn to pieces by the infuriated Irish people.

I had now arrived at the Second avenue, and thinking that perhaps the maddened old animal might turn, and come back up twentieth street. I dashed across the open lots, for the purpose of trying to head him off and stop him. Just then I saw him, coming on the rush up Twentieth street, snorting and bellowing like a mad bull, with a swarm of men, women and children shouting and screaming at his heels. I now began to tremble for my own safety—for I felt quite certain that murder had already been committed. There were several carriages and carts coming down the same street just ahead of him, and I saw at a glance that, unless he was stopped at once, a collision would be inevitable. Desperation gave me courage, and I resolved in my own mind that I would stop him, or die in the attempt. I made the rash and daring attempt, and it luckily proved successful. As he neared me, I made a sudden rush at his head—with my right hand I seized him firmly by his mane, and then thursting the fingers of my left hand deep into his extended nostrils, I ran on with him, holding on to his nose with the gripe of a dying panther. A carpenter coming down on the opposite side of the street at the time, seeing the danger I was in, set down his tool box and hastened to my relief. Our united efforts brought him to a stand, just before he reached the Second avenue.

My first thought after securing the runaway horse was to inquire of a hatless Irishman, who had outrun the rest of his party, whether anybody had been killed or injured?

"No, bedad!—yez may thank your stars for that same. St. Patrick himself could'nt ave come through the crowd wid more care than did 'yer brave little black poney."

"Many thanks to you for this good news, Patrick; I was very fearful that one half the children in the street would have been either killed or wounded."

"And be the self same token; its a bit of a mistake yez 'ave made; me name is not Patrick, at all, at all, but *Pat O'Reily*, at yer sarvice, sir."

"All right, Pat—"a rose by any other name would smell just as sweet"—and so long as there has been no damage done, I am satisfied."

The bridle was still hanging on the hames, just where I had placed it. The sofa was minus one of its front legs, and that was all the damage I could discover. Thus far, Mr. Gassner appeared to be the only sufferer. Thanking the brave carpenter for his timely assistance, I again mounted my cart and drove back to the house with the sofa. I then drove home and put old Rough and Ready into the stable, not caring much whether he lived to come out again or not.

I went up to the house again about four o'clock. I found Mr. G. in the front parlor, and, contrary to my expectations, in a very agreeable state of mind. With a pleasant smile on his full, open countenance, he jokingly inquired—

"Well, how now about that *extra kind and gentle* horse of yours? I see that he has been playing us a very sad and disastrous trick. But, first let me ask, Has anybody been hurt?"

"No, sir—thanks to a kind Providence, nobody has been hurt, and nobody but yourself, I believe, has suffered any damage,"

"I am heartily glad to hear that; and such being the case, *we* ought not to complain. We can't expect to live and die without encountering our share of accident. 'Tis true, this has been a bad one, but let us content ourselves with the consolation that it might have been *worse*. I don't take it much to heart myself, but my *dear little wife* has been nearly crying her eyes out over it; but I guess that she will live through it, *provided you keep yourself out of her sight for a few days.*"

"I very much regret what has happened; but seeing that it cannot be helped now, all we can do is to try and repair the damage."

"That's it, exactly. I have just sent the damaged furniture to the cabinet maker's for that purpose. Call again in about two weeks, and we will then try and arrange a settlement. But that *extremely gentle* horse of yours has deceived you sadly; you had better keep a sharp watch on him in the future."

"I shall, most assuredly—but, good Lord, *how the old counterfeit did run!* I should just as soon have expected to see the Astor House start off on the run as old Rough and Ready."

The next morning I drove down and took my place on the stand as usual. Presently I descried the Irishman who had been with me the day before coming up Houston street on the sidewalk alongside the church fence. The moment that old Roughy's eye caught sight of him he pricked up his ears, gave a loud snort, and with extended jaws *went for him* as he would after a bundle of fresh green grass in the early Spring time. Paddy saved himself by scrambling over the high iron fence, but lost the better part of his pantaloons in his attempt to escape the fury of the enraged animal. It was the last time that Pat attempted to exhibit himself in that location.

One morning about two weeks thereafter I called to see Mr. Gassner for the purpose of having a settlement. I met him on the corner, just as he was starting down town to his store.

"Mr. Gassner," I said, "I have called up for the purpose of having a settlement with you."

"Yes, yes!" he replied, "that little bill of cartage ought to have been settled long ago. Let me see, four loads I believe it was? That amounts to just six dollars. Here's a ten dollar bill—it's the smallest I have about me—have you any change?"

"That's not what I meant, sir; how about the broken furniture?"

"Ah, yes—the broken furniture—I had forgotten all about that. Yes, yes! that came home yesterday afternoon, all as good as new; the bill was just thirty dollars. I paid it on the spot—never like to have these small bills standing against me—thought that I was more able to lose it than you was. Frightful accident, but accidents *will* happen in spite of all our watchfulness—am always willing to stand my share of all such losses. Yes, yes! *that's all right!* It was a lucky accident after all; my little wife is all right again, too; it has always seemed wonderful to me that nobody got hurt. But, have you the four dollars in change about you?"

"That is not exactly my style of doing business, Mr. Gassner. I never take pay of a man for *destroying* his property, and I shall not accept a cent of you for cartage. You have dealt much more generously by me than

I had any reason to expect, and for which I return you a thousand thanks."

"Just as you say, Mr. Cartman; you can have your money if you will. At any rate, should you ever get in a tight place, you can draw on me at any time for a ten dollar bill. But I have an engagement down town this morning, and must be on the move."

Mr. Gassner was one of the finest specimens of a true American gentleman that I have ever met with. Such a man as that deserves to enjoy all the fun and good things of this world, and all the unspeakable glories of the world to come. I have been in some pretty tight places since, but never in one *so tight* as to make me feel mean enough to draw on Mr. G. for that ten dollar bill.

Old Rough and Ready was never worth a cent for work after that runaway. I jobbed round with him a little during the month of May, but it did not amount to much. As the warm weather increased he got so full of inward heat—and his hide was so thick there was no possible chance of its working its way out—that he almost lost the power of locomotion. The fact is, he was a used up nag.

It was now the first week in June, but he had not yet cast a hair, and it was a hard matter to pull one out of him. I had a large mirror to take out to College Point, on Long Island, on or before the 15th, but I knew very well that I could never get there with him in his present condition. I therefore took him to a horse doctor, and asked him what he thought of him.

"He's in a very bad fix," replied the doctor—"but I think that I can bring him round all right in two or three days. He's a bit hide-bound, and requires a little bleeding and physicking."

I left him, and called again on the afternoon of the third day to see how he was getting along.

"Why," said the doctor, "this old horse of yours is the hardest customer I have ever had in my life—I can't do nothing with him. He won't neither *bleed* nor *physic*—I give him up—you'll have to have him *sheared*."

"Well, what's the charge?" I inquired.

"I shall only charge you for his keeping. Seeing as how he wouldn't neither *bleed* nor *physic*, I shant charge you any thing for doctoring—call it three dollars."

I paid the charge, and took the old hide-bound, no "bleed nor physic" son of a blast furnace home again, and put him into the stable. I let him remain there for three days more, and then took him out and drove him down town again. He seemed to feel a little better, and I felt greatly encouraged thereat.

Early on the morning of the 15th we loaded up the mirror, and John (a young man from the store) and myself started off for the Point. The weather was moderately cool, and Old Roughy started off on a brisk walk as though he intended to put in a full day this time. Turning at once into the Third avenue, we continued up the same until we reached Yorkville, and then down Eighty-Sixth street to the Astoria ferry. Thus far everything was satisfactory; but after we had passed through Astoria, and got out into the open country, the heat very rapidly increased, and old Roughy began to wilt and slacken his gait. I then began to feel that the game was nearly up, but I said nothing. The heat was now becoming more intense every moment. We were descending a short, steep hill, about a mile and a half beyond Astoria; Old Roughy began to reel and stagger like a drunken man. I jumped off the cart and caught him by his head, just as he was going down upon his knees. I called to John to jump down and unhitch him from the cart as soon as possible; it was not done a moment too soon, for in another instant he would have fallen, and the large glass would perhaps have been dashed into a thousand pieces. The prospect before us was now decidedly gloomy and disheartening, for there was not a single house in sight.

"And what's to be done now?" John inquired as he rolled the cart off on the roadside.

"I know of but one thing that can be done," I replied, "and that will have to be done quickly. You will have to go on ahead among the farmers and hire a horse, *if you can*."

It being a very busy season of the year among farmers, he started off with but very little hopes of success. But he returned, however, in about an hour's time, accompanied by a large, noble-looking horse, and a very shrewd, cunning-looking darkey. The darkey demanded *four dollars* (I was to have but $5 for the whole job,) for the services of himself and horse, which I had to pay. We then put the new horse before the cart, and John and

the darkey started off in high spirits for the Point. Myself and old Roughy retired to a shady little grove hard by, and there patiently awaited their return.

It was a terrible hot day, but having my dinner and feed-bag with me we weathered it out. I had given Old Roughy a good scrubbing during the afternoon, and when the cart returned at six o'clock he was thoroughly cooled off and felt as gay and cheerful as a lark. Having settled with the darkey we put our frisky old delegate before the cart and started for home under a good round trot, even without the usual accompaniment of the whip. He made most excellent time for a whole quarter of a mile, and then broke down into a slow walk, indeed, *so slow* that it was difficult for us to tell whether he moved or not. But we paddled on as best we could and reached the ferry at about 8 o'clock. I was now fully satisfied in my own mind that if we got home at all we had a night's work before us; so when we arrived on the New York side of the river I said to John, "You had better take a stage and ride home, and I will fight it out the best way I can." He said "he guessed that he would." There was no better evidence than this needed to prove that John was *smart*. I now trudged on alone with Old Roughy. We were nearly an hour in reaching the avenue. When we had descended about half-way down Yorkville hill, I noticed that old Roughy began to reel and stagger. I jumped off the cart, and taking him by the head carefully led him down the hill and in front of the "Five Mile House." I went into the bar-room, stated my situation to the landlord, and asked him if he had a place where I could turn my horse in for the night. He said that he had charge of a three acre lot on the other side of the avenue into which I could turn him if I liked, and calling in the hostler he told him to run the cart into the wagon-house and lock it up for the night. I took a *little something* at the bar, hailed the next stage bound city-ward, into which I seated myself, and rode home a *sicker* if not a *wiser* man than I was that morning.

A 9 o'clock the next morning I made my second appearance on the avenue in front of the "Five Mile House." I found Old Roughy in the field, busily engaged at his morning's repast. Walking up by the side of the fence I bade him a friendly "good morning!"—he immediately returned the salutation by a graceful nod of his head. He then came close up to the fence where I was standing, and looked and acted as though he was glad to see me. I then went and got out the cart and harness, and again crossed over to the field for the purpose of catching him. And now commenced a series of horse gymnastics that baffles all my powers of description.

With the bridle hanging on my arm I got over the fence and approached the place where Old Roughy was feeding. As soon as he discovered me he at once stopped eating and came up toward me. He had a pleasant, comical smile on his countenance, and looked uncommonly sweet and good-natured. I raised the bridle and attempted to put the bit into his mouth, but—whew! he gave a most tremendous snort, kicked up his heels, and with tail erect started off on the run like mad. He ran at his utmost speed, two or three times around the field in a contracting circle, then coming suddenly to a dead halt he reared himself upon his hind feet in an almost perpendicular position, and began to move up toward me, bobbing and nodding his head as much as to say, "Good morning, old boy!" Then coming down again upon his all fours he looked me square in the face for a moment, and then nodding me a polite bow, he said as plain as a horse could say, "Catch me if you can!" and dashed off again at a furious rate, occasionally looking back and neighing for me to come back and have a little fun.

"Zounds!" said I to myself, "that old delegate is getting to be as mad as a March hare; but there seems to be a method in his madness."

In the meantime quite a number of men and boys had collected on the avenue and stood looking over the fence to see the sport. I invited them to come over and assist me, and about forty of them tumbled themselves over for that purpose. Among the number there was a little short, stumpy, bandy-legged old darkey, who said: "Sah, if you eber 'spec to catch dat hoss, you mus *talk hoss to him.*" He tried to do it, but Old Roughy couldn't see it. The old delegate seemed to take great pleasure in frightening and tormenting that same egotistical old darkey, as the sequel will show.

And now the sport commenced in good earnest. Old Roughy appeared to feel as

though he was in a circus ring, and performed accordingly. There didn't appear to be anything ugly or vicious in his actions; it was all *play* on his part, and he seemed to enjoy it hugely. He appeared to fully comprehend that he was the principal object of attraction, and he acted in accordance therewith. But there is no use in trying to describe his performances—they had to be seen to be appreciated. He reared and he plunged—he walked upon his hind feet and upon his fore feet—he pranced and he danced—he trotted and he cantered—he walked and he ran—he laughed and he grinned—he dodged this one and he ran after that one—he rolled and he tumbled, until he almost banished himself from view in the dust of his own kicking up. Such antics in a horse were never witnessed before, either inside of a circus ring or outside of it.

He finally ceased his frollicking and again commenced feeding. The old darkey again approached him for the purpose of "talking hoss" to him. But Old Roughy had his eye fixed sharp on him. "Grinning a horrid, ghastly smile," with his mouth wide open, he *went for him* as hard as he could stave. The "man and brother" turned tail to, and ran as fast as his short, bandy legs could carry him—but the grinning old delegate overhauled him, and seizing his old slouched hat in his teeth, he reared himself upon his hind legs, and began to dance around in the most comical manner imaginable—putting on at the same time one of the most sardonic grins ever witnessed. After thus prancing around for a few moments, he gave the old hat a sling behind him—came down again upon his all fours—cast a solemn and dignified glance at his gaping auditors—then uttering a loud and boisterous horse-laugh, "with slow and measured step" he deliberately moved off a few paces, and bending down his head quietly commenced nibbling at the short grass, just as though he was alone in the field. We were just then on the point of giving him up as too many for us, when an old country drover jumped over the fence and excitedly exclaimed:—

"Why in thunder don't you make a pen, and drive the old fool into it?—it's the only way that you can trap the old ass!"

There was a large pile of old loose rails lying in the field near by, and a pen was soon constructed. Old Roughy stood a short distance off, quietly looking on while it was being built—and the very instant that it was completed, to the wonderment of all present, he marched up and walked deliberately into it. I immediately followed him into the pen—he held down his head—I put on the bridle and quietly led him out to the avenue, amid the wildest shouts and cheers of the spectators! *Richard was himself again.*

A crowd of some 500 persons had collected to witness this strange and wonderful exhibition. Every carriage and stage, passing up or down the avenue at the time, had stopped to witness and enjoy the sport. Quite a number of ladies had vacated their carriages, for the purpose of obtaining a better view of the performances—and several of them had laughed until tears of delight ran dancing down their flushed cheeks. It was better than a stage play, as one lady remarked, and nothing to pay.

Having harnessed up old Roughy, and put him before the cart, I then went into the bar-room to settle my bill. I said, "Landlord, what's the damage?"

"Why, bless your soul! nothing at all, cartman," he replied. "But I own myself indebted to *you* a great deal more than I am able to pay. Why, sir, your horse has entertained me beyond the power of expression. Yes! it was an entertainment better than any circus show that I have ever witnessed. But, by Jupiter! I have laughed myself almost out of breath. It was splendid—it was sublime—it was worth going a thousand miles to see. *That's so!* yes, by George! you must take something with *me*—you mustn't say no. By the flowing beard of the prophet! but I never enjoyed myself so in my life. What'll you take?

I took a *little something* with the landlord, bade him good morning, jumped into my cart and pointed for the city. Encouraged by the shouts and cheers of the enthusiastic crowd, old Roughy started off on the run; but he soon slackened his speed down to an ordinary trot. He kept up the latter gait until we arrived at the foot of Sixty-first street hill, when all on a sudden he came to a dead square halt.

The very moment that he stopped he slowly turned around his head and looked at me in the most beseeching manner imaginable, as much as to say: "Well, I'm played out again!" I now began to think that the old

scoundrel was fooling me, and I laid on the whip without stint; but it was of no use, for it made no more impression on his old double-thick hide than it would have made on one of our modern iron-clad monitors. He moved up the hill at the rate of about a mile in two hours and I expected every minute that he would cease moving at all. Everybody that passed me looked at me *sharp* and laughed. I began to feel ashamed of myself, and wished that the old fool would tumble down and break his worthless old neck. But there was no such good luck in store for me, so I trudged on until I came to an opened street that led into the Second avenue. This avenue was but little traveled at that time, and consequently I avoided many a brazen stare and many a boisterous laugh. After encountering many "hairbreadth escapes by flood and field," I finally arrived at my stable in Nineteenth street, near Third avenue, at half-past one o'clock P. M., having traveled just *three miles* in the brief space of *three hours and a half*. I put Old Roughy in the stable, fully determined in my own mind that, let what would come, I would never put harness on him again—*and I didn't*.

When I went to feed him, just before going to bed, I found him still puffing and blowing like an over-fed porpoise. He *blowed out*, however, during the night, and when I went to feed him next morning I found him quite cool, rational and comfortable. He winnowed me a good-morning, rubbed his nose affectionately against my shoulder, and seemed rejoiced to see me. After feeding him I went out on the corner. The first person I noticed was George Ricardo coming down the avenue on his cart. George used to stable in the same stable with me, and knew Old Roughy very well in his better days. I beckoned him to stop a moment. George was a cartman, horse-jockey and horse doctor combined, and always considered himself *extra smart*.

"George," said I, "I want to sell you Old Rough and Ready. You can have him at a bargain."

"Well, I don't know that I want to buy any horse at present. What do you ask for him?"

"Come down to the stable and see him, and then we will talk about the price."

We went into the stable, and George gave the old delegate a critical examination. He was as fat and sleek as a seal.

"The old fellow appears to be a little *hide-bound*—but I think that a little *bleeding* and *physicking* will bring all right. But I don't know that I want him—what do you ask for him?"

"Yes, a little hide-bound, I believe—wants a ball or two, and perhaps a little bleeding. What will you give for him, anyhow?"

"Well, I don't think that I want him at all—but here's a $20 bill—if you would rather have it than the horse, put it in your pocket."

I took the $20 bill, and put it into my pocket—you may bet heavy on that.

I saw George again on a Saturday morning about two weeks after. "By thunder!" said he, "you got the best of me on that horse trade after all."

"So I suspected—but what of it?—you had him at your own price."

"Yes, I know that—but he's the cussedest old fool of a horse that I ever had anything to with in all my life. He won't neither *bleed* nor *physic*, any more than a stone."

"I was fully aware of all that—why didn't you "talk hoss" to him? But what have you done with him?"

"You might talk hoss or Latin to him for a week, but it wouldn't loosen a single hair on his old hide-bound carcass. But what have I done with him I have given him up as a bad job. He is catalogued for sale, up at the horse market, this afternoon—you had better go up and buy him."

I went up to the sale. I arrived there just as Old Roughy entered the ring. He looked gay—he did. He had been *peppered* up to the highest point of horse endurance, and fully fitted up every way for the occasion. His tail stood up like a flagstaff and his head was thrown back almost into the face of the boy on his back. He danced and pranced around the ring like a French dancing master, hardly knowing which foot to raise first. He stood No. 7 on the catalogue and was thus described: "One black horse about fifteen hands high, coming *nine* years old, (I had bought him for *twenty*, three years before) in good condition, and sold for want of use."

"There you have his *tedigree* in full; now what shall I have bid for him?" shouted the auctioneer.

He was started at *twenty* and knocked down at *thirty dollars* to an Irish dirt cartman.

"Fine bargain you have there, Patrick," chimed in the chattering auctioneer—"*only* thirty dollars—dog cheap at twice that money—please, sir, step up to the clerk's desk and shell out the rhino. Next."

"Chape, is it, did ye say, Mr. Auctioneer? Begorro, it's not twice thirty dollars that I'd be after takin' for him, inny way. It's an *all day* hoss I'm told that he is; and, bedad! he's jist the boy I've bin looking after."

I thought to myself, "Paddy, its differently you'll be thinking about that old delegate before you're five days older," but I said nothing.

I met George a few days later and inquired how Old Roughy was getting along?

"Done gone! as the old darkey said," he replied—"played out the first day—third load fetched him—caved in, and died in his tracks, with his harness on. I knew just what his end would be the very moment he refused to *bleed and physic.*"

Alas! Old Rough and Ready! He was a horse marine of many parts, of an infinite number of jests, and of much rude merriment—and also a *little trickery and deceit.* But, crackee! how he could *run*—when you *didn't want him to.*

And now, most patient reader, if there is any charm at all about the foregoing narrative, it must be on account of its *truthfulness*—for "nothing have I extenuated, nor aught set down in malice." In nearly all its essential particulars, it is as true as holy writ—as have been, and will be, all these old time recollections.

HENRY CLAY.

ARTICLE NO. 10.

"I would rather be Right, than be President."—H. CLAY.

The name and fame of Henry Clay, is now the common property of his country. The time has at length come when we can discourse about his public acts, without the fear of being called *party men.* A greater orator—a truer patriot—a wiser statesman never lived. There are but few persons of mature age in the United States, who have not been electrified by the spirit-kindling tones of his matchless eloquence, or joined in prolonging the swelling coral strain of—"Here's to you, Harry Clay!"

It was the second night after the election—the Presidential election of 1844. Henry Clay and Theodore Frelinghuysen, were the Whig candidates for President and vice-President of the United States. The Whigs had assembled in large numbers at National Hall, in Canal street, to hear the news. It was generally supposed that the vote of the state of New York would decide the contest. All the Democratic strongholds in the state had been heard from, and the Democratic ticket was only about 300 ahead. The Eighth Senatorial district was yet to be heard from, and it always gave the Whig ticket from 12,000 to 15,000 majority. One of the smart arithmeticians of the party, had figured up a clear majority of 10,000 for the Whig ticket, and so announced the glad tidings to the assembled multitude. Three cheers were called for, and three tremendous cheers were given for the great Whig victory! Shortly after, from 10,000 to 15,000 enthusiastic Whigs formed themselves into a procession, and with banners flying and music playing, singing and cheering as they went, proceeded up Broadway to the residence of the vice-President elect to congratulate him on the success of his election. Mr. Frelinghuysen was at that time Chancellor of the New York University, and resided in a handsome mansion in Washington place, adjoining the University building. The immense procession, now numbering nearly 20,000, halted in front of his residence, or as near there as they could get, and called him out. His immediate appearance was greeted by three times three and a *tiger.* The noise and confusion having somewhat subsided, Mr. Frelinghuysen, from the high stoop of his stately mansion, addressed the swaying multitude of humanity, in one of his most happy and eloquent strains of oratory. He congratulated the great Whig party personally for the distinguished honor they had confered upon him—and pledged himself that their most ardent expectations should be more than realised. Making one of his most dignified bows, he bade the vast multitude a cordial good night, and retired.

Sweet and pleasant were the dreams of the delighted Vice President elect on that auspicious and ever-memorable night of the great Whig victory. But the end was not yet. There is "many a slip between the cup and the lip," and so it proved in this case.

It was now the third night after the election, and the interest in the final result had in no wise abated. It was now fully known to all that the vote of the State of New York would give the victory, and throughout the day it had been generally conceded by the leading politicians of both parties that Clay and Frelinghuysen had been elected; but there was now and then a shrewd Democratic politician who shook his head knowingly and said: "Hold on a bit, until the morning boats arrive."

I had gone down in the neighborhood of Tammany Hall, hoping to learn the truth as to the final result. The doubtful problem was soon solved, and the truth of the question made manifest to the most skeptical unbeliever. The morning boats from Albany had just arrived and brought the astounding intelligence that the old Empire State had cast her *thirty-six* electoral votes for the Democratic ticket, and that consequently Polk and Dallas had been elected. The Whig abolitionists in the western part of the State, manifesting their usual inconsistentcy, had voted against the President of the Colonization Society and in favor of one of the strongest advocates of slavery in the whole country. The too credulous Whigs had celebrated their grand victory just twenty-four hours too soon. It was cruel in the extreme in the friends of Mr. Frelinghuysen, and foolish in himself, to have allowed them to place him in such a false and ridiculous position; but it *was done*, and done to the dishonor of one of the noblest men that this country has ever produced. *That night* the grand old Chancellor of the New York University retired to rest one of the *sickest* men on Manhattan island.

The startling news brought down by the Albany boats burst upon the city like a clap of thunder in a clear sky, and took everybody by surprise. Like a bugle blast sounded along the lines of a victorious army, the news spread over the city from Bull's Head to the Battery with the rapidity of a flash of lightning. The wildest and most intense excitement everywhere prevailed, and the overjoyed Democrats hardly knew whether they stood upon their heads or upon their heels. The mighty hosts of old St. Tammany had for once crossed the "Cayuga bridge" in triumph. They had bearded the "Young Lion of the West" in his den, and victory now sat perched high up on the flaunting banners of the "great Unterrified." Tar barrels blazed in every street; skyrockets whizzed and sputtered overhead; cannon roared in every direction, and the roll of martial music was heard from every corner. Within the numerous barrooms in the immediate vicinity of Park row and "Subterranean square" the clash of tumblers and decanters commingled with the high-pitched voices of the drinkers, forming a scene of tumult and disorder that out-bedlamed even Bedlam itself. Such another time had not been witnessed in Gotham within the memory of that unerring guide-post of the past—the "oldest inhabitant."

In the meantime, the tongues of the rampant and excited multitude were by no means idle. Political cant phrases were bandied from mouth to mouth in every quarter. It was "Down with the Coons," and up with the "Young Hickories!" Three cheers for the old "Empire State, and the people thereof!" "Get out of the way, Old Dan Tucker!" the "Unterrified Democracy" have triumphed! "Texas is as good as annexed, and Oregon will soon be occupied!" "Give us the whole hog or none!—*fifty-four, forty, or a fight!*" "Old John Bull may *knock*, but he *can't come in!*" "Old Harry West is again defeated, and the country is safe! Hurra! for Col. Polk and Capt. Dallas!" "That *same old coon* is as dead as Julius Cæsar, and plenty of log cabins to let!" "And now boys, let's go into the Pewter Mug, and—*liquor*."

Presently, a well-known orator of the victorious party, mounted upon an empty beer barrel, and with the spirit of prophecy big within his bosom, loudly vociferated "Henry Clay, the Great Embodiment of the Whig party, is *dead, defunct, fallen!* and the places that once knew him shall know him no more forever."

This was a prediction that I had not been prepared to hear, and I hastened home and began to ponder the matter over in my own mind, in a manner something like the following:

And is it really true that Henry Clay is a *fallen man?* and that the glory of his name and the greatness of his achievements are to be blotted out forever from the proud recollections of the glorious old past? Henry Clay fallen! No! no! he has not *fallen!*

"As well the tall and pillared Alleghanies fall!
As he, Columbia's chosen son and pride,
The slandered and the sorely tried."

'Tis true he has been defeated, but not annihilated. He has lost his election, and with it all hopes of the Presidency; but the past efforts of his mighty intellect, and the sublime display of his towering genius, are embodied in the imperishable chronicles of his country's history, and there they will remain forever, a proud and lasting monument of his wisdom, his patriotism and his eloquence. No, *he has not fallen!* There is not a page that records the history of his country's growing greatness, during the last forty years, that does not contain a living monument in commemoration of the intellectual greatness of Henry Clay. The temple of *his* fame stands not upon a sandy foundation, and liable to be prostrated in the dust by every passing gale. The able and eloquent defender of the honor and liberties of his own country, he has never forgotten his duty to the people of other lands, who were struggling to secure the same blessings for themselves; a firm and consistent advocate of a liberal and comprehensive policy in all our dealings with foreign nations, he has ever been foremost in watching and guarding the best interests of his own; the stern and uncompromising champion of civil liberty and the people's rights, he has always maintained the supremacy of *civil* over *military* power, and stood ready to throw himself into the breach and oppose with the whole force of his mighty intellect all attempted usurpations of arbitrary power and military dictation.

'Tis true the political jugglers have again succeeded in defeating the "man of the people," and the Whig's have been disappointed and humiliated by the result; but their gallant leader has not *fallen* in the estimation of those who have supported him. The fierce and devastating *sirocco* of political corruption has passed over the land, demolishing their hopes, prostrating their power, and dispoiling the party of its "fair proportions;" but Henry Clay himself has not been scorched by the fire, nor has his former reputation been soiled by the slanders of his opponents. Like the grand, towering, time-lashed old pyramids of Egypt, he has stood firm and undaunted amid the howlings of the storm and tempest, and now stands calm and erect on the proud and lofty eminence of his former greatness—unscathed in the contest through which he has just past—still mighty even in defeat, and looking calmly down upon the fragments of his party that lie scattered over the great battle field of the hard fought conflict, unterrified and subduced by the scene of ruin and desolation that surrounds him.

There is a magic in the name, and a disinterested nobleness in the life and character of Henry Clay, more potent and captivating to an intelligent mind than pertains to that of any other man of our country at the present day; and it strikes me that the *sovereign people* have dishonored themselves, and done great injustice to the services of a man honestly intitled to, and every way qualified for, that elevated station, in not electing him to the Chief-Magistry of this great nation. A man who would "rather always be Right than be President," ought to have received better treatment at the hands of a people for whom he had so long and zealously labored—but the people seemed to think otherwise. Such a man may be *beaten*, but he can never be *subdued*. Born in the lap of indigence and obscurity—rocked in the cradle of revolution and political excitement, schooled in the school of adversity, and bred up to do the drudgery of a small farm, when he should have been "poring o'er the lettered page"—had not the simple "Mill Boy of the Slashes" been possessed of a genius of a high order, he would never, in all human probability, have risen above the common level of his village playmates. But the inate power and greatness of his giant mind soon rent asunder the bonds that would have chained down forever the intellect of an ordinary man; and when left free to act for himself, the latent force of his unshackled genius overcame every obstacle and triumphed over every difficulty, until he found himself in the front ranks of his country's defenders, and among the foremost in the fight.

The life of Henry Clay has been one continued struggle of alternate success and defeat; and there is no man now living who better knows how to enjoy the one or how to

encounter the other. Conscious of the purity of his own motives and the rectitude of his conduct through life, and well-knowing that he had obtained for himself a name and reputation that would outlive the hatred and prejudices of his most bitter enemies, it matters little to the fame that shall cluster round his name in future times whether he was successful or not in the contest which has just terminated. His fame as an orator, a statesman and a patriot will survive the slanders of the present, and live in the hallowed remembrances of millions yet unborn, ages after the nameless traducers of his name and character shall have passed into nothingness and been forgotten.

"And now, no age is on his heart nor dimness in his eye,
He wanes not with the fitful lights that darken in the sky;
But prouder still, in name and fame, with flaming plume and crest,
He shines among a nation's stars the brightest and the best!"

What! Fallen!—*Henry Clay fallen!* Such a thing is not possible—for the great "champions of freedom" in a hundred distant, foreign lands stand ready to hear him up and crown him greatest of them all! The name of Henry Clay *forgotten!* Such an event could never take place—for, though the whole of this mighty continent, with all the treasured record of its vast greatness, and all the glorious trophies of its power, should be blotted out of existence to-morrow, the name of this illustrious statesman would still live in the grateful recollections of millions of kindred hearts in other lands. Forgotten, indeed! Should any man now alive be permitted to live until the name of Clay is forgotten he would be an object of greater interest and curiosity to the teeming millions of our most distant posterity than would be the old hoary-headed Wandering Jew, should he suddenly make his appearance among the people of the present day, trembling and tottering beneath the ponderous weight of twenty centuries!

Henry Clay has not fallen! nor will his name and fame soon be forgotten. The bright star of his renown is still in the ascendant—the course of his glorious career is still onward—the flight of his brilliant genius is still upward, "conquering and to conquer." A powerful and well organized party, led on to the conflict by a host of unprincipled demagogues, have succeeded in defeating him in his election to the Presidency, but they never can rob him of his former high and well-deserved reputation, nor deprive him of the privilege of doing his duty to himself, to his country and to his God. No defeat shall ever crush the living energies of his giant mind; no pensioned band of hostile scribblers shall ever succeed in writing him down; and come weal or come woe, you will always find him arrayed on the side of his country, fully armed for the conflict and ready to respond to its call. Himself a "man of the people," he has always stood foremost in defence of the people's rights. A lover of his *whole* country, he has always labored faithfully to advance the general peace and prosperity of the whole. A friend of the Union and Constitution, he has always been found nobly battling in favor of their protection and perpetuity. Proud of his native land, he has always been found upholding the honor and glory of his country, both at home and abroad. And should the time ever come when any factious and daring band of discontented and ambitious demagogues shall attempt the overthrow of this great and glorious Union, you would find him in the front ranks of its noble defenders, ready to "do or die" in its protection. And should any such band of human devils finally succeed in pulling down the lofty pillars of this God-approved Republic, and demolish the majestic temple of American freedom, when the storm of war had passed over, and the smoke of battle had cleared away, you would find Henry Clay, regardless of self, still on the field of battle, fearless and undismayed, with the light of hope still beaming in his eye, still standing firm and erect amid the deepening gloom of despair, with one hand bearing up a broken column of Freedom's overthrown temple, and with the other gathering up the disjointed fragments of the torn and shattered American Constitution:

"A Marius 'mid the ruins still!"

* * * * * * * * *

Many moons have fulled and waned, many a beautiful flower has bloomed and withered, many great and startling events have transpired, and many a sad and heart-rending scene has been witnessed since the foregoing sketch was written. The great statesman of the West has since gone down in peace and quietness to the tomb, "with all the honors of his country blest," Yes! Henry Clay, the

great American Commoner is dead! That noble heart that pulsated only for his country's good is now cold in the icy grasp of death, that love-lit eye that beamed so brightly with the fires of intellect and genius is now dimmed in endless night, the melody of that silver-toned voice, upon which "listening Senates" have so often hung with delight is now hushed and silenced forever. The man who would "rather be always Right than be President," has been gathered to his fathers—but though absent in the flesh his spirit still pervades the land, bidding the youthful aspirant after political honors not to despair. Yes! Henry Clay is dead! but the noble political lessons which he taught us while here upon earth still remain to remind us how sadly we have gone astray from his wise and wholesome teachings.

I was a Whig in 1844, but I am a Democrat now; for I could not so stultify my reason and better judgment as to continue to act with a party who had adopted a code of political principles so at variance with those laid down by the founders of our Government, and which had made our country so great and prosperous, and which Henry Clay cherished and advocated up to the last day of his life. With Henry Clay, the Great Compromiser, in the United States Senate, even at the advanced age of threescore and ten years, disunion and rebellion would hardly have been possible; but a mysterious Providence, for some wise purpose, decided that it should be otherwise.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

ARTICLE NO. 11.

It was a fine autumnal morning in the latter part of September, in 1837 or 1838, as near as I can recollect—at any rate it was just at the early dawn of ocean steamship navigation. My stand at the time was on the corner of Broadway and Canal street, and my business was that of a *catch* cartman. I was sitting on the tail of my cart, anxiously waiting for a call. About 9 o'clock I noticed a gentleman of the name of Wright—Edward, I think—coming up Canal street towards Broadway. I was a little acquainted with Mr. Wright, having done a few jobs for him during the previous Summer. He was then a widower, and boarded at No. 28 Laight street, opposite St. John's park. I had always found him a very nice, liberal and agreeable kind of a man to work for. To sum up all his character in a single word, he was a *gentleman*. He came up to the place where I was sitting, and thus addressed me:

"Good morning, Mr. Cartman. I am about removing to Charleston, S. C., and should like to engage you to take my luggage down to the packet this afternoon—say about 2 o'clock. There will be a pretty good load of it, but I think that you will be able to put it all on one cart. Can I depend upon you at that hour?"

"Thank you, Mr. Wright—I will endeavor to be on hand at the time you have mentioned, and will do the best I can for you."

"All right—that will do—but please, Mr. Carman, don't *disappoint* me."

"You may depend upon me, Mr. Wright, unless something should prevent me, over which I have no control."

At 12½ o'clock I had the offer of a dollar load, which I did not feel it my duty to refuse. As represented to me, it was a nice, handy job, and would not require more than an hour to do—so I ventured to engage it. I supposed that Mr. Wright was going on board of a *sailing* packet, and I knew that a few minutes one way or the other would be of no great consequence, in case I should get delayed—for it was not my intention to disappoint him. But, as bad luck would have it, the job I went to do turned out to be quite different from what it had been represented; and consequently it took me longer to do it than I had calculated upon. The consequence of which was, that I did not reach the house in Laight street until half-past two; and what was still more annoying, I found instead of one, *two* large loads of goods awaiting shipment.

"Why, carman, how's this?" inquired Mr. Wright in a rather sharp tone of voice—"you are nearly half an hour behind your time."

"I know it," I replied, "but I could not possibly get here any sooner. I have been badly deceived, and that is the reason why I have been detained."

"And I find that I am going to have two loads instead of one—what's to be done about it?"

"Nothing in the world plainer, Mr. Wright—you will have to employ two carts instead of one."

"Yes, true; I did not think of that before. I have been so full of trouble all day that I hardly know what I am about myself. Here, Thomas (addressing the waiter) you go down to the wharf and bring up another cart as soon as possible. Hurry up a little now, for once in your life."

"Yes, sir; never fear me; I'll have one here in a trice." And off started Thomas on the run.

"And now, carman," continued Mr. Wright, "I think that you had better commence loading your own cart at once, for we shall not have a moment's time to spare. These goods *must* all be on board the steamship 'Home' before 4 o'clock, or I shall lose my passage. You'll have to hurry up, or I shall be left behind; it was my neglect in not telling you this before."

"Yes, Mr. Wright; you should have told me that before, and then I should have made my calculations accordingly. Had I known that you were going on board a *steam*, instead of a *sailing* packet, I should have been here on time. But I think that we shall be all right yet, provided no bad luck befalls us."

The hall, stoop and sidewalk in front of the house were piled up with trunks, boxes, bundles and carpetbags, quite sufficient in bulk and weight to make two full loads. I now commenced loading, and put the larger half thereof upon my own cart. At 3 o'clock, and just as I had finished loading, along came the waiter with another cart. At precisely 3¼ o'clock we were both loaded, and, as we thought, ready for a start; but just then Mr. Wright came out of the house and said:—"Thomas, you will now go into the yard and bring out old "Dick," and let one of the carman lash him to the tail of his cart."

In a few moments thereafter Thomas made his appearance at the alley-gate, dragging after him a surly, vicious-looking old nanny-goat.

"Now, carman," said Mr. Wright, "fasten old Dick securely to the tail of your cart, and hurry down to the ship with all possible dispatch. Mind and don't make any mistake—steamship 'Home,' pier No. 4 North river. I have ordered a carriage, and shall be down there before you, and will try and persuade the captain to hold on a little, in case you should fail to get there in time."

I lashed his old goatship to the tail of my cart, but very much against his stubborn will. He held back a little at first starting, but he soon became more reasonable, and finally trotted along quite contentedly. We made very good time until we arrived at the corner of Greenwich and Courtland streets; but here we became entangled in a crowd of carts and country wagons, and were soon brought to a dead stop. I shouted to the cartmen directly in front to turn out and make way for us, as we were bound to the Charleston steamer, and loaded with the "United States mails."

"Not much!" said the grinning cartman immediately in front of us. "Uncle Sam don't very often send off his *males* nor even his *females* in trunks and packing-boxes. You had better not *fret* yourselves, for you won't get through until your turn comes."

The crowd of carts was now rapidly on the increase both in front and rear of us, and each driver was trying to force his way ahead of the cart in front of him. In the meantime, some one in close in my rear ran against the fretful old goat and knocked him upon the sidewalk. The cord with which he had had been fastened broke, and away he went, growling and butting his way through the crowd at a fearful rate.

Having hurriedly removed our carts to the side of the street, we started off in hot pursuit of the vicious old transgressor, and after an exciting chase of some fifteen minutes we succeeded in securing the author of all our troubles and loss of temper just as the City Hall clock struck four. It was now very evident that the game was up and that Mr. Wright was doomed to encounter a most grievous disappointment—and I now wished a thousand times that I never had anything to do with the job. Hurrying on again, we turned down Carlisle into West street, from whence I could distinctly see that the ship had already moved out of her berth alongside of the pier, but we continued on our course just the same as though we were unaware of so important a fact. When we arrived at the end of our trip, we found Mr. Wright standing on the end of the pier intently gazing at

the fast receding steamer, now about two miles down the bay, and every moment gradually lessening to the view. As we drove down the pier Mr. Wright rapidly approached us, and with tears in his eyes excitedly exclaimed :

" In heaven's name, carman, what has detained you so long ? Here I stand, and there goes the ship steaming down the bay, leaving a blank space of full two miles between us. It's too bad, indeed it is, with my passage paid and my goods standing packed ready for shipment for three whole days, and here I am left behind after all this careful preparation, and all come of *your* disappointing me. I am naturally of a quiet and forgiving disposition, but this cruel disappointment is really more than I can patiently endure."

I explained to him the trouble that we had with the old goat, and assured him but for that we should have been down in time ; but he was not then in a mood to listen to reason or to heed explanations of any kind. I felt guilty enough in all conscience at the part I had performed in this disappointment, but I did not feel that the whole blame should rest upon my shoulders. This towing an old bull-headed goat through the crowded streets I did not look upon as any part of my duty as a public cartman, and but for the delay which he caused us we should have been down in time.

" I would rather," continued Mr. W., " a hundred times that you had left the goat running at large in the streets than to have thus lost my passage at this particular time. But it does seem as though the Evil One himself had been working against me all this *un*-blessed day—for I have met with nothing but crosses and disappointments since sunrise this morning. Even the livery stableman disappointed me, and at the last moment I had to seek elsewhere for a carriage—the consequence of which was that I did not reach here myself until the ship was under way and beyond hailing distance. And what I ought now to do under the circumstances is more than I can tell."

" Mr. Wright, I do most sincerely regret the part that I have taken in placing you in your present unenviable position ; but it cannot be remedied now, and I do not think that the *whole* blame should be placed upon my shoulders."

" Perhaps not, but I cannot see it in any other light at present. Had you been at the house at 2 o'clock, as you agreed to, the whole business might have taken an entirely different, and I doubt not, a more favorable turn—at an rate, *you* would then have been free of blame."

" We live in a world of doubts and uncertainties, Mr. Wright, and little know what a day or an hour may bring forth. Accidents, misfortunes and disappointments frequently happen to the most favored of human beings, and all of us have to meet and endure our share of them."

" Your reasonings are all plausible enough, but I am not at present in a temper to profit by them. I can forget and forgive almost anything else, save a cruel disappointment, occasioned by the carelessness of a thoughtless and unfeeling person."

" My good old mother used to tell me that *disappointments* were oftentimes *blessings in disguise*, and it may possibly prove so in your case. This steamship business is as yet but in its infancy—in fact, the present voyage of the ' Home ' is only intended as an *experimental* trip, and it is looked upon by many of our best scientific men as a very uncertain and dangerous experiment. Should she happen to go down with all on board the news of such a sad event might possibly reconcile you to your present disappointment. Stranger things than this have happened."

" I feel very sensibly the truth of what you have uttered : but when I inform you that my poor old crippled father is on board the ' Home,' and that his life is as dear to me as my own, you will then know the cause of all my grief and agitation over this bitter disappointment. He being in a very infirm and crippled condition I took the precaution to have him carefully placed in his berth on board the ship early this afternoon, so that he might not be annoyed or injured by the thoughtless crowd which always collect upon the deck of a ship just on the eve of her departure. And, oh ! if I could only have got down here in time to have gone on board with him, or to have taken him on shore again with myself, I should not have cared what would become of all else ; but when I think of the terrible agony and distress of both mind and body that he naturally must suffer, when the deepening shades of night

set in, and he finds that I do not come to his relief, the thought drives me almost to distraction. Helpless and alone—out upon the wide and tempestuous ocean—with no kind friend to cheer and protect him—should danger threaten the ship what chance of escape do you think there would be for my poor, dear old crippled father? I wish I could school my mind to the belief that disappointments are intended for our good, but I cannot."

"Mr. Wright," I continued, "I now see your position in quite a different light than I did before, and I can and do most feelingly sympathize with you in your bereavement; but after all, words of sympathy, no matter how warmly expressed, afford but little consolation in a case like this. As to your fears in regard to the manner in which your aged father may be treated by the passengers on board the 'Home,' I think you have no just cause of alarm. There are a large number of Southern people on board, and I have witnessed enough of their kindness and liberal hospitality to know that they will tenderly care for the wants and comfort of any respectable stranger whom accident or misfortune shall have cast into their midst. All I can further say is, *try* and be comforted with the hope that all may yet turn out for the best; sad as the disappointment is, it possibly may yet turn out to be a *blessing in disguise*. But, as for myself, I would much rather have remained a whole week without a single load than played the tragic part that I have in this dreadful business."

"Well," said Mr. Wright, rather sharply, "bad as it has turned out, I see no good that can be gained by a continued discussion of the subject. All that remains for me to do is 'to hope on and hope ever.' You will now please return the goods to the place from whence you took them."

The foregoing running conversation took place while we were standing on the pier, straining our eyes in gazing after the swift-sailing steamer, which was just then on the point of disappearing from our view.

We then returned to the house, where we unloaded the goods and stowed them away in the front hall of the basement. On our our way back the old goat trotted along behind the cart as quietly and contentedly as a pet lamb. Mr. Wright having settled with the other cartman then came up to me and said:

"Well, carman, how much am I to pay *you* for your services? But, to be plain with you, I think that I shall be doing injustice to myself if I pay you a single cent."

"Mr. Wright," I replied, "you don't owe me a single farthing. I should feel thoroughly ashamed of myself should I charge a man for doing him an irreparable injury. I freely acknowledge that I have done you a grievous wrong, and I am man enough to own it—but not quite to the extent that you charge against me."

As some one in the fullness of his wisdom once said: "Blessed be the man who invented sleep." But, I think I could name at least three persons not more than a thousand miles asunder, who, on the night of that day of disappointment, neither slept nor slumbered, viz.: the disappointer, the disappointed and the victim of the disappointment. Of the *disappointer* I can truly say that he endured a night of unspeakable horrors, and not among the least of them were fearful visions of wrecked steamships and aged, crippled men crying out in their extremity for help!

But time passed on, and the recollection of the events of that day of disappointments was beginning to fade from my memory. Another week had been subtracted from the present and added to the past, but no tidings of the "Home's" voyage had yet reached the city. The sun was fast sinking beneath the western horizon; the evening's swelling tide of New York's locomotive humanity was now at its flood, and was still rolling on up-townward, an irresistible, living torrent. I was sitting upon my cart, bemoaning the dullness of the times, and wondering where the next day's bread and butter was coming from. Just then I was suddenly startled from my reverie by the sound of a newsboy's voice away down Broadway shouting and screaming: "Extra *Herald!*" This was the only sound that could as yet be heard and understood distinctly. Extras then were not quite so common as they have since become, and they were only issued when there was news of the utmost importance to communicate. In a few moments more a little dirty, ragged newsboy, covered with dust and perspiration, and nearly out of breath, came running up Broadway, shouting and crying at the top of his voice, "Here's the extra *Herald*, containing a full account of the loss of the steamship 'Home,' with all on board!" Stopping for an instant on the

corner, he was soon surrounded by an eager and excited crowd of half frantic persons, each one pulling and hauling the other, and all impatient to secure an "extra" at almost any price. I had feared this news, and now that it had come all my courage forsook me, and I felt like a condemned criminal shuddering at sight of the gallows. My whole body felt as though it had been suddenly paralyzed—the stagnant blood chilled in my veins—damp and darkening clouds flitted before my vision, and I came very near fainting on the spot. I did not dare trust myself to wait any longer to hear the details of the terrible disaster, and seizing the reins I started at once for home. I now felt that I was a doomed man, and that Mr. Wright would most certainly kill me on sight; and I also felt that I deserved to die a thousand deaths, for had I not been the cause of dooming his poor, old, infirm and crippled father to a watery grave?

I went home, but not to eat or sleep. I had the horrors the worst way and without any intermission. I had got a crotchet into my head that Mr. Wright would trace out my residence and break in and kill me before morning. For hours I lay in my bed and planned and schemed how I could escape his fury. I finally came to the conclusion that I would run away, but where to I could not determine. Going to Texas ("G. T.") was then all the rage among those who were afraid to show themselves in the city; but then I was afraid that I might get shipwrecked myself in trying to get there. Then again I thought that I would change my stand to some other part of the city, and thus foil Mr. Wright in his attempt to trace me out. But towards morning I again changed my mind and concluded that I would brave it out, and if I got killed it would be no more than I deserved.

Having thus determined upon the course I intended to pursue, I went down on the stand the next morning at my usual time. I had been there only a few minutes, when I discovered Mr. Wright coming up the street towards me. My first impulse, when I first saw him, was to jump upon my cart and drive away; but he was already too near me to be easily avoided; so I resolved to remain and face it out, let what would happen. He looked sad and thoughtful, but not the least bit revengeful or bloodthirsty. As he approached me he very politely extended his hand and said:—

"Good morning, Mr. Cartman; I suppose that you have heard the dreadful news?"

I felt somewhat assured, from the kind manner in which he addressed me, that he intended me no harm, and I thus cautiously replied:—"Yes, sir, I have heard that the 'Home' had been wrecked, but how badly I have not yet been informed, for I have just this moment arrived on the stand; but I hope and trust that no great harm has been done."

"I am sorry to be compelled to inform you that, as far as the ship itself is concerned, our worst fears have been more than realized. The 'Home' has gone down to the bottom of the sea a total wreck, with nearly all on board—but, thank God! *my poor, dear, dear, crippled old father was among the very few who were saved!* As you predicted, he fell into good hands. He was the very first person placed in a lifeboat—the only one on board the ship—and it was his infirm and crippled condition alone that saved him. Two noble gentlemen of Charleston, learning the unprotected condition in which he was placed, in a few hours after the ship got under way, took him under their immediate personal charge and protection, cared for and comforted him, both by day and by night, during the whole voyage; and when the final crisis came, they gently and carefully conveyed him safely into the lifeboat, and then, with a heroism more than mortal, themselves went down to a watery grave with the doomed ship! All this information I have from my dear old father, in a letter of his own writing, which I received late last evening. He is at present safely and comfortably housed with a stranger friend at his private residence in the hospitable city of Charleston, and is in the enjoyment of very much better health than when he went on board the ill-fated 'Home.' God bless, protect and prosper the kind-hearted people of the South, into whose hands it has been his good fortune to fall."

"Mr. Wright," I replied, "I am exceedingly rejoiced to learn that your aged and infirm father has escaped in safety the fatal doom that has befallen the larger portion of the passengers and crew of the lost ship. It is certainly a great consolation to me to know that he had such kind and true friends to stand by him, and look after his welfare at a time when friendship generally passes for naught. In case you had been on board

yourself and close at his side, things could not have been managed much better, but they might have turned out a great deal worse. On the whole, I think that I may now venture to congratulate you on your good fortune in being left behind, although you took it so greatly to heart at the time."

"Yes, I do now feel thankful that I was left behind, and I have come up here this morning to tell you so, and also to thank you for being the partial cause of it. Yes, I owe you a most humble apology for the rude and uncourteous manner in which I treated you at that time—and I trust that I am yet man and gentleman enough to make it. Had I succeeded in getting on board the ship with myself and goods, I should to-day have been a ruined man, provided I had escaped with my life. All the property that I possess in the wide world, consisting of jewelry, silverware and fancy goods, amounting in all to some $12,000 or $15,000, was contained in the several trunks and boxes which you took down to the ship—and had they unfortunately been placed on board, I should to-day have been with them down in the bottom of the sea, or, in case my life had been spared, then I should have been a poor, penniless beggar, among strangers in a strange land. But it was the will and pleasure of a kind Providence that it should be otherwise, and I certainly feel most grateful for the special favor. I did not see it then, but I can now see it most clearly, that upon that memorable day of trouble and anxiety all my *seeming* disappointments were *real blessings in disguise.* An agent, under the watchful care and guidance of a mysterious Providence, *you* have been the means of saving my fortune, and probably my life. And having now, as I fervently hope and trust, made you an ample apology for my former rude and ungentlemanly conduct toward you, I would like to settle with you in a liberal manner for the services which you rendered me on the occasion alluded to. Please name the amount that I owe you, and I will pay it to you with interest."

"Nothing at all, Mr. Wright—you don't owe me one single cent. For any services that I have rendered you, it is satisfaction enough for me to know that your father is safe, and that I have done nothing to injure you."

"But I do owe you for work done for me—the laborer is worthy of his hire, and I insist upon it that you shall accept at least a sufficient sum to pay you for your labor."

"In view of what has already been said, I do not think it would be proper for me to accept even the price of my labor."

"Well, then, if you will not take anything for your labor, here's a ten dollar bill—please accept it as a *present* from me."

"In this case I cannot accept anything as a present; but being a poor man, if you think proper, you can pay me my regular cartage, $3, nothing more."

"It would please me much better if you would accept the whole $10, or $20 if you will, but if only $3, you will have to take it out of this bill, as it is the smallest I have about me at present."

"I have not that much change about me, but I will step into the broker's office on the corner and get your bill changed."

"All right; but you had much better keep the whole of it, it belongs to you and will do you no harm."

I stepped into Mr. Secor's office on the corner, and got the bill changed; but when I returned with the change, Mr. Wright had disappeared forever. I have not seen him since from that day to this.

There are many thousand persons still living on Manhattan Island, who yet recollect what a thrill of horror was spread through every family circle in the great city on the night of the announcement of the loss of the "Steamship Home," more than thirty years ago—and more especially among the families of those who had relatives and friends on board.

Some ten years later I made a business acquaintance with three Southern ladies, whose home residence was near Newbern, N. C., but who were accustomed to spend their Summers at the North. They were three of the most sociable, liberal and large-hearted ladies that I ever had business transactions with in the whole course of my life. They were all widows—mother, daughter and granddaughter—*and they all lost their husbands on board the "Home."* It is not at all improbable but that it was some of their husbands who assisted in saving Mr. Wright's dear, old, crippled father's life.

"MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS."

ARTICLE NO. 12.

The year 1840 was a year that "tried the souls" of New York cartmen—and also of several other workers. It was the dullest business year that I experienced during my twenty years' residence in the city—one dollar a day being my average yearly wages, with horse, cart and family to support out of it. The whole country was still reeling and staggering under the terrible blow caused by the grand smash-up in 1837, and, consequently, everybody was on the *economise*. Politics and politicians alone ruled the day; and getting a job of any kind of work that would pay was next to impossible. Every man had become a leading politician, and everything was at a dead stand-still, except politics. "Little Van" had long since been declared a "used-up man," and the bright and flaming star of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" was grandly in the ascendant. Everybody inquired of everybody else what was the meaning of all the "great commotion, motion, the country through;" but no one could furnish an intelligent and satisfactory reply. "Log cabins," with the "latch-string hanging out," sprang up in every direction; "hard cider" flowed through the land like a river of milk and honey, and could be freely indulged "without money and without price;" but the promised "two dollars a day and roast beef" dodge, like the "mule and forty acres of land" dodge promised to our "man and brother" humbug of later times, was as yet visible only in the distance, and all the while growing "beautifully less."

As I was saying, or as I should have said, it was the dullest August of the dullest year on record. During the three years preceding carting had been a very profitable business, fully justifying the old maxim that "it is an ill wind that blows no body any good." The ruin and downfall of half the business men of the city in 1837 had thrown a flood of business into the hands of lawyers, sheriffs and constables; and the dull times that soon followed caused the other half to curtail their expenses, by cutting down their former establishments. The consequence of all this change of basis on the part of business men was that a great deal of extra carting had to be done, and thus what was a curse to the man of business proved a blessing to the cartmen. Sheriffs and constables were every day giving employment to all the cartmen they could secure; and seeing that the money did not come out of their own pockets, they were uncommonly liberal in paying their employes—in fact, so much so that they very often paid them twice or three times the amount allowed by law. But this kind of business had played itself pretty well out in the Spring of 1840, and every kind of business was now as dead financially as was poor "Little Van" politically.

From 1830 to 1840 was what might very appropriately be termed the "Golden Era" among the New York cartmen. There were then no hotel stages or express wagons in existence, and consequently the licensed hackmen and cartmen had a complete monopoly of the carrying trade of the whole city. What we used to term steamboat baggage—for which we used to receive from one to three dollars a load, according to the size of the load and the distance it was carried—furnished the most profitable employment that a cartman could find to do. Whether there was anything doing through the rest of the day or not, we could always, in the Summer time, count on a load of baggage every afternoon, between three and four o'clock, to some one of the five o'clock boats.

The day had been one of the hottest of the season—one of the *melting* kind—but was now fast drawing toward its close. It was already past four o'clock, and also past the usual hour for catching a load of steamboat baggage. I was just on the point of throwing up the sponge and calling it a clean *skunk*—a term applied by one cartman to another when he went all day without a load—when I noticed a colored lad, whose age was about seventeen, coming down Broadway on the run, dodging this one and running against that one, in his efforts to force his way through the crowd. When he reached the stand he was nearly out of breath, but jumping upon my cart at a single bound, he said:—

"Please, carman, drive right straight Broadway up, near Grand street, quick!—cart broke down bad—gemmen in hurry, wait for you come up an carry baggage down

steamboat—no time for spare—please, quick, hurry up!"

Down went the sponge, and off I started on the double-quick, "Broadway up!" Near Grand street I found an old butcher's cart, piled up with trunks and carpetbags, toppled over on its side, with the off axletree broken square off, close up to the inside of the hub. Standing around the wrecked cart were five smart, genteel looking young gentlemen, with consternation and despair pictured on their otherwise handsome countenances.

"Carman," said one of them, "please back up here, quick; put this baggage on your cart, and hurry with it down to the Albany boat with all possible dispatch, or we shall all get left behind. Come, now, boys, spring to the rescue, and help the carman load his cart; the moments just now are precious."

We now all set to work with a will, and in a very short time the baggage was changed from the broken cart to the whole one, and I commenced tying on the load.

"Do you think, carman," continued the spokesman of the party, "that you can get down to the foot of Courtland street in time for the 5 o'clock boat?"

I took a hasty look at my watch—it wanted but twenty five minutes to five.

"No, sir," I replied, "the thing's impossible. The only chance of getting your baggage on board will be for me to take it up to the old State Prison dock, where the boat stops to take on board the up-town passengers. This will be your only chance, and not a very bright one at that; but I think that I can get up there in time."

"Well, then, push on at once for the old State Prison dock with all the speed that your horse can stand, but for God's sake try and not disappoint us. Bear in mind that dispatch is the word, and charge accordingly."

At that moment an empty carriage came dashing along down Broadway; they hailed it, and jumping in, told the driver that a five-dollar bill would be his in case he delivered them at the boat in time to get on board.

Being now ready for a start myself, I told the lad to fix himself securely on the hind end of the cart, to hold on tight, and keep a sharp lookout that nothing tumbled off. *Go!* was now the word, and we went—yes, *we went!* you may bet high on that. My horse was fresh and in good trim for going, and the way we pitched in among the carriages and stages was a caution to the lookers-on. Everybody made room for us to save their own necks, for they all thought that we were running away to a dead certainty. There were no policemen in the city in those days, or we should most assuredly have been arrested and fined for fast and reckless driving; so we had it all our own way. Sir John Gilpin himself never run a tighter or a more furious and reckless race. Our course was first up Broadway to Spring street, and then down Spring to West street. When we reached West street, fronting on the river, I took a hasty glance down the river, and not seeing anything of the boat, I concluded that we were all right. Slacking up a little, we continued on up West street until we arrived at the boat's landing place. She had just that instant moved out from her berth at the foot of Courtland street, and was turning her prow up the river. We here found some forty or fifty persons, men, women and children, collected on the end of the pier impatiently waiting for the boat to come up. I drove up near the gang-plank and deposited my load in a position where it would be handy to hurry it on board when the boat arrived. Having got everything nicely stowed away on the dock, the colored boy stepped up to me and said:

"Well, sah, how much I hab to pay you for ride dis load? De young bossy say dat I must pay you big price."

"Yes, laddy buck," I replied, "we have had a rather lively time of it, but I shan't be hard with you—we'll call it about two dollars."

I noticed that the mention of the *two dollars* caused several of the bystanders to prick up their ears, and look as though they wanted to say something.

"Yes, sah," continued the darkey, "here's de money, and 'tankee beside—but dis chile don't care to hab nodder sich a shakee up rite away."

He then handed me two silver dollars—such a sight would be good for sore eyes now. I put the money into my pocket and then drove a little back out of the crowd, and commenced fixing up my ropes.

Just as I was on the point of leaving, I noticed the colored lad, followed by some half a dozen gentlemen, hastening toward me. The lad was the first to break silence by saying:—

"I say, bossy, dese gemmen say dat you charge good deal too much for ride de load ob baggage, and dat you must gib me back some—don't know anyting 'bout it myself—tought it was all right—young bossy tell me pay big price."

"Which of these gentlemen said so?" I inquired—"I wish that you would point him out to me, I should like to see him."

"I said so," responded the foremost of the party. "And *I* say so, too," chimed in the other four.

The gentleman who spoke first was a tall, gaunt, raw-boned individual, somewhat past his prime, and might have been taken by mistake for the late President Lincoln; but by no possible mistake could he have been taken for a pleasant-featured, good-looking man. He was clad in a full suit of rusty, faded black broadcloth, wore a high, stiff standing shirt collar, supported by a soiled white cravat, carried an old tattered leather carpet bag in his hand, and looked altogether the very picture of a poor country clergyman. I liked neither his looks nor his conduct; but still his whole appearance denoted that he was a marked man, and a bad one. I happened to know a little about his antecedents, but I kept mum.

"I say, you carman you," continued spokesman No. 1, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself, so you should, to charge that poor, ignorant colored boy such an exorbitant price for carting that load. Gracious me! Two dollars a load! I never heard of such a charge before in all my life. You would not have *dared* to charge the owners of that baggage such an outrageous price!"

To which I replied pretty sharply: "Sir, are you in any way or manner personally interested in this business? If so, I am ready to listen to you."

"We are all interested in seeing that our fellow creatures are not cheated during their absence, and that is the reason why I have interfered in this case."

"Sir! do you know anything about the circumstances of this case?—do you really know from whence I brought this baggage, whether from Yorkville or Harlem? Look at that horse, and see if you think he has been doing an easy job."

"No matter from whence you brought it," chimed in No. 2, "two dollars is too much to charge, and nobody knows it better than yourself. The law allows no such price as that, let me tell you."

"Of course not—neither does the law compel a man to kill his horse to accommodate a stranger. Extra work is always entitled to extra pay—is it not? And I don't consider that it is any of your business what I charge, so long as the money does not come out of your pocket."

"Well," said No. 3, "your charge is entirely too high, no matter what may have been the circumstances of the case. *I* have just had my baggage brought here, all the way from Brooklyn, and all that I paid the carman for doing the job was *seventy-five cents*."

"Yes! that was all you *paid* him—that was very reasonable indeed! but did you pay your carman all that he *asked* for doing your job? That's the question I should like to have you answer."

"It's none of your business what he *asked* —that is all I *paid* him, and it was quite enough. There is too much of this *over*-charging going on among carmen of the present day, and it ought to be broken up. I wish you to understand that I am not fool enough to *pay* a carman all he *asks*."

"I congratulate you on your good luck in finding a carman *mean enough* to do your twenty shillings' worth of work for seventy-five cents—but after all, it would be hard to tell which of the two is the *meanest*, yourself or your carman."

"Let us take his number!" shouted No. 4, "and hand him over to the owners of the goods, when the boat arrives."

"See here, my good friends, did any of you ever read a certain story about how much a certain man therein named once gained by '*minding his own business?*'"

"Carman," chimed in No. 5, "I think that you had better return to the boy about two-thirds of the money that you have taken from him, and go off quietly about your business—if you don't you will quite likely get yourself into serious trouble."

"Gentlemen, you seem to take an unaccountable interest in the business of others, and probably to the neglect of your own. To relieve you from all further responsibility in this matter, I have concluded to remain here until the boat comes up; and if the *owners* of this baggage object to the price that I have charged, I will then very willingly return them the whole amount."

"Better take his number, to make everything sure," said No. 1. "I believe it to be our Christian duty to report his misdeeds to our absent friends, the owners of this baggage. I am perfectly satisfied in my own mind that this carman is a bad, if not a dangerous man."

In an instant, note books and pencils were whipt out of the pockets of the whole five, and the terrible tell-tale figures, 2489, were carefully traced therein.

"And now," continued No. 1, as he returned his book into his pocket, "whether thanked for it or not, we shall each enjoy the sweet consolation of knowing that we have performed our Christian duty in this matter."

"Yes! and a very *honorable* duty it is, too—and I hope that you will be suitably recompensed for your trouble. And now, perhaps you would like to have my name and place of residence, to place along side of my number. You will find both on record in the Mayor's office, down in the City Hall."

"Why, bless my soul! you are growing impertinent as well as dishonest, are you? But, you'll sing quite a different tune from that when the boat comes up."

"Perhaps so, but not quite yet. You may threaten as much as you please, but when I have *rights* to defend, I am not the man to be easily frightened. The good Book tells us that the "wicked flee when no man pursueth"—but I shall not flee from the presence of a man who never puts a penny into the contribution box, except when he sees a chance to *steal* a shilling out."

"Sir! your insolence is becoming almost intolerable, and I'll not bear it much longer. There is a point when forbearance ceases to be a virtue."

"So there is, and it will require but a little more of your meddlesome interference before I expose you, and show you up in your *real* character."

"Go ahead and do your worst—*I defy you.* I can very soon make it apparent to these kind gentlemen that my character stands above reproach. I am quite a different gentleman from what you take me to be."

"I have never yet taken you for a *gentleman*—but perhaps I may have been mistaken—we shall soon see. It is the general belief that every question has two sides to it, and so has this. Now, suppose that when you were in the dry goods business a stranger had come into your store and purchased a bill of goods, and just as he had paid you for them, I should have come rushing in and said to you:—'Sir, you have been taking the advantage of this poor gentleman—he is an entire stranger in the city, and knows nothing about the price of your goods—you have charged him at least double what they are worth—I can take him to a place where he can buy them for half the price that you have charged him—you ought to feel heartily ashamed of yourself for taking the advantage of a strange gentleman who knows nothing about the ways of this wicked city, and if you don't immediately disgorge a portion of your ill-gotten plunder I'll have you arrested at once.' How would you like that kind of style of interference in your private business?—answer me that question, if you please."

"I should not have liked it at all, and what is still more to the point, I would not have tolerated it from you or any one else. I should have ordered you out of my store at once, and should most probably have accelerated your exit with the toe of my boot. That, however, is quite a different kind of question from the one now under discussion; but how in the world did you come to know I had ever been in the dry goods business?"

"Yes! that is quite a different question," to be sure—but only in the transformation of persons—the *principle* in both cases is precisely the same. Yes! you would have 'ordered me out of your store,' and you would have served me right, even had you used the 'toe of your boot.' But, 'how did I come to know that you had ever been in the dry goods business?' Yes! that's the point we are trying to get at—but, don't you begin to think that you have waked up the wrong person. How do I happen to know anything? Or, as you would probably put the question, what *right* have I to know anything? It is a part of my legitimate business to hunt up and ferret out such vile humbugs as you are. I do it for the protection of myself, as well as my employers. Why, sir, you could not go to a single store in the city, where I am employed, and obtain a dollar's worth of credit to save your life. Yes, sir, your name is recorded in all their books of *private inquiry* as decidedly *bad.* The

Court of Bankruptcy is a very poor place in which to deposit important financial information, provided you wish to have it kept secret."

The boat was now within sight, and rapidly approaching the landing-place. Most of those who were awaiting her arrival had come up within hearing distance of the high-contending parties, and seemed to enjoy the discussion hugely. Among the number there was a well-dressed, jolly-faced looking old bummer, of unmistakable sporting proclivities, who, stepping up in front of No. 1 (the guns of the other four had been long since silenced) and gently patting him on the shoulder, said: "I say, old boy, you had better throw up the sponge and leave the ring, for the carman is getting the better of you."

"I shall do no such thing," tartly replied No. 1; "but I say, you wretch of a carman, you, what do you mean by all this fulsome twaddle about the *secrets* of the Court of Bankruptcy? I hope, you rascal, you, that you don't presume to think that you know me; the thing is preposterous in the extreme. I am a man of peace—a quiet, Christian gentleman—and quite capable of attending to my own business."

"*Know you!* Yes, sir, I know you like a book, and can read you quite as easily. Your name is John Jones, of the lately extinguished firm of Jones, Bones & Co., three years ago wholesale dry goods dealers down in Pearl street. Perhaps you may yet have a limited recollection of the former existence of such a firm; if not, I will go a little more into its details. At any rate, you have, no doubt, a pretty distinct recollection of the fact of your having swindled your honest creditors out of the small and insignificant sum of one hundred thousand dollars. And now, Mr. Jones, don't you begin to think that, although a 'quiet, Christian gentleman,' you have commenced 'attending to your own business' with the wrong man?"

"Better throw up the sponge, deacon," again chimed in the old sport; "that last round of the carman's came very near preventing you from coming to time."

"It is false! Every word the villain has uttered is false!—and I have a mind to have him arrested for slander. His insolence is most too much for a quiet, Christian gentleman to bear, and I'll not endure much more of it."

"Villain! scoundrel! slander! Oh, yes, these are all very complimentary expressions, but they don't make me feel the least bit proud. If these charges are all *false*, why do you warm up so, Mr. Jones? Unwelcome truths sometimes have a tendency to trouble a guilty conscience more than a twice-repeated falsehood; is it not so, Mr. Jones? You charge me with that which I know I am not guilty of, but it does not ruffle my temper in the least; but the moment that I charge home upon you unpalatable truths you let your bad temper get up as high as a cat's back. But I am not quite done with you yet. Is not your son at present doing business on the very money that you cheated your honest creditors out of? and are not you yourself now living off the profits of his business? You don't deny that, Mr. Jones, do you?"

"I don't deny but that I failed in business during the terrible crash in '37, but I do deny most emphatically that my son is at present doing business on any money of mine. My failure was caused by the failure of other parties, who heartlessly swindled me out of over a hundred thousand dollars, and compelled me to suspend my business much against my will. The fact is, that I am not to-day worth a dollar in my own name."

"Your defence is very plausibly worded, Mr. Jones, and speaks well in favor of the subtlety of your reasoning powers, and I give you full credit for it; but where did your son George, a young man of only twenty-three years of age, obtain his capital to start business with? Perhaps you can answer that question in a satisfactory manner—*to yourself*."

"It's no use, deacon, once more shouted the jolly old sport—"you had better throw up the sponge—the carman is too many for you—one blow more like the last, and you won't be able to come to time."

"Yes, I can answer that question too, to the satisfaction of any reasonable man—the money was loaned him by a wealthy aunt, and he is at present supporting myself and family out of the profits of his business. Will that answer satisfy you?"

"It might, possibly, if I did not know any better—that story, or more correctly speaking, that falsehood, might do very well to tell to the children or the horse marines, but not to men of sense and judgment. Your son has not an aunt in the world to-day who pos-

sesses a thousand dollars in her own right. It is your creditors' money that your son is doing business on, and no one knows it better than yourself. Do you understand that, Mr. Jones ?"

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Jones, addressing his associates, "I trust that you will do me the favor to not believe anything that this foolish and crazy-headed carman has been saying about me—it's only been done to shield his own misdeeds. 'Tis true that the unprincipled villain has somehow made himself acquainted with my name, and the history of my private misfortunes—but he has falsified the history of my life in almost every important particular. I will only add for your further information that I am a member of Dr. Cantwell's church, in good standing, and that I am about the last man in the world who would intentionally wrong any one—especially as *he* has wronged this poor colored boy."

"You are a member of Cantwell's church, are you ? So much the worse for the church. Yes ! it is just such canting hypocrites as you are that bring disgrace and reproach upon the Christian church, all the world over. You might belong to a hundred churches if you liked—but you will first have to become an *honest man* before you can become a *true Christian*. Professions are nothing—good conduct and upright dealing with your fellow men are everything—and cheat and defraud whoever else you may, you will yet live long enough to realize the important fact that you *can't cheat your own conscience !*"

"Did any Christian man ever hear such a tissue of blasphemous nonsense before? It pains me to hear it."

"Hold on a bit, Mr. Jones, I have not quite done with you yet. This has been a war of your own beginning, but I intend to have a hand in ending it. I always use *clinch* nails in my workshop, and whenever I have occasion to *drive* them into such a *shaky* piece of timber as you are (he was beginning to shake all over, like a man in an ague fit), I generally *clinch* them in the inside so effectually that they will stay there."

"You are a bold, bad man, sir ; and I now advise these gentlemen to not have anything more to say to you. I have never yet in my life volunteered to do an act of kindness for a stranger but that I received more abuse than thanks therefor. This wrangling in public with a common cartman is not a proper business for a Christman gentleman to be engaged in, and in the future I shall make it a rule to *mind my own business*, and leave other people to attend to theirs. I shall now, gentlemen, leave this business with you to dispose of in any way you may think proper."

Here the *Christian gentleman* threw up the sponge, and commenced moving off toward the end of the pier—but not without a parting salute from the well-shotted guns of the "common carman."

"*You* a 'Christian gentleman !' I can esteem and respect—yea, even reverence the good man and true Christian, whether in the church or out, who lives a blameless life and does *right*—but when a man, formed in the image of his Maker, so far debases himself as to 'steal the livery of the court of Heaven to serve the devil in,' I can hold no communion with him, Christian or otherwise. You, sir, are a counterfeit—you are a wolf in sheep's clothing—you are a black sheep in Christ's flock—you are, sir—yes, sir, you are a *mean man* ! I am a man of peace and wish to do right. I very seldom commence a quarrel with any one myself, but when wantonly attacked, I generally try and defend myself the best way I can. You, sir, commenced this war upon my rights, without any just cause or provocation on my part—and having volunteered to serve in the front ranks, I now denounce you as a poltroon and a coward for being the first to back out of the fight."

"Hold on, carman, that will do," again shouted the old sport"—"it's contrary to the rules of the ring to strike your antagonist after he throws up the sponge—but by Jove ! it has been a good square fight."

The boat had now arrived at her landing, and I here embrace the occasion to state that Mr. Jones was the very first man that rushed on board, and that, too, without once making an exhibition of my number as recorded in his note-book.

The very instant that the gang plank touched the dock, the young gentleman, the spokesman of the party, sprang on shore, and seeing me standing alongside of the baggage, joyfully exclaimed—"Thank you, carman, glad to find you here on time everything is all right, I hope."

"Yes, sir, I believe so. I think that you will find everything safe and in good order."

"Well, carman, you have done us a great kindness, and are justly entitled to our warmest thanks. We are all students of Union College, and to-morrow is Commencement day there, and it would have been a great disappointment to us in case we had been left behind. But have you been settled with for your services yet?"

"Yes, sir," replied No. 3, before I had a chance to open my mouth—"yes, sir, he has been paid about three times the amount that the law allows him—took advantage of your absence and charged your colored boy *two dollars*—never heard of such a charge before in my life—paid *my* carman only *seventy five cents* for bringing my baggage all the way from Brooklyn. He wanted to clear out before your arrival, but we thought it our duty to detain him, and we made him promise to return the whole amount in case you were dissatisfied with the charge—here, sir, is his number, 2489—you can now deal with him as you think his conduct deserves."

"Thank you, my good friend, for your well-meant intentions," replied the student. "'Tis true, sir, we are all young men as yet, but we feel quite confident that we are capable of managing our own business—we would rather have paid *our* carman *fifty dollars* than to have been disappointed. This is all that I have time to say to you, sir."

"And now, carman," said the student, turning round and addressing himself to me, "I want you to fulfil your promise; please return me the two dollars that the boy paid to you."

No. 3 now began to grin all over his face; he thought, no doubt, that the object for which he had been persecuting me was about to be accomplished; and, to speak the honest truth, I thought so too.

"Yes, sir, certainly, sir, if you demand it. I promised in presence of quite a number of gentlemen here that I would return the money in case you manifested any dissatisfaction at the charge, and I intend to be as good as my word; here, sir, is the very same money that the boy paid me."

"Oh, no, sir—excuse me, carman—I did not mean *that*. This is only *silver* that you have received. I intended that you should have had *gold* for this job. There is no law to *compel* a man to overwork himself or his horse to accommodate any one—such a *special* favor as you have conferred deserves *gold* in return. Here is a five dollar gold piece—it is certainly the smallest amount that we can offer you, in exchange for the silver you have just received—and many thanks for your kindness in waiting here until we came up, so that we could compensate you in a proper manner for your services."

"Thank you, sir, for the generous and liberal manner in which you have compensated me for my services—more, a great deal more, than the work was worth—but I accept it, sir, as a wholesome rebuke to this gentleman for his impertinent interference in the affairs of others."

Just then No. 3 gave me what he no doubt intended should be a glance of annihilation, replaced his notebook in his pocket, and hurriedly *sneaked* on board the boat, where his other four meddlesome companions had already *sneaked* ahead of him.

Everything now being in readiness for a start, the engineer turned on the steam again, and the noble vessel moved off on her course up the majestic Hudson, riding upon the water like a "thing of life"—and also a "thing of beauty and a joy forever"—provided she didn't *blow up!* A moment before the boat started the gentlemanly student grasped me by the hand, and after giving it a good, hearty, old-fashioned shake, said, with decided emphasis: "Good-bye, carman; but what a blessing it would be to the world at large *if every man would mind his own business.*"

After the boat had left, I ascertained of the colored boy the names of those bright young students, and I have kept them stored away in my memory ever since. They all turned out to be *smart* men. Two of them have since been to Congress, two others have associated themselves together as a law firm and both have become distinguished in their profession; the other is at present a learned professor in one of our best colleges. So much for *minding your own business!*

Some five years later there was established in Pearl street a large dry goods house, under the title of John Jones, Sons & Co. The Co. was one of the young Bones's. The senior member of that firm was a certain "quiet, Christian gentleman," whose personal ap-

pearance bore a very strong resemblance to that of the late President Lincoln. It is not, however, on record that any of the *old* debts of the firm of Jones, Bones & Co. were ever paid. In less than two years thereafter there was another grand *smash-up* among the Jones's. But that did not prevent the fine carriage of John Jones, Esq., from making its daily appearance on Broadway. At present the title of the grand old Jones establishment reads: "John Jones's Nephews"—the Jones's having worked all the Bones's completely out of the concern. But the poor creditors of the defunct firm of John Jones, Sons & Co. have not yet been settled with. That "gay and festive cuss," as A. Ward would have called him, the wealthy and distinguished John Jones, Esq., still takes pride in boasting that he is a "quiet, Christian gentleman," and a member of Doctor Cantwell's church, "in good standing." And thus wags the world—the *biggest scoundrel* being looked upon as the *greatest saint*—provided he is wealthy.

MOTT'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM.

ARTICLE NO. 13.

[I give the following entirely from memory, but I believe that I have given all the main facts correctly—at any rate I have so intended. The dialogues between the doctor and myself are given in the same language that was made use of on the occasion as near as I can recollect it; but still I do not claim that I have quoted the *exact words* used in every case. I intend no disrespect to the doctor himself, or to the profession to which he belongs; for I know as well as they do that such collections are absolutely necessary to a proper and successful treatment of surgical operations.]

Thirty-five years ago Doctor Valentine Mott was one of the best known men in this country; and as a skillful and successful surgeon his reputation was world-wide. About that number of years ago he crossed the Atlantic, and traveled very extensively in Europe and the Holy Land. On his return he published a book of his travels, but it was not half so interesting and entertaining as himself, or almost any one of his surgical lectures. His library was large and valuable, and contained many rare and interesting curiosities which he had collected during his foreign travels. The old doctor used to reside in his own house, on the corner of Depau place and Thompson street, and I presume that his family resides there still. I frequently used to have calls to take articles of various kinds to his house, and occasionally to do jobs of one kind or another for his family. He also had a handsome country-seat, comprising several broad acres, out on the old Bloomingdale road, a little beyond the renowned village of that name. I was out there two or three times with furniture and baggage for the family, it being their principal place of Summer resort.

It was not, however, with the *old* doctor, but with his son, Doctor Alexander B., that the following adventure occurred; and should this article ever happen to fall under his notice, I trust that he will not take any offence at it, as nothing of the kind is intended. The doctor always treated me like a gentleman, and that is all that I have a right to expect of any one. I do not assert it as a fact, but I am somewhat inclined to the opinion that the doctor had been the least bit wild in his younger days, and it would be a little something curious to see a modern M. D. who has not been more or less so. I have seen a little of medical student life myself, and I think I can speak somewhat understandingly on this point. I have seen them pour out of the lecture-room by the hundreds, and a more reckless and dare-devil looking class of young men I have never seen in all my life. I have seen them in squads of a dozen or more when on a bender late at night, bumming around town from one fashionable saloon to another, demolishing everything within their reach, to the terror and consternation of all timid lookers-on.

I have also seen them in their private apartments, (generally in the attic regions of second and third class boarding houses) engaged in their secret, high-handed, bacchanalian revels, when I considered him a brave man who dared to enter into their midst. I once had a call to take the baggage of a couple of medical students down to the Philadelphia boat, and I shall never forget the wild scene of tumult and disorder which their apartments presented to view. It was a large room in the attic of a four-story boarding house on Broadway, in which some fifteen or twenty Western medical students had collected to

enjoy a parting "blow-out" with two of their number, and a "high old time" they were having of it. The room in which they were assembled was so clouded with tobacco smoke, and that not of the most fragrant and delectable oder, that it was utterly impossible to see distinctly across the room, the narrowest way. The stove was red hot, and standing upon its fiery surface was a huge tin boiler, full of badly concocted whisky punch on the boil, the escaping vapors of which filled the room with its noxious odors, making the heated atmosphere almost unendurable. All the furniture in the room was more or less disabled—every thing was smeared and begrimmed with smoke and dust—every thing looked filthy and repulsive in the extreme. The carpet was ragged, and soiled, and stained with spilt liquor and tobacco juice, from one end to the other—and you could scarcely move your foot in any direction without stepping upon an empty whisky bottle. Defaced and greasy French novels, song books without a title, and torn and detached sheets of music were scattered hither and thither—revolvers, daggers, sword-canes, broken umbrellas, smoking-pipes of various patterns, long and short—some of them looking as though they had been smoked in since the year one down to that time—lay strewn in wildest profusion in every direction. But, when the whole party rose upon their feet, glass in hand, and all joined together in shouting with united voices the then popular choral strain of "We won't go home till morning"—by the crimson beard of the Prophet! you would have thought that the day of doom had arrived, and that the world was surely coming to an end!

But let that pass. I think I have a slight recollection that the young doctor was shot at a few years since, somewhere up in the Second avenue, by some kind of a *lunatic*—every body now-a-days claims to be *insane* whenever he attempts to kill his best friend—but I believe that he "still lives." At any rate, the "good of science" requires that I should make the following "awful disclosures" for the benefit of the uninitiated.

One morning in the early part of March, 1850, when I went down to the store, I found the doctor engaged in conversation with the boss. Having concluded their discussion, the doctor turned round to me and said: "Carman, I suppose that you are not much hurried with work just now."

"Not much," I replied—"business of all kinds seem to be almost at a stand still at present; but why do you ask?"

"Because, I can give you a small job, in case that you are willing to do it."

"Willing to do it? It would be a very disagreeable job indeed if I refused it in these dull times."

"Well, I freely admit that it is not a very desirable job, but still some one will have to do it. Besides, it is a job that will require considerable care and some little secrecy."

"If there is any money in it, I don't think that I should feel justified in refusing it. In regard to the *care* part of it, I believe that my reputation is tolerably well established on that point; but as to my capacity for keeping a *secret*, I hardly know what to say about it—it will depend a little upon the *size* of it."

"Of course there will be a little money in it; I don't expect you to work for nothing. As to your carefulness, I am quite willing to risk you on that point; and you will be full as much interested in keeping things secret as I am."

"All right, then—if it is anything fit for a white man to do, I am your man."

"I will now inform you as to the character of the work in hand, and you can then judge for yourself whether it will suit you or not. It is simply to remove the old doctor's anatomical museum from its present location, in the Stuyvesant Institute, up to the new college in Thirteenth street. Do you think that you possess pluck and nerve enough to attempt the job?"

"I am plucky enough on some points, Doctor, but on others I am the biggest coward alive. I, however, make it a rule to go through with anything I undertake to perform—never put my hand to the plough and turn back."

"Well, then, come up to the Institute tomorrow morning at about nine o'clock, and I'll have a man there to help you. Come right on up stairs until you arrive at the top story of the building, east corner, and tap at the door marked "Private."

The next morning I drove up to the Institute at the time appointed, and, having hooked and tied my horse, I entered the main hallway of the building and commenced the

grand ascent. I say grand ascent, for it was not till I arrived upon the fifth floor that I found the room I was in search of. I first tried the knob of the door, which I found locked. I then gave it a gentle tap, when it was opened by the doctor himself, and in a moment thereafter I stood bolt-upright in the august presence of the grand collection of skulls and skeletons of—I don't know how many past generations. It was a sight well calculated to *chill* the hot blood in the veins of a novice, or to *freeze* it in the veins of a weak and timid man; but having myself seen a few such interesting curiosities before, I did not faint, or even change color, at sight of the fearful exhibition before me.

"Good morning, carman," said the jovial and fun-loving doctor—"but how is this?—you don't seem to faint or pale worth a cent. I have got my restoratives all ready and close at hand, expecting that you would entertain us with at least one fainting fit the moment you entered this room of horrors—but I guess that I shall not have occasion to use them."

"Why, what do you mean doctor? Did you expect that you had engaged a coward to assist you? If you did, you will probably find yourself mistaken. I did not come here to faint, or even to turn pale at sight of this exhibition, but to assist you in the removal of these grand old trophies of your profession."

"Well," continued the doctor, laughing heartily," I guess that you'l do—but, I did expect that the sight of these human monstrosities would have frightened you a little, if nothing more."

"As regard the *sight*, doctor, I can stand that without flinching, but I must say that the *smell* almost unmans me. Why, your place here smells more like a dead-house than anything else that I can compare it to. I see no good reason why, these dry and well-cleaned human bones should have such sickning, burial-vault smell."

"Oh, the room is very hot at present, and badly ventilated—we shall have things very much better arranged in the new building. But I don't mind it a bit, and you will soon get accustomed to it yourself. The "good of science" requires that we should all sacrifice a little of our personal comfort to its promotion."

"All right, doctor—if you can stand it I think that I can—but still, I cannot truthfully say that I enjoy it."

"Don't think about it, carman, and you will soon cease to smell it. It is one of the discomforts of our profession, and so we make up our minds that, 'what can't be cured must be endured.'"

"By the way, I see that you are smoking, doctor—do you allow anybody else to smoke in this room? I think that perhaps a good smoke might assist a little in driving away this offensive smell, provided, you will permit it. What say you to this proposition?"

"Oh, yes—go ahead! Smoke away as much as you please. There is a box of most excellent segars standing on the table—help yourself to them whenever you like—they won't cost you anything. And, by the bye, I think that should you smoke all the time while engaged in this job, it will not be at all detrimental to your health."

My assistant had not yet made his appearance, so I took a segar, and having lighted it, I commenced taking a more general and detailed survey of the heterogeneous contents. The room was, well, say twenty feet square, be the same more or less, with counters on two sides, and glass cases, shelves and drawers, containing anatomical preparations of one kind and another, compactly arranged on three sides of the same. There was a long narrow pine packing box, standing upon a couple of saw-benches on one side of the room, and any number of smaller boxes and barrels, scattered around in every direction—one stove, one camp stool and a few old chairs, one small table and a well-worn broom. Stowed away upon the shelves were several hundred glass jars, large and small, containing most of the amputations made by the old doctor during a forty years' practice, ranging in size from an infant's little finger up to a huge tumor weighing thirty-three pounds. On the counters were deposited piles of well preserved bones, representing the anatomy of every part of the human frame. Here stood a case containing a full-grown human skeleton, perfect in every part, its bloodless arteries filled with red sealing wax, blown in so neatly that the student could trace correctly every vein in the human body; in other cases were detached parts (halves and quarters) of other human skeletons prepared in the same way. There were five barrels filled entirely with human skulls, representing what once were heads belonging to certain portions of the human family of almost every age and nation

of the world—skulls of pigmy dimensions and of giant stature, some fresh, full and complete in every part, and others wasted and wasting away in the last stages of decomposition. There were two heads of Indian chiefs from the Rocky Mountains, that looked as fresh and lifelike as though they had just been severed from their parent trunks, the long, lank hair and bright red and yellow war paint being still plainly visible thereon. All the great battle-fields of the world had at least one representative skull in this grand collection—this one from Marathon and that one from Waterloo, another from Bunker Hill and still another from New Orleans—this one from the Lord knows where, and others for ought I know to the contrary, from the bloody battle-fields of Donnybrook Fair. At any rate there were a thousand times as many of them as I care ever to see together again, and quite as many of them as all the doctors in the whole country would require for scientific purposes.

"And now, carman, continued the doctor, having seen our magnificent museum somewhat in detail, what do you think of it as a whole? It is generally admitted by competent judges that this is the most valuable and interesting collection of the kind in the United States, and I think justly so. The old doctor has been offered fifty thousand dollars for it, but he won't sell it any price, as he intends to bequeath it to the college. But what do you think of it anyhow?"

"Well, doctor, to tell you the truth, I don't think much of this collection anyhow. It may be worth twice the amount that you have named, to you doctors, for aught I know to the contrary—but if it belonged to me I would gladly give it to any one who would be obliging enough to remove it out of my sight. I am a little curious on the subject of old books and autographs, but I have no desire whatever to invest any of my loose capital in stocks of this kind. I should much rather be the owner of Greenwood Cemetery, where the honored dead are decently buried out of sight, than of this vast collection of human bones and horrid grinning skulls and skeletons. But 'Alas! poor Yorick!' what a sickening smell!"

"So you begin to feel like backing out, do you? I guess that you had better hold on—you will soon get used to the smell."

"Don't be alarmed, doctor—I am not going to back out—if you can staud it I think that I can."

Just then there was a light tap on the outside of the door, but whether spiritual or human was as yet uncertain. The doctor opened it, and a very respectable-looking colored man entered the room—he being the person engaged to assist me in the removal of the museum.

"Well, Henry, you have got here at last?" queried the doctor; "we have been waiting for you a long time."

"Yes, sah," replied the darkey; "but I'se bin drefually boddered—de pigs all got out de pen, an' I'se had to go an' hunt dem up. But I'se here now, sah."

I should judge that this was not the *first* appearance of my colored assistant upon a stage where none but skeleton actors appeared to play the principal parts; for he did not appear to be the least bit shocked or terrified at the horrid scene before him.

We now commenced work in good earnest. At the suggestion of the doctor—and it was a very sensible one—we packed everything in boxes and barrels, and then carried them down and deposited them in the hall at the top of the first pair of stairs, until we had enough there to make a load. We then hurried them down, placed them upon the cart and hastened off with them to the college The doctor said that as many persons were strongly prejudiced against the profession on account of their using these anatomical preparations for scientific purposes, it would be better not to expose them to the prying eyes of the public, as he did not wish to create any trouble or disturbance. Many of the curious passers-by eyed us very sharply while we were loading, but no one attempted to molest us. We got off three loads the first day, and "nobody hurt;" but that we worked in fear and trembling I shall not pretend to deny.

There were three very stylish new dwelling houses directly across the street, in front of the college, one of which was already occupied. The very moment that we drove up with the first load two ladies made their appearance at one of the third-story windows, and this they continued to do every time that we arrived with a fresh load. The college building was not yet quite finished, and we

unloaded everything on the floor of the large room of the first story, the front windows of which were wide, and extended from the floor to the ceiling. Consequently the ladies on the opposite side of the street could easily see nearly across the whole length of the room in which we were unloading. They closely scanned every article as we deposited them on the floor, and frequently exchanged significant glances at each other, as much as to say, "what kind of strange neighbors are we going to have opposite?" My own impression is, judging from their fidgety movements, that they were not overpleased with their first appearance.

I shall not so stultify myself in presence of the intelligent reader as to say that I enjoyed a "good nights rest" on that ever memorable and never-to-be forgotten night. I think it would be safe to say that I saw in my dreams on that occasion more human skulls and skeletons than are contained in all the anotomical museums of the world combined; but, having been told that the "good of science" requires that such collections should exist, and feeling very sensibly that the good of my own pockets required that a few more dollars should be collected therein, I determined to go ahead and complete the job, let what would happen. But the worst was yet to come, as the sequal will show.

The next morning at nine o'clock found me again at the door of the museum, "the post where duty called;" but the darkey's pigs having again broken out of their pen, or some other mishap having befallen him, he did not come to time.

"Well, carman," said the loquacious Doctor, "seeing that our help is a little behind time again this morning, what say you to taking a turn in our lecture-room until he arrives?"

Wishing to see all, now that my hand was in, I said—"Push on wherever you please, Doctor, and I will follow wherever you dare lead."

We then went down into the lecture-room, and took a brief survey of its various contents, the Doctor explaining the meaning of this, and the uses of that, as we hurried along. Here were the amputating-tables, upon which operations were performed for the benefit of thick-headed students, and there were numerous curious instruments and models used by the professors in illustrating their surgical lectures. But, as I considered this a purely private exhibition, a friendly condescension on the part of the Doctor, I shall not divulge any of the secrets witnessed on that occasion.

On our return to the museum we found the darkey waiting for us at the door. We then set to work and succeeded in getting our fifth and last load upon the cart about two o'clock in the afternoon. After having taken down all the other portable articles in the room I pointed toward the box standing upon the saw-benches, and said: "How about this box, Doctor—do you wish to have it removed?"

"No, not just yet," replied the Doctor, smiling—"this box is not yet quite ready for removal." Then pushing the cover a little on one side, he continued: "I forgot to mention it before, but this box contains a *subject* upon which there is considerable work to do before it can be removed—you can take a look at it if you have a mind to."

I took a hasty peep into the box, and, skulls and skeletons to the rear! what does the reader imagine that it contained? Why, nothing more nor less than the larger portion of a full grown human body, floating in a liquid substance of some kind or other.

"Well, doctor," I said, "the secret is out—that *smell* which we have been talking about so much is no longer a mystery. You have got a little the best of me, 'tis true, but I shall not complain, now that we have got so near through with the job. Yes! *you* call it a 'subject,' do you? but *I* make no hesitation in pronouncing it a dead body—*a human corpse!*"

"All right!—call it what you please—*professionly*, we call it a *subject*, but it is a *dead body*, nevertheless—if it wasn't, I shouldn't care to have it quite so near me. I should have mentioned it before, but I was afraid that perhaps you would have left the job if I had; you need not, however, be afraid of it, for it has lost its power to hurt you. It is not a pleasant sight, I am willing to admit—but the 'good of science' requires that we should do many things that, if we had our choice, would be left undone."

"Never mind, Doctor, I don't feel the least bit offended at what you have done, for I did not come here expecting that I were going to inhale the sweet perfumes of "Araby the blest" wafted to my nostrils from a pyramid

of full blown roses. As you remarked in regard to your profession, the good of our pockets requires that we cartmen should do many things that are distasteful to our finer sensibilities—and, permit me to say, this has been one of them."

"Yes, that's so; but how are these things to be avoided? Somebody has got to do them. Now, I don't crave the job, but I shall have to commence work on this subject to-night, and I should be very glad if some one would come here and keep me company. It is not a very pleasant business, I can assure you, to work on here solitary and alone, until eleven and twelve o'clock at night, as I have often done. Now, suppose that you come down and spend an hour or two with me to-night, and see if you don't enjoy it."

"Thank you, Doctor; but I think that I would rather be excused. I have no ambition to divide the honors of such a position with you, however much I may have enjoyed the pleasure of your conversation and company during the past two days."

"You are not at all singular on this point, carman, for it is not often that I can find a person who is willing to keep me company on these occasions."

When I returned to the street I found a half-drunken, rowdy looking fellow, standing alongside the cart, with the covering over the top of one of the barrels raised, and he intently looking therein. The instant that he saw me coming he hurriedly replaced the covering, and, staggering off up the street, he shouted to a companion who was leaning against a lamp-post a few yards off: "I say, Tom, come back here, and I'll show you somethin'; there's an old Indian chief's head in that barrel, by thunder there is! come back and see it!"

"Old Indian chief's head be damned!" replied his companion. "I say come along, old Spoony, or I'll go on and leave you. If you'd said there was a fool's head on your shoulders you'd 'ave come much nearer the truth. Come on, I say; what the devil do you 'spose an old Indian's head would be doin' in that 'are barrel, you miserable old ass, you?"

"I tell you there's an old chief's head there, for I seen it; let's go back and take a squint at it. It's all daubed over with red and yaller paint, it is; and, blast my eyes, if I don't believe it's alive, I do."

"Come along, Ben, you blarsted old bummer, you. Spose'n thar is an old redskin's head in that ar' barrel; and mor'n that, spose'n it's alive and all painted up in fancy colors for a fight—that's his bis'ness, an' not your'n. I say onct more, come along, old nooddle head, an' let's go up on the corner an' hav' a drink."

"Wal, Tom, I'll go 'long with you and take a drink, but if I didn't see an old Indian chief's head in that barrel I wish I may go sober for a whole week." Saying which the twain locked arms and went staggering off up Broadway.

I knew perfectly well that the old bummer had seen the old chief's head in the barrel, and I felt a little fearful that him and his crazy-headed companion might take it into their heads to return and kick up a muss, perhaps a riot. I had mannaged to get along very smoothly and unmolested thus far, and I did not care to get mobbed at the last moment—so, everything being ready for a start, I jumped upon my cart and started off through Bond street, and so on up Fourth avenue to the college. When I returned, after delivering my load, I noticed some half-dozen of the Fifteenth ward roughs hanging around the corner of Broadway and Thirteen street, apparently watching to attack me when I came up—but my presence of mind saved me from, perhaps, a good drubbing.

The *taste* of that horrid *smell* remained in my throat for several weeks thereafter; and skulls and skeletons were my daily and nightly companions for months. For a long time, whenever I noticed a fine lady or gentleman passing up or down Broadway, I could always distinctly see a fleshless, grinning skeleton, of about the same size, following them as though it were their shadow. The Doctor, after a little higgling about the price, paid me ten dollars for doing the job. The "good of science" may require what it will, but I have never since had any ambition to remove anybody else's anatomical museum.

Great Sensation!—Tremendous Excitement!!—Major Long Bow Has Been Here!!—Major Long Bow Has Spoken Here!!—Major Long Bow Has Departed Hence to Unknown Regions!!

ARTICLE NO. 14.

BOONTON, N. J., July 19, 1871.

MR. EDITOR:—I discontinue my "Recollections" for a few weeks for the purpose of making room for a trio of sensational articles from the prolific brain of our distinguished countryman, Major Long Bow, the "Great American Traveler." It will be seen by the Major's advertisement that *twenty shots* were promised, and only *three* were fired, and whether the public have lost or gained by the omission must be judged by what follows. As they contain no special *news*, I have not hurried in forwarding them.

A few days ago there arrived in this town, by the early morning train, a gentleman of most strange and singular appearance. He was a man of gigantic proportions, apparently about forty-five years of age, and sported a pair of whiskers very much resembling a brush heap. His clothing looked seedy and travel stained, and he wore a most fearful and terror-inspiring broadsword, dangling at his left side; and altogether he appeared to be a man of more than ordinary self-importance. The moment his feet touched the platform he hailed a coach, and ordered the coachman to drive him at once to the "Spread Eagle Hotel," which fronts on the grand public square at Massaker Town. This ancient fortified town—fortified on one side by rattlesnake meadow, and on the other by the grand old Tourne (the highest mountain in all these regions)—is situated in a southwesterly direction, about 1½ miles from Boonton. Massaker Town has been the homestead residence of the grand old Massaker family from time immemorial—the ground upon which it stands being looked upon as the most *classic ground* we have in Morris county. It is at present a place of fashionable Sunday resort for the *fast* young people of Boonton, of both sexes, as well as the place where handsome blackberry girls most do congregate during the blackberry season. The town is now very populous, for the Massakers very seldom die. Old App. Massaker, or rather old *Red-eye* Massaker, as he is more generally called—all the Massakers have always been more or less blessed with *sore* eyes—although now a trifle over *three hundred years old*, will bag a sheep or strip a henroost nearly as quick, and with as little noise, as he could at any former period of his life.

On his arrival at the "Spread Eagle" the stranger entered his name on the hotel register simply as Major Long Bow, "the Great American Traveler." He was immediately shown to room No. 760, the *highest* room in the house, and upon his arrival there he rang the bell furiously, and when the waiter made his appearance about an hour thereafter he ordered brought up to his room a demijohn of old American rye and a box of American cigars; "and, do you hear," repeated the Major to the waiter, "don't bring me any of your *imported trash*, for I am American all over."

Early on the following morning immense handbills, of which the following is a genuine copy, were discovered posted up all over the town of Boonton and all the regions round about:—

MAJOR LONG BOW HAS ARRIVED!

BLACKBERRY HALL, MASSAKER TOWN, IN A BLAZE OF GLORY!!

The citizens of this town and vicinity will convene in Blackberry Hall this afternoon, to listen to the First Shot from the Long Bow, of the "Great American Traveler." The course will consist of a series of Twenty Shots, to be continued daily, until the "last gun" has been fired! Firing will commence at 4 o'clock precisely. The famous Massaker Town Band will be in attendance. N. B. None but those who never laugh will be admitted!!!

Tickets for the whole number of Shots 50 cents; single tickets 3 cents.

MASSAKER TOWN, July 18, 1871.

Fearing that none of your regular reporters would be present, I went over for the purpose of reporting the Major's *shots* for the columns of the JOURNAL. Blackberry Hall is an immense establishment, being the ancient garden spot of the renowned old Massaker family—a cleared open space, circular in form, situated in the midst of a large field of blackberry bushes. The rostrum was located under a leafless old apple tree, the dry limbs of which formed a kind of canopy over the speaker's head. The band consisted of any number of treetoads, perched in the same tree, and twice that number of bullfrogs stowed away in a small mudpuddle near by

The meeting was presided over by the venerable old App. Massaker, who had been furnished with a *dead-head* ticket for that purpose—*by particular request of the wide awake* Major. The price of admission being so reasonable, a large and highly respectable audience had convened, embracing all the well-known dignitaries for miles around.

Among the *very* distinguished persons present I noticed the following:—Ex-Mayor Brom Massaker, and his two lively servant girls; Hans Massaker, of the "Spread Eagle," and his intelligent hostler; ex-pound-keeper Josh Massaker, and his hired man; Rip. Massaker; the Misses Massaker, two *very* old maids, daughters of the venerable chairman, supposed to have fallen in love with the Major's huge whiskers; a lame boy on crutches, three bare-footed blackberry girls, and one young Fifteenth Amendment; also one broken-legged old horse, one aged jackass, minus its right eye, a surly looking old mastiff, a homeless old cow, a pet lamb, that looked as though it hadn't seen milk for a fortnight, three saucy-looking blacksnakes, about ten feet long, and a brace of venerable-looking old rattlesnakes—all of which seemed highly delighted with the gallant Major's variegated discourse. Although not visible, it was quite evident, judging from the delicious odors that came floating upon every gentle breeze, that there was as much as *one* skunk somewhere within *smelling* distance.

At 4 o'clock precisely the Major mounted the rostrum. His appearance was greeted with such thunders of applause as none but the sturdy citizens of Massaker Town are capable of producing. Having very complaisantly surveyed the vast crowd before him for a moment or two, he took an old-fashioned curry-comb from his capacious pocket, and having parted his terrible whiskers therewith to such an extent as would allow his voice to find its way out through the opening, he proceeded to fire off his first gun under the following caption. Thinking that these *shots* might perhaps furnish *some* of your readers with a little fun and amusement during this sultry, sickly, dog-days weather, I send you a pretty full and correct report of them. I have just been reading them to the young female Fifteenth Amendment, and she says they are *bully*, and most *excrutionatingly* correct, to the best of her knowledge and belief.

SHORT SHOTS FROM A LONG BOW.

No. 1.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, Brutes and Reptiles: Well, here I come with all my "blushing honors thick upon my head," hale and hearty and sound as a hardshell Democrat, and with gas enough on board to inflate a forty-horse power balloon. To witness *such* an audience as this now before me is an honor I did not expect and greatly fear that I do not deserve. But, my beloved brethren of this gay and festive old town—this *classic* old Massacker town—I 'spose you don't know me—so I shall put my modesty under the bed while I inform you who I am, and shall then unfold to you a few of my wonderful and unheard off adventures without any further ceremony. My name, then, is Jehossaphat Moonshine Long Bow, the "Great American Traveler." and, though I say it myself, who should'nt say it, I claim to be the most wonderful and extraordinary man of this or any other age or country. I can sing a better song, preach a better sermon, spout a more inflammatory oration and tell a bigger story than any other lunatic outside of Bedlam. I have also traveled some and been a great sight-seer; and whenever I tell you a good story, no matter how strange or improbable it may seem to be, I want you to *believe it*, for I never stretch the truth for the sake of effect. I have traveled from the Black Hole of Calcutta to Capt. Symes' Hole on the west bank of your own beautiful and classic Rockaway, and from the coal mines of Canada to the gold mines of California. In my various perigrinations up and down this earthly vale of tears, *and native home of crab-apple trees*, I have traveled from sunrise to sundown—yea, even from Long Branch to Washington, and thence back to Long Branch again. With a keen appetite and a carpetbag full of *spoils*, I have traveled by post, by stage coach, by wheelbarrow and by jackass—*no reference is here made to the aged and infirm jackass now composing in part my respected audience*—by wind, by steam, by balloon, and by telegraphs. I have wandered over all parts of the unknown world, visited most of the undiscovered isles of the ocean

including that famous and fashionable place of resort, Blackwell's Island, and climbed to the topmost peak of most of the inaccessible mountains on the globe, not forgetting your own cloud-capped Tourne. I am also a bully boy on gymnastics and the holy art of self-defence. I can out grin a hyena, out-hug a grizzly bear, out-run a runaway tornado, and whip a whole caravan of howling derrishes before breakfast. When I am at home, which is about once in a life time, I am Commander-in-Chief of the King's English, Postmaster-General of the Penny Express, Grand Master of the Hot French Rolls, Drum Major of the Calathumpian band, a Bashaw with two tails, and principal story-teller to the harem scarem of his most sublime excellency, Mustapha Rub-a-Dub, "Kiss me quick and let me go." In one word, "I have seen the elephant!"—*what'll you bet it's a lie?*

And now, my expectant hearers, if the gentlemen will loosen their *straps*, and the ladies their *stay laces*, so that they won't *burst* during their recital, I will relate for your edification a few of my most common-place adventures; *as to the rest of the beasts and reptiles, they may bust their bilers with envy, for aught I care.* As is my usual custom, I shall hold myself in readiness to *fight* the first person, be he man, beast or reptile, who doubts my veracity—a thing which has never yet been attempted in any part of the world, and I very much fear never will. Now, then, here goes for the "truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth"—*just so sure as my name is Long Bow!*

THE MAJOR TRAVELS ACROSS THE GREAT DESERT—STORMS AN IMPREGNABLE CASTLE SITUATED THEREON, AND FRIGHTENS THE OWNER THEREOF NEARLY OUT OF HIS WITS.

Once upon a time—in relating my adventures, I very seldom trouble myself about *dates*, and am not over particular in selection of my language—my chief object being to tell the truth, and keep up a strict and consistent connection between the different points of my subject. Some persons will address you in the most polished and refined language, but will so mix up and confound the subjects which they are discussing, that the devil himself could not tell what they were driving at—but this is not my style of enlightening an audience. *Consistency*, my friends, is always looked upon as the brightest jewel in the crown of the intelligent traveler and story-teller.

But, as I was saying, once upon a time, I made a journey across the Great Desert, for the purpose of attending an ice cream and strawberry festival at the old brick church. I had not traveled far before I found myself lost in an impassable thicket; but, casting my eyes up into a large horse chestnut tree, I espied two monkeys and a cross-looking old baboon perched upon the liberty pole, eating sauerkraut and watermelons. "Toss down a piece of that plumb-pudding, you old son of a gun, you," I said, addressing myself to the old idiot-faced baboon. "Chee! chee! *chee!!*" cried the monkeys—"Chaw! chaw! *chaw!!*" shouted the old baboon—"I hope you may get it." "*I'll try,*" said I; and, drawing my trusty broad sword, I made a pass at a huge alligator, whose head had just at that moment made itself visible down among the bullrushes. In an instant thereafter down came a large plate of roast lamb and green peas—and now, having made a good meal out of the figs and pomegranates, that hung in clusters overhead, I sheathed my sword and proceeded on my journey.

I had not proceeded above ten paces when I was startled by a terrific scream from over head, and, turning to ascertain from whence it came, I discovered an immense anaconda making at me from a mill-pond hard by. There was not a moment's time to lose, so placing myself in an attitude of defence, I bawled out at the top of my voice—"Come on, old boy! I am ready for you." "Ah, ha! my good fellow, don't you *fear me?*" growled the huge monster—saying which he emitted from his extended nostrils a *stench* sufficient to sicken half a dozen Guinea niggers. *My young friend, the female Fifteenth Amendment, will please not take any offence at this remark, for it has no reference whatever to her.* "Fear? Mr. *Fear?*" I repeated—"who the devil is that? I am not acquainted with the gentleman—I never heard his name mentioned before. Sir, my name is Jehossaphat Moonshine Long Bow, the 'Great American Traveler,' and if you don't take your nasty, stinking carcass out of my path in two seconds I'll make Dutch mince-meat of you, I will." Saying which I gave him a most withering glance from my red

right eye, and his snakeship was consumed to a cinder in a little less than no time.

Passing on toward the Astor House, just as I turned the corner of a high stone wall, lo, and behold! there stood a monstrous great ferocious-looking hyena just on the point of crouching to spring upon me. Having dispatched my foaming mug of lager to unknown regions, in my blandest tone of voice I said—"Good morning, John—in pursuit of something nice for breakfast, I 'spose?" And *he* began to *grin*, and *I* began to *grin*, and the way we poked it into each other for about two seconds was a caution to the crowd that surrounded us, I can tell you. Finally *he* began to *edge off*, and *I* began to *edge off*—but in about two seconds he stopped short, and looking me right square in the face, began to smile and look as good-natured as a basket of chips—*if he didn't I wish I may be shot!* "Why, Mr. Long Bow, is that you?" said the hypocritical old bummer—"how do you do? Really I did not know that it was you—at any rate *I was only in fun*, and I hope that you are not offended at my impertinence—I did not intend you any harm—*upon my honor, I didn't.* I give it up, I do—I own beat, I do—Mr. Long Bow, *you have outgrinned me!*" "Yes-sir-ee, old hoss!" I rejoined, "I have done a good deal of this kind of business before, but I have never yet been *outgrinned* by anything that wears whiskers." "Come, honor bright!" continued the old hyena—"I have fairly lost the bet—its my treat, it is—so, let us go into Mynheer Knipperhausen's gin-mill and take a glass of his *red-eye*, which he will warrant to kill at any distance." *Our venerable chairman will please keep cool—no allusion whatever is here made to his beautiful peepers.* "Well, sir, I will drink with you," said I, "but you might as well have reserved your sweet, *soft soap* palaver for the benefit of some one who has not yet seen the elephant."

Coming out of Florence's saloon, where we had imbibed to a reasonable extent at his expense, I bade the jolly old hyena good morning; then, turning into the Fifth avenue I was soon again lost in the midst of the Black Forest. Strolling along on the enlarged Battery I espied in the distant mountains a monstrous great tiger, making at me with the speed of a race-horse—*but not, however, the miserable nag now that stands before, composing a portion of this my otherwise respected audience.* In an instant I whipped out my trusty broadsword, and placed myself in a position to give him a hearty welcome. The ferocity of my appearance had the desired effect, and as he approached me he began to slacken his speed and greeted me with a pleasant, good-natured smile. "Why, my dear Long Bow, how are you?" said he; "you are about the last man in the world that I should have expected to encounter in such an out-of-the-way place as this," and then he commenced to laugh and titter in a manner that was well calculated to deceive an ordinary man *like his Honor, your esteemed Ex Mayor, who sits there staring at vacancy as though he hadn't an idea in his head.* "None of your nonsense, you weazen-faced old blood sucker you," I exclaimed, "you can't come any of your silly dodges on *me*. My name is Jehosaphat Moonshine Long Bow, the 'Great American Traveler,' so down upon your marrow bones and beg for mercy, for your last hour has come!" saying which, I seized the old brute by his flowing tail, and taking out my rawhide I fairly cowskinned him out of his worthless old hide. "There, take that!" and I gave him a sharp cut over his raw back that made him wince and squirm like a stuck pig. "Now home with you, and show your nakedness to your female friends, and ask them if they don't think you are a model of beauty"—*but I wish to have it distinctly understood that no reference is here made to the well-dressed young lady with a hair lip directly in front of me*—and the way the sand flew as the nude old villain heeled and toed it across the desert was good for sore eyes, I can tell you—*this is said without intending to cast any unpleasant reflections on the hereditary sore eyes of the founders of this grand old city.*

Feeling somewhat fatigued from the lively exercises of the evening, we then repaired to the "Grand Central," where I at once ordered tripe and fish-balls for two—and, having dispatched my leg of mutton, and washed it down with a couple of kegs of *red eye*, one of the "pretty waiter girls" took my arm, and turning again into Broadway, we continued our way up Pennsylvania avenue, until we arrived at Hyde Park gate. Continuing on my journey through the serpentine windings of this grand old forest, I suddenly came in

sight of a great castle, situated on an island in the midst of the great Roman see. I found the principal entrance to this old log shanty guarded by some twenty fierce and sturdy looking sentinels—and being quite faint and weary from my prolonged travels, I thought I would stop there for awhile, and dine with the Lord of the mansion; "make way instantly," I exclaimed to the fellows who stood guard at the palace gate—"I have come here for the purpose of honoring your master with my presence at dinner to-day." "Our master is not at home," replied the leader of the gang—"and we have had strict orders from him to not admit any one within the castle walls during his absence." "Villains!" I voiciferated, "if you don't open this gate instanter, and permit me to pass quietly in, I'll soon make the daylight shine through every one of your black carcasses." "Hajee Bajee!" shouted the old captain of the guard—"who the devil are *you*, sir, that dare to thus brow-beat us on our own dung-hill? Depart thee now in peace, or expect soon to feel the weight of our power and resentment." "Catiff!" I thundered, "you little know to whom you are bidding defiance. My name, sir, is Jehossaphat Moonshine Long Bow, the 'Great American Traveler'—and if you do not instantly obey my every command, I'll slay the whole garrison of you in two seconds." "Make the attempt, if you dare!" screamed the frantic old bully, "and we'll soon make dogs meat of you."

Being now enraged beyond endurance I drew my trusty broadsword, and in less than two seconds the whole gang lay sprawling at my feet. I then forced my way into the ricketty old castle, and ordered the cook to "hurry up the cakes," and get me some dinner. "Yes, Massa Long Bow," replied the old Jezebel, almost frightened out of her wits, "yes, Massa, me git you some dinner rite strate." And she did; but, swords and blunderbusses! *such a dinner as that* to place before a meek Christian gentleman and the greatest traveler of the age. The blood still curdles in my veins at the bare thought of it. *But whew! if that highly perfumed old skunk don't remain a little more quiet, I shan't be able to go on with my discourse.* The first course consisted of alligator soup and stewed hyena, and the second of roast boa constrictor and dragon steaks. "Why, you infernal old hag, you!" said I, "how dare you place such a cannibal's dinner as this before a man who whas seen the elephant?" and I forthwith drew my trusty broadsword and began to prepare myself for battle. "Why, he berry good dinner for de Prince, Mr. Long Bow," replied the terrified old cook, "and me tink you like him fuss rate arter you hab eat him." "Take that for your impertinence," I shouted, and the next moment her old crinkled head rolled under the table and her withered old carcass into the dinner pot. I then went up stairs, where I helped myself to such articles of plate and jewelry as I stood most in need of, kissed the handsome chambermaid—who seemed to like it—and then ordering the horses and carriage to be brought into the courtyard, I mounted my horse and proceeded on my journey.

Having thus provisioned my ship for a three years' cruise, I took my carpetbag in my hand and continued my ride down the Strand; but when in the vicinity of the Seven Dials, the Old Bailey bearing east by sou'east, I espied a great cloud of dust hovering over the summit of Mount Washington. I had not traveled far, however, when I met the lord of the old Massaker mansion house, accompanied by a large retinue of his retainers, returning home to dinner. I greeted the old Baron with: "The top of the morning to you, Sir Knight! On your way to dinner, I 'spose; you will find your gay and festive old cook in the dinner pot, and much good may the picking of her old bones do you." "Hoosa Boota," vociferated the old Governor, "who in the name of Jumbojum are *you*, that thus dare insult me within sight of my own castle?" "Maybe you would like to know who I am," I replied; "My name is Jehossaphat Moonshine Long Bow, the 'Great American Traveler.' I have just slain the old cook and the thirty blackguards who stood sentinel over the entrance of yonder ancient castle, and if you don't mark time, and move off out of this beautiful park on the double-quick, I'll cleave you and all your cowardly attendants in twain in two seconds," saying which I drew my trusty broadsword to make good my promise; but the old fellow put spurs to his steed, and the whole cavalcade were out of sight in the twinkling of a jackknife.

But, whew! Mr. Chairman, what stinking smell is that? Sir, I have traveled very extensively in my time through all parts of the

world, and have seen and smelt many strange and curious things before. I have been in Vandam, and Rotterdam, and Amsterdam, and Scheidam, and Heidam, and U. B. Dam, and a great many other Dams, including the Boston mill dam, and the dam across the Rockaway river above the Falls; but of all the dam places that I have ever been in in all my life, I have never before been in such a dam place as this, or ever before encountered such a damnable smell as that which at this moment salutes my nasal organs. Wherefore, and in consideration thereof, I, Jehossaphat Moonshine Long Bow, the "Great American Traveler," have said it:—That invisible skunk must either shut off steam, or pack up and leave, or I shall have to close up my whiskers.

Speaking of jackknives reminds me of a little adventure I once had with His Most Serene Highness, the Emperor of China-Ware; but as I have promised to make *short shots* I shall reserve that for my next shooting match. This congregation now stands adjourned to 4 o'clock to-morrow afternoon—at which time I shall expect to see the congregation greatly augmented, for I there intend to do my double best to *hammer* a little correct information into your more than ordinary *thick* heads. "Let us have peace!"

Music by the Massaker Town band.

"A VERY RESPECTABLE FAMILY."

The season was Summer—the time, about eight o'clock P. M.—the location, Third avenue, foot of Yorkville hill, city side. I had been out to Throgg's Neck with a load, and had arrived thus far on my way home. Just ahead of me I noticed two pedestrian females trudging along on a slow walk, their faces turned cityward. The noise of the cart attracted their attention, and they turned their heads around to see what was coming. As I approached them they came to a standstill, and remained in that position until I came up alongside. One of them beckoned me to hold up, which I did, when she said: "Please, Mr. Carman, won't you let my sister and myself ride with you down to the city? We have no money, and my sister is quite sick, and on the point of giving out. Please let us ride, and God will bless you for the deed."

The voice that uttered these words was mild, modest and beseeching, with the least tinge of the "rich Irish brogue," as Gen. Scott used to term it. I hesitated for a moment; but, pitying their forlorn condition; I finally concluded to take them on, as I knew that it would be quite dark before I could reach the city.

The girl who had addressed me had a fresh, plump, handsome face, and hair as black as night—but her companion looked pale, lank and consumptive. They were both thinly and coarsely clad, and it was evident at the first glance that they were discharged convicts from Blackwell's Island returning to their old haunts. After having thus hastily scrutinized their personal appearance I said, interrogatively: "You have just been discharged from the Island, I presume?"

"Yes, to be sure, there is no use in trying to deny that—but we are entirely innocent of the crime charged against us. We were sent up there, to that hated and disgraceful den of human degradation and misery, by the false oaths of two unprincipled and perjured witnesses—may the Holy Virgin curse them! The Lord only knows what we have suffered since we have been there."

"If I may make so bold, for how long a term were you sent up there?"

"We were sent up for six months, but have been there for only three. Our brother, who is a very *respectable* and influential man in his ward, got us pardoned out on account of our *innocence*, and we were honorably discharged this afternoon at six o'clock, and left to get home the best way we can. And, oh! how ashamed I do feel at the disgrace that has thus been brought upon our family!"

"Well, yes—I suppose that it's all right; you can get on and ride as far as I go, if you like—that is, provided you behave yourselves in a proper manner."

"No fear of that, sir; we have both been very highly educated and very respectably brought up, and know how to behave ourselves in the best company. You must not judge us by our present appearance."

They then scrambled on the cart and took seats, one on each side of me, and I drove on with my highly-educated and respectable fellow-passengers toward the city. The *sick*

sister said scarcely a word during the whole ride, but the other one continued to chat on at a furious rate, scarcely permitting me to get in a word edgeways. She talked very sensibly too, and in the most chaste and refined language; and she was so ladylike and winsome in her manners, too, that I really began to feel indignant that such a model of virtue and purity should have been so persecuted and disgraced, merely to gratify a spirit of revenge in the mind of, perhaps, a *false friend*.

"And now, my unfortunate Miss," I said, "may I be permitted to inquire in what part of the city you reside, when securely reposing beneath your good old family roof?"

"Certainly, sir—I had forgotten to tell you that. When at our city home we reside with our dear and honored brother, Patrick Carrigan, Esq., at No. 16 Oak street. Ours is a *very respectable family*, and our brother is very well known and greatly esteemed by the people in his immediate neighborhood. Oak street is a *very respectable* street, at least that part of it in which we reside. You must come down and make us a visit, and my brother will pay you very liberally for your kind attentions to his poor, unfortunate and persecuted sisters. He would, no doubt, have come up for us with a carriage if he had known the exact day upon which we were to be discharged; for he is one of the kindest and most generous men alive."

"Oak street is a street I am not much acquainted with, but I think that I have passed through it once or twice in the way of business—at any rate I will try to find it. But, by the way, you have a very pretty surname Miss Carrigan—I suppose that, as a matter of course, your name is Bridget, seeing that your brother's name is Patrick? Bridget Carrigan is a very pretty name, I can assure you—and the owner of it has too pretty a face to ever be sent to the Island for the committal of so small a crime as theft."

"No, thank you—my sister's given name is Bridget—mine is Judy—how do you like it? I was named after my great-grandmother, Judy Carrigan, who used to reside with her husband, Lord Carrigan, in one of those grand old Irish castles on the banks of the classic old river Liffy."

"*Judy* Carrigan, I think you said—it is a very pretty name, indeed—yes, upon my soul, *Judy* is a much prettier name than Bridget. If it only had an *O* in it, it would certainly read splendidly as the name of the heroine in a modern sensation novel. Carrigan is certainly a good name, as well as an ancient. It's a good thing for the peace of mind of your royal grandame that she knows nothing about her innocent descendant being sent to Blackwell's Island for the small crime of petty larceny."

"Why, my good sir, you flatter me so highly that you almost make me blush—but let that pass. Yes, sir, you may well say that—the Carrigan family is a very ancient family, and many of them have greatly distinguished themselves in the past. One of our Carrigan ancestors, Sir Teddy O'Carrigan, was once Lord Mayor of Dublin, but I don't recollect the exact date. Another, McCarrigan, Barney, once won the champion's belt in a rough-and-tumble fight with the renowned Hugh O'Reagan, at Donnybrook Fair. Our family plume themselves considerably on the antiquity and respectability of our grand old ancestors, may their souls rest in peace!"

"And well you may, for they have proved themselves an honor to their family. I happen, myself, to know a fine old Irishman of the name of Carrigan, who has a magnificent country seat out on the old Bloomingdale road, near Manhattanville. I have been out to his beautiful place several times on business, and I find him one of the most polite, liberal and gentlemanly men that I ever had dea'ings with. I think that I have heard him say more than once that his nine hundred and ninety-ninth ancestor, away back in the shadowy past, was eleventh cousin to that ancient, warlike king of Ireland, Brian Borhoime, of blessed memory. No, I don't blame you a bit for feeling proud that you are a member of the grand old Carrigan family—may its shadow never be less!"

"Why, my good sir, but for your kindness in letting us ride with you, I should feel that you were poking fun at us on account of our present misfortunes."

"No! I don't question *your* respectability the least, whatever may be the character of the rest of your family. But you have not yet informed me as to the real character of the crime for which you were sent up."

"Merely and solely on the supposition that I had picked the pockets of one of our gentleman lodgers—I say *supposition*, because there

was no direct proof that I did it, and there was not a farthing of the money found upon me. The testimony was all hatched up for the purpose of trying to destroy the character of a respectable young lady."

"But what was the charge against your poor sick sister? She seems to be a very nice, quiet, modest kind of a girl."

"It was precisely the same kind of a charge that was made against myself, only it had reference to an entirely different gentleman. My sister is a nice, honest, quiet and respectable girl, and the crime charged against her was one of which she was no more guilty than I was of the one charged against me. But the respectability of our character is too well established in our neighborhood to be affected by any such false accusations as these."

"Then your brother keeps a genteel boarding-house, does he?—that is for the accommodation of a few select friends?"

"No, not exactly a boarding-house, rather a *lodging* house, into which we occasionally admit a few of our seafaring friends of the masculine gender. But, dear me! how faint I feel; but I am more or less subject to these fainting fits. Please, carman, let me rest my head in your lap for a moment or two; oh, I am so dizzy! but it will soon pass off."

I began to fear that I was going to witness a scene not set down in the bills of the play under rehearsal. At the first mention of the word *faint*, the sick sister uttered a sharp, shrill scream, and appeared to act as though she too was going to have a fit of some kind or other—she, however, soon regained her wonted composure, and again became as mum and speechless as a doorpost. But, before I had a chance to say yes or no to her question, I found that Judy had planked her head firmly into my lap, and seemed to be enjoying herself hugely. Having but a few blocks more to traverse before I arrived at my stable, I thought that I would not disturb her, so I left her to enjoy whatever comfort she could in her present coveted position.

We soon arrived at the corner of Third avenue and Nineteenth street, when I stopped and told the girls that they would have to unload themselves, as I was now arrived at the end of my journey. They appeared to be considerably rested and refreshed by their ride, and soon succeeded in unloading themselves without any of my assistance. They both thanked me again and again for my kindness in letting them ride, and said they thought that they could now manage to reach home without any further difficulty.

"And now," said Judy, "you must be sure and come down next Sunday, and spend the afternoon, and take tea with us—remember the place, No. 16 Oak street—we shall expect you at 3 o'clock; don't disappoint us. You will find our's a very *respectable family*, and my brother a very *respectable* and companionable man, and that part of the street in which we reside a *very respectable* location."

I bade the girls good-night, and turning round the corner of Nineteenth street I put my horse into the stable, and then started for home to get my supper. I had got a shilling bundle of hay out of the feed-store over the stable, and thrown it into the manger for the horse to nibble at until he cooled off sufficiently to receive his customary feed. On my way home I called into the grocery on the corner for the purpose of paying for the bundle of hay. I felt into this pocket and into that, until I had thoroughly examined every pocket about me, but there was nothing that even looked like a pocketbook to be found in any of them—so I gave up the search, not caring much about the loss, as I knew very well that the book contained only one miserable, tattered old twenty-five cent Newark shinplaster. So, turning to the groceryman, I carelessly said:—"Hans, I find that I have left my pocketbook in my other pantaloons pocket—just remember that I owe you a shilling for that bundle of hay till to-morrow morning."

Now, the loss of that old pocketbook rather confounded me. I had stepped out at Yorkville to take a *little something*, and I knew that everything was all right then; but what had become of it since was a mystery not quite so easily solved. I had not been in any kind of a crowd, and was quite certain that no person had been near enough to me to pick my pockets, except those two chaste and immaculate Carrigan girls. What, then, in the name of wonder, could have become of that pocketbook? It was hardly worth stealing, anyhow.

Did I not suspect Judy of being the person who stole it? What! suspect the beautiful and accomplished, the amiable and respectable Miss Judy Carrigan of stealing my pocket-

book? Bah! the thing was impossible. What! suspect a member of the grand old Carrigan family—a lady who had just been pardoned out of the penitentiary *on account of her innocence*, and who was then journeying toward her respectable home in Oak street—yea, a lady who had even invited me to come and take a social cup of tea with her, and enjoy the hospitality of her quiet and happy family—*suspect* such an angel of light and purity of stealing a miserable old pocket-book, containing only one poor, worthless *twenty-five cent shinplaster!* No! perish the base thought! Judy Carrigan, one of the living descendants of an ancient Dublin Mayor, and a blood relation of the champion fighter of Donnybrook Fair, was altogether too *respectable* to be charged with the committal of such a low and vulgar crime as that.

But, after all that's said and done, this is a curious world, and a *deceitful*. Driving down Centre street about a week after, when in the vicinity of the Tombs I noticed a couple of policemen hustling along a fashionably-dressed female toward that famous and well-known receptacle of the city's vile and criminal. The trio were closely followed by a crowd of dirty, ragged loafers, who were shouting and screaming, and showering upon the head of the poor, disconsolate creature every vile and derisive epithet that their foul and debased tongues could command. The poor creature was struggling hard to disengage herself from the iron grasp of the officers, but all in vain.

"Come, hurry along, you disreputable jade!" vociferated the most ferocious-looking of the two officers; "there's no use your putting on any of your old airs, for they won't amount to anything; your career is too well known to command the least sympathy from any quarter. This, I believe, makes just the baker's dozen times that I have arrested you within the past year for a similar offence; but you have made an extraordinary big haul this time, and the difference is that you will have to go to Sing Sing instead of Blackwell's Island."

The prisoner was still protesting in the most vehement manner that she was entirely innocent of the crime charged against her, and say whatever they might against her character, she belonged to a very *old and respectable family*.

It grieves me to be compelled to say it, but, alas! for the hitherto unsullied honor of the grand old Carrigan family, the prisoner proved to be no other than the identical Judy Carrigan who had been pardoned out of the penitentiary only the week before, and the very self-same person who had invited me to tea with her old and respectable family at their grand old family mansion, No. 16 Oak street, only the Sunday before.

"Alas! human frailty, thy name is woman!" And, alas! the poor deluded fool who puts his faith in the word of a benighted female, when she tells him that she belongs to a very *old and respectable family*.

Short Shots from a Long Bow.—No. 2.

MR. EDITOR:—Major Long Bow has proven himself one of the most successful marksmen that has ever hunted for fame and fortune in this section of country. The excitement is very perceptibly on the increase, and it is feared by some that the grand old "toune"—which is supposed to be nearly as ancient as the old Massaker family—will be shaken from its base long before the *last* shot has been fired. Blackberry Hall was crowded again this afternoon to an extent never witnessed before, and the jam and enthusiasm was tremendous! All the wit, beauty, wealth and intelligence of Massaker town were again present. At 4 o'clock precisely the battering rams stationed on Sheep Hill thundered forth a grand national salute, which was followed by compound music by both sections of the famous Massaker Town Band. The moment the music ceased the gallant Major rose, and after again parting his whiskers with a curry-comb, proceeded to address the vast concourse of men, beasts and reptiles as follows:

Mr. Chairman—Fellow-men, beasts and reptiles! I, Jehossaphat Moonshine Long Bow, the "Great American Traveler," condescend once more to appear before you. I think that, judging from the vast increase in the rabble now before me, my last effort to instruct and enlighten you has been fully understood and appreciated. The following text, taken from my field book of travels,

will constitute the subjects upon which I shall preach on the present occasion, and I wish you all to listen attentively to what I say, and not interrupt me by asking foolish questions.

I VISIT THE CENTRAL FLOWERY LAND—AM CHALLENGED BY A MANDARIN, AND HAVE A BIT OF A ROW WITH THE EMPEROR.

Having arrived at the St. Nicholas just as the bell was ringing for tea, I put my horse in the stable, and then, having embarked on board one of those magnificent North river steamboats, proceeded down to Coney Island to dine and have a chat with my old-time friend, Rip Vandam, one of the ancient Governors of Prince's Bay Alms House. The next morning I rose early and took a short sail down the bay on the back of that ancient old navigator, the Newport Sea Serpent—but not much fancying that mode of traveling, I returned again to my old lodgings at the Pewter Mug, by one of the Boston steamers. Passing thence into Sweeny's dining saloon, I dispatched a "hasty plate of soup," consisting of three bottles of vinegar bitters and a small pot pie—and then hailing a Bloomingdale stage, I hired a *two-forty* horse power balloon and started off that same night for the distant "Central Flowery Land," vulgarly called the Chinese Empire. My principal object in visiting those ice-bound regions of the "Heathen Chinee" was to procure a general supply of tropical fruits for the adornment of the tables of mine ancient host, Jim Davenport, of the Green Pond Hotel, and, if possible, to elope with the beautiful and fascinating Miss Hey ho, the great Russian heiress.

And now, I am very sorry to be compelled to say it, but if the Misses Massaker, the beloved daughters of our venerable chairman, don't cease casting their simpering, sheep's eye glances at me, bad as I know it will make them feel, I shall have to turn my back upon them and expose their wily and seductive arts before this otherwise highly-respected and fashionable audience. If I have been correctly informed, the young ladies now under discussion have long since turned their two hundredth year. Now, in most countries through which I have traveled, young girls of moderate fortune, who have reached the age of two hundred and upward, are generally looked upon as having arrived at years of discretion; but here everything in nature appears to be reversed. But for the especial benefit and protection of all the handsome young ladies here present (including the not bad-looking female Fifteenth Amendment and the matronly-looking old no-horn cow), and to settle this question of love affairs for all time to come, I will now state, once for all, that I, Jehossaphat Moonshine Long Bow, the "Great American Traveler," am not at present, and never was, what is termed a marrying man!

Having arrived in good condition within the walls of that blast-furnace of a city called Canton, I hired a one-horse cab and drove up, four-in-hand, to the Gipsy House, having been quite intimate with Peter, the landlord, when he used to sell *two* of the best American segars for a *cent apiece;* thence turning into the bar-room of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, I ordered a half dozen bottles of Wolfe's Schiedam Schnapps, and then sat down at one of the tables for the purpose of enjoying a cup or two of good strong old bohea. While I sat sipping my delicious mint-julep I heard a great noise and commotion out in the street among the Bowery boys, and jumping up I hurried out into the Third avenue to see what had occasioned the row. I there found the famous Chinese juggler, Fu-Fu, busily engaged in the performance of all manner of curious and unheard-of monkey tricks. The moment that he discovered *me* among the crowd he ceased his conjurations and began to smile; then, tendering me his hand, he joyfully exclaimed: "Why, Mr. Long Bow, how are you? I hope, my old friend, that you have been having a pleasant time of it since I last saw you." Perfectly thunderstruck at his familiarity, I gave him a squint through my night-glass, and who the dickens do you guess it was? Why, it was that same old baboon who had treated me to crackers and cheese in the midst of the Great Desert; *if it wasn't, I wish I may be shot.*

My hearers, it is not my wish at any time to interfere in the private amusement of any one of my audience, but if our good friend, the surly old mastiff up there in the gallery, don't stop barking, I shall most certainly stop talking. If he flatters himself that he can entertain this intelligent audience better than I am doing, my place here on the rostrum is entirely at his service; but this much I have made up my mind to, that but one of us can talk at the same time.

When I returned to the Ocean House next morning to finish drinking my egg-nogg, I found an old fellow, with a Yankee pigtail about three yards long, engaged in drinking the balance of my bohea, which I looked upon as rather a forward movement. "See here, old fellow, that milk punch belongs to me, and if you don't tote yourself out of my presence in about two seconds, you may expect to be struck by a clap of home-made thunder! Sir, does your ancient pigtail understand me?" No reference is here made to my respected auditors, the gentlemanly blacksnakes, of about the same size and color, and who, as I understand from my book-keeper, have taken tickets for the full course—and paid for them.

"'Old fellow!' 'Thunder!' 'Pigtail!' muttered the old fellow between his clenched teeth, and he looked at me as savage as a meat-ax. "Sir," he continued, rising upon his feet, "my name is Hi-te-ti-ho, one of the Emperor's chief mandarins, and a man of more than ordinary substance. *You have insulted me!* I am a man of very few words. No outside barbarian has ever yet insulted me and lived. I now challenge you to mortal combat! *I have said it.* Meet me an hour hence at the Bamboo Walk, and—*die!*"

"Sir," I reiterated, "you have *said* it, and I have *heard* it," and I saluted him with one of my most sardonic grins. "Yes, sir, I am your man, sir; you have made a most excellent choice, sir; you will find me at the Bamboo Walk at the time appointed, sir." Saying which, I turned on my heel and walked off with an air and dignity becoming my standing as the greatest traveler of the age.

Still continuing my walk up the avenue, I called in at the hardware store of my old friend Conover, and purchased a pick and spade; and—but, speaking of Conover's store reminds me of a little story.

Old Dan stood about six feet four outside of his boots, and used to keep a hardware store at No. 326 Broadway. He was one of the most square and independent men that I ever knew. Being somewhat old-fashioned himself, the "new departure" of pride and humbug met with but little mercy at his hands. One day a very dashy little lady came into his store and inquired for a pair of small scissors. The clerk showed her everything of the kind in the store, and after having tumbled them over for half an hour, she selected a pair, price twenty-five cents, and paid for them. Then, with a haughty toss of the head, she ordered them sent to Mrs. Pemberton's, corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-second street. Old Dan, overhearing the order, jumped up from his desk, and straightening himself up to the height of about fifteen feet, approached the diminutive young lady and said:

"Madame, I pay my errand boy fifty cents a day for his services; of course I can't send him—it would require more of his time to deliver your order than your whole purchase amounts to. But," he continued, "my own time is of less consequence; the lady's command *must* be obeyed. Thomas, please hand me my hat and overcoat—the lady's command *must* be obeyed; I'll take the lady's purchase home myself."

"Oh, ah, never mind, Mr. Conover," stammered the little lady, shrinking herself up so that there was only a faint, sickly blush visible; "never mind, Mr. Conover, rather than put you to all that trouble I will try and manage them myself. Yes, Mr. Conover, let your clerk put them up neatly in an unsullied sheet of gilt-edged, scented, white note paper, and I will put them into my satchel and *tote* them along myself."

As I was saying, I dropped into Conover's and purchased a crowbar and shovel, and then repairing to the Dutch grocery on the corner, I procured a half bushel of salt, when, hailing a public porter, I said to him:—"Here, you copper-colored, pug-nosed son of a pigtailed donkey, do you hear me? Take these tools upon your back and follow me quickly to the Bamboo Walk. Having arrived at the appointed place of meeting, I found Hi-te-ti-ho and a host of his friends already on the ground, impatiently awaiting my appearance. Casting a hasty glance at my opponent, for the purpose of taking his correct measure, I marked out the size of his portly dimensions on the ground, and then, turning to my attendant, I ordered him to dig on the lines marked out a hole five feet deep. Then directing my attention toward the trembling Chinaman, I exclaimed:—"Most potent and renowned Hi-te-ti-ho, and Chief Mandarin of his Serene Highness, the Emperor, are you ready?—hast thou kissed thy wife, and made thy last will and testament?" "Most despised of all out-side barbarians!" vociferated the old mandarin—"for what unconceived purpose hast thou commanded thy slave to

dig a hole in the ground five feet deep, and of a size corresponding with the outward dimensions of my noble self?" "Most unmitigated fool!" I replied, "dost thou not yet understand me? I have had this hole made for the purpose of giving thy worthless and unbelieving carcass Christian burial. Had you condescended to study a little into my past record, you would never have challenged me to meet you in mortal combat at the Bamboo Walk. But the die is now cast, and your last hour has come—*I have said it!* My name, sir, is Jehossaphat Moonshine Long Bow, the 'Great American Traveler.' I am a man of few words—I never strike my victim but *once*, and when I dispatch him, I always *salt him down and bury him upon the spot where he falls!* And now, sir," I continued, "if you will oblige me by stepping a little forward into this open space, I will dispatch you in about two seconds." Saying which, I drew my trusty broadsword, and shouted to him to *come on and be crucified.*

"My dear, good Mr. Long Bow," groaned the old mandarin—and his teeth rattled in his jaws like a shower of hailstones against a tin roof—"I did not know that it was *you*, indeed I didn't. Please excuse me, 'just this once,' won't you?—I was only in fun, and did not intend to offend you in the least—*upon my honor I didn't.* Spare me! oh, spare me! good Mr. Long Bow, *please* spare me!—do, please, and I'll never insult you again. Please, remember my poor, lone, weeping widow, and *her* thirty-seven poor, forlorn, crying, half-starved and thinly clad orphan children! Have mercy upon me! my dear, good, Mr. Long Bow—have mercy upon me, your trembling slave! and I will freely pay for all the tea that you can drink during the next thousand years, and for all the expenses which you have incurred for my intended funeral. But, at any rate, spare me, for the love I bear toward the good old Emperor, whose right-hand man I am."

"See here, old Pig-tail!" I replied, "I shall spare your life, 'just this once,' on account of the helpless condition of your widowed wife and orphan children—but at the same time I shall not let *you* pass through my hands *undishonored.* So, down upon your marrow-bones and humbly ask my forgiveness, or I'll have you skinned and salted and under the sod in about two seconds." Saying which I seized hold of his long, glossy black pigtai and with one blow of my trusty broadsword I severed it from his bobbing head and cast it into the dirty gutter.

Just here a magnificent, fullblown sunflower was thrown upon the stage by one of the ex-Mayor's lovely and bewitching servant girls. The vast audience gave three tremendous howls, and the compound band carolled forth the very appropriate song, beginning with "See! the conquering Long Bow has come!" The Major picked up the beautiful flower, and, after carefully examining it, said: "Yes, that's right, my dear, send on your presents—on the subject of gift enterprises you will find that all great men are nearly alike. I always accept all the presents that are sent me, save and except it be a skunk's smelling bottle—no matter whether it be a brown-stone front, fast horse, bull-pup, or a beautiful fullblown sunflower. But, I wish to have it distinctly understood by this liberal and enlightened audience that, although I accept anything and everything that is tendered me, I never make any presents myself."

On my way back to the Pagoda I chanced to meet my old bully-boy friend, Tom Hyer, with whom I had a setto, and having knocked him quite out of time, I proceeded on up the avenue, and calling in at an ancient Spanish fandango, I ordered an oyster stew; and after having eaten a Welch rarebit and dispatched five large merry cobblers, I continued my ride through the park, scattering everything before me. I had not proceeded far down the lane, when I encountered a most beautiful and scantily-dressed young lady, accompanied by herself and two other female slaves, the central figure of which came very near capturing me. "Central rosebud in the nosegay of a thousand flowers, be the same more or less, how are you?" I exclaimed—"does your anxious mother know are out?" "Why, my dear Mr. Long Bow, is that you?" simpered the litte beauty—"dear me, how you did frighten me! I wish you a very a good morning, sir—but you don't appear to know me, Mr. Long Bow," continued the sweet little charmer. "My name is Hey-ho, the great Chinee heiress, and these colored girls constitute part of my retinue." "My dearest little Hey-ho!" I rapturously exclaimed, seizing the cunning little jade by her delicate, cunning little lily-white hand, "how do you do?—you good-

for-nothing, sugar-coated little minx you—*how I do love you!*"

At this she poked out her pretty, pouting, olive-colored little lips, and if I didn't walk right straight up to her and kiss them, I wish I may be shot! "Why, Mr. Long Bow," said she, blushing like a faded rose leaf, "if I didn't love you so muchee, I should really feel ashamed of your conduct toward me here in this public and unfrequented mountain pass." "My dearest little witch of a Hey-ho," I passionately ejaculated; "yea, thou little Peri from the flower garden of the beautiful, is it really true? dost thou really love me, and wilt thou really consent to be mine?" "My dearest Mr. Longbow," replied the fascinating little charmer, "there is no use in any longer denying the fact, your courage and daring bravery, to say nothing about your frightful whiskers, have won my foolish little heart. Here is my hand and there is my purse—they are both thine!" "And now, Miss Hey-ho," I replied, I thank you a thousand times for this generous tender to me of both your hand and purse, particularly of your well-filled purse." "And now, my dearest Long Bow, my love, my affianced husband!" continued the expectant Mrs. Long Bow, "I want you to accompany myself and colored companions down into the dew-bespangled meadows, and join with us in celebrating the grand Feast of Lanterns." "Grand Feast of Lanterns!" I vociferated, "and has it so soon come to this? The greatest heiress in all China wishes to feed her newly affianced husband on *lanterns!* Miss Hey-ho, *or high low*, or whatever else your name may be, permit me to inform you that you have entirely mistaken the character of your intended husband. Madam, my name is Jehossaphat Moonshine Long Bow, the 'Great American Traveler.' I once stormed a great castle in Sherwood forest, and slew the whole fifty blackguards that guarded its entrance, and if *you* expect to feed *me* on lanterns, all I have to say about it is that you will find yourself grandly mistaken. Retaining your *purse* as a small compensation for the trouble you have given me, I herewith return your great splatter hand again to its former owner, hoping that neither it or its owner will ever darken my path again." Saying which, I drew my trusty broadsword, for the purpose of defending myself against the sea-horses, which are said to abound in these uninhabited mountains.

It is very unpleasant, indeed, for me to be so often compelled to remonstrate against the highly improper conduct of a certain portion of my otherwise respected audience; but, I now say it, once for all, that unless His Honor the ex-Mayor at once ceases kissing and hugging that handsomest servant girl of his, I shall most certainly feel offended. Understanding that the young lady in question has hoarded up quite a large fortune, I have pretty nearly made up my mind to fall in love with her—bank book—myself.

On my arrival at the St. Nicholas, I found letters awaiting me from all parts of the world; so, after having dispatched a large rice-pudding and a couple of dozen bottles of Scotch ale, I packed up my traps and started off at once by Adams' Lightning Express for the great city of Pekin, the grand old capital of the Chinaware Empire. I had not been in Pekin above two seconds when I was waited upon by one Mr. Slam-Bang, the Emperor's chief cook and bottle-washer, who had an important message for me, which he wished to communicate to me by telegraph. Now, speaking about Captain Cook's bottle, reminds me that I am getting quite thirsty myself. I would therefore most respectfully inform mine host of the "Spread Eagle" that he must either pass that little black bottle of his up this way occasionally or else keep it entirely out of my sight in future. "My dear Long Bow," continued the King's messenger, who delivered his own telegraph dispatches, "my master, His Serene Highness, Gin-Sling-Twang, the Emperor, sends greeting his best respects, and begs the honor of your company at dinner to-day." "Thank you, Mr. Slam-Bang," I said; "tell the august Emperor, your supreme master, that I shall condescend to accept his invitation, and that I shall honor myself by dining with him an hour hence; and mind you, Mr. Slam-Bang, I shall expect you to prepare something a little extra nice for dinner, *and plenty of it.*"

Well, I fixed myself up mighty slick, I can tell you, and then proceeded along up Regent street to the Washington Monument. The "Light of the World" was standing on the front stoop of his palace ready to receive and welcome me, and then conducted me into his immense dining-room. On approaching his august presence I pulled my hat a little down over my eyes, and assuming a very stern and commanding air, I said:

"Good morning, Mr. Twang. How is Mrs. Twang and all the little Gin-Sling Twangs?"

"Pretty well, thank you," replied the Emperor, and he bowed almost to the floor; "how does Mr. Long Bow do this morning?"

"Only about so-so," I rejoined; "but I live in hopes that I shall feel a little better after dinner."

"Come, come!" said the old Emperor, leading the way, "walk right in the dining-room, Mr. Long Bow, and let us dine before the dinner all gets stone cold." Then calling to the head waiter, he continued, "Here, you Slam-Bang, you! where are you, you laziest of all lazy rascals, you! don't you hear me? snap round and see if you can't shake off the dead lice for once. Quick! I say, you miserable dog, you; bring in the rat-tail soup, and then hurry up the mews and bow-wows! Lively, now, stir lively, you old scarecrow you, for Mr. Long Bow is nearly famishing for the want of something to eat."

"Rat-tail soup! Mews and bow-wows!" I shouted, "and has it really come to this? Why, you old tatterdemalion you? And do you really expect to feed *me*, Jehossaphat Moonshine Long Bow, the 'Great American Traveler,' *on cats and dogs?*"

"You will find them nice and tender, and very delicious eating, Mr. Long Bow—and I am quite sure that you will be more than delighted with flavor of the crocodile gravy with which they are garnished."

"Go to, you old brute you!" I vociferated—"and is this the way that you treat a Christian man and gentleman, and the great traveler of the age, when he honors your ricketty old shanty with his presence. Go to, I say, you blasted old 'Heathen Chinee!' you are worse than your common *street walker*, Hey-ho-ee, who wanted to feed me on *lanterns!*"

"Old brute! Ricketty old shanty! Heathen Chinee!" screamed the now enraged old Emperor. "And has it really come to this, that I, Giu-Sling-Twang, the great Luminary of the World, the Emperor of all the China-ware in creation, and the Grand Master of over three hundred millions of pig-tailed subjects, shall be called an 'old brute' in his own barroom! By the flowing beard of the great Confucius! can I live and endure such an outrage as this? Who, ho! I say—here, you Slam-Bang, you—where are you, you dog you? Slave! I say, call in my body-guard, and order them to put this impudent fellow, this outside barbarian, out of my palace instanter."

"Impudent old fellow! Outside barbarian! Yes, I think I understand you," I rejoined, remaining as cool as an ice-house. "Now, see here, old hoss and buggy, I guess you don't know who you are talking to. Sir, my name is Jehossaphat Moonshine Long Bow, the Great American Traveler; and what is still more to the purpose, I have seen the elephant; I once stormed an impregnable fortress, situated on the Boston Common, and slew the whole garrison—number not recollected—and now, you old cat-and-dog-eating reprobate, if you do not at once shut up your clack and act a little more like a gentleman, I'll crucify you and your three hundred million of pig-tailed, rat-eating slaves in two seconds." Saying which, I drew my trusty broadsword and began to prepare for battle; but whew! such another scattering and clattering among the pig-tails and wooden shoes had not been witnessed before in a civilized country since the confusion of tongues at the building of the Tower of Babel.

Speaking about that glorious old "Round Table" reminds me that the tea-time hour is drawing nigh, and that the numerous blackberry girls who compose a large portion of this respectable audience will be required at home with their berries in time for tea. But before coming to a final close I would like to say to my worthy old friend, the growling old mastiff up there in the gallery, he need have no fear whatever that the "Heathen Chinee" will ever catch him and eat him up. However much they may relish a young and tender bull-pup as a dainty dish, they have no hankering at all for such a tough and noisy old growler as our respected auditor hereinbefore mentioned. All the use that he is good for is to bark and growl his disapprobation at great historical truths because he lacks the brains to comprehend them.

This congregation now stands adjourned to 4 o'clock to-morrow afternoon.

A REMARKABLE LADY ARTIST.

ARTICLE No. 15.

Miss Emma Pillington was the daughter of a poor country clergyman, away out among

the bleak and barren hills of New Hampshire. She was one of a very numerous family of children, all of whom had to do something toward making a living as soon as they were able to work. She had a brother who came to New York with only about five dollars in his pocket, expecting to make a fortune in about three months. He was a curious young man—kind and good-natured to a fault, perfectly *green* in his knowledge of the world, but full of all kinds of schemes and speculations, and wild and visionary as an unchained lunatic. He plunged headlong into various kinds of speculations, but succeeded in nothing—with a head full of moonshine he constructed grand castles in the air, only to be toppled over by the first rays of the approaching sunlight. Believing himself to be a little smarter than ordinary young men, he got his mind fully impressed with the belief that it was possible to make a *whistle out of a pig's tail.* Among other of his wonderful and startling inventions he invented a patent "lightning express pill" that would clear out the whole contents of a man's body in about three seconds. He tried their effects on his own breadbasket, and as a consequence he lay gasping under the doctor's hands for the next three months. Although active, ambitious and willing to work, he lacked to a great extent that grand essential to human success, *practical common sense.* He finally settled down for a short time to an active mechanical employmant with an old gentleman, a widower of the name of Morton, who was engaged in the manufacture of sash and blinds. The last that I ever heard of him he was out in "bleeding Kansas," armed with a "Sharpe's rifle," just at the breaking out of our *late unpleasantness.*

It was through the intercession of this brother of hers that Miss Pillington came to New York to act in the capacity of housekeeper for Mr. Morton. This was about thirty years ago, as near as I can recollect. At the time of her first arrival in the city she was about twenty-two years of age, and verdant as the emerald grass on the hillsides of her native village in the vernal season of the year. She was possessed of a good common school education, had a mild and agreeable temper, and was quiet and domestic in her habits. Although not handsome, she had a cheerful and winsome countenance, soft, dreamy and languishing blue eyes, and a pleasant, honest, winning smile for every body that approached her in a respectful manner. She had not, in all human probability, ever seen anything in the line of the fine arts of a character higher than a homely old family portrait, painted by a second or third class traveling artist. Such was Emma Pillington on her first arrival in the city.

Mr. Morton was a clever, kind hearted old gentleman of fifty-five, but very notional and speculative in his views of matters and things in general and of his Quixotic plans of money-making in particular. He had made considerable money at his regular business; but having been in constant pursuit of the philosopher's stone all his life, he had expended all his surplus capital in trying to transmute iron into gold; or, in other words, he had been for many years investing all his spare cash in visionary and fruitless speculations of one kind or another, hoping that at some future day he would find a large fortune piled up at the end of some one of them. In consequence of his being continually involved in these wild and unprofitable speculations, he never succeeded in amassing much of a fortune; but the arrival of the modest and unassuming Miss Pilkington seemed to inspire him with renewed hopes and youthful vigor. The fact is, Mr. Morton took a decided liking to Miss P. the moment she entered his house, probably from the fact that he discovered in her the long-sought philosopher's stone, which had been the dream of his life. At any rate, he took her to his home, and treated her as one of his own family from the start. She proved to be the very identical person who had so often appeared to him in his dreams, greeting him with a smile and —*a kiss.*

And thus they jogged along happily together for some time, she looking sharp after his interests, and he looking still sharper after what he supposed to be hers. Mr. Morton had a few very choice paintings in his parlors, and Miss Pillington spent a great deal of her spare time in examining and admiring them; and above all things else, she loved the grand old pictures, and wished again and again that she had been bred an artist. Day after day they roamed through the city, viewing all the pictures that came in their way, both in the public galleries and in the shop windows. Mr. Morton obtained for her the "Lives" of the great painters, and

also books of instruction on the art of painting; and she read and studied both with a perception of their intent and meaning that was perfectly astonishing. The new divinity at once began to swell and expand within her bosom, and a something (she could not name it) whispered gently in her ear and bade her strike for fame and fortune. Having read all about the struggles and triumphs of the old painters, she then set herself assiduously to work, fully determined in her own mind that she would become an artist. She first instructed herself in the art of outlining, perspective and mixing colors, after which she commenced sketching and copying. She soon succeeded in making very excellent copies of all the pictures in the house, and also of herself and Mr. Morton. This last brilliant effort of her inspired pencil clinched the barbed arrow which the little god Cupid had long since shot into the heart of Mr. Morton, and caused him to "cry aloud and spare not." He thereupon made a proposition of marriage, which was graciously accepted, and the gentle and timid Miss Pillington was soon thereafter transformed into the dignified and matronly Mrs. Morton. Whether love had any thing to do in bringing about this important change or not is none of my particular business or of the more inquisitive reader's; but, my own private opinion of the question is, that a sense of gratitude on the part of Miss Pillington had more influence in obtaining her consent to this copartnership for life than love or anything else. And now, after a wandering in search for more than half a century, Mr. Morton had at last found the long-sought philosopher's stone —and that, too, in a much more desirable form than any of the crazy-headed old alchemists had ever dreamed of.

And now Mrs. Morton set herself to work in earnest, for in all her life she had never known the meaning of such a word as *fail*. She now stood before the world in the form of what might very properly be termed a full-fledged artist—yes! better than that, *a self-taught artist*—and one of more than ordinary merit. But her towering ambition to excel as an artist had not yet been fully gratified. She now commenced her newly married life by painting portraits of the whole of the Morton family, and they were all extremely well painted. These were seen and admired by *their* friends and acquaintences, and scores of them came to have their pictures taken by the new artist. She worked hard and diligently—early and late, she stood before her easel, brush in hand, copying the life features of the "human face divine," to live again a life of immortality upon her breathing canvas. She had an active and impulsive mind, and a much more brilliant imagination than any one had, as yet, given her credit for—it was not long, therefore, before she produced a number of strikingly original pictures, as well as splendid copies of several very rare and celebrated ones. Some of her best productions were placed on exhibition in the public picture galleries of the city—and very soon her company was sought and courted by most of the eminent artists of that day. Her name and fame were trumpeted from house to house, until the whole city became filled with her praises and renown, and consequently she had more work tendered her than she could possibly perform. She had an eye for the comic and ridiculous as well as the grand and beautiful, and thus by the versatility of her subjects, she established a claim upon the public as an original genius of a high order. Mrs. Morton once painted a wild, fantastic, imaginative witch scene on a large scale, which was the most laughter-provoking picture that I ever saw in my life. And there was another curious and striking peculiarity about most of her pictures, which it would be hard to account for—her *copies*, whether the subject copied was a person or a picture, almost uniformly surpassed the *originals*. To be sure, this sounds like nonsense, but paradoxical as it may seem, still it is nevertheless true to a certain extent. All her portraits were so animated and life-like in their appearance that, when standing side by side, you could scarcely distinguish the living person from the counterfeit resemblance. But I will illustrate this point by relating a little incident to which I was an eye and ear witness.

A New York gentleman of wealth and taste, and, according to his own belief, a most excellent judge of paintings, had just then returned from Italy with a large number of choice and valuable pictures for his own private gallery. They consisted in part of *copies* of rare and renowned pictures by the old Italian masters, and *original* ones by the greatest of modern artists. They were all sent to Mr. Brown's store for the purpose of

being framed. Mrs. Morton was in the habit of having most of her pictures framed at the same establishment, and as a consequence she was in the habit of making frequent visits to the store. Among the imported pictures there was a splendid copy of Raphael's celebrated and world-renowned picture of Fornarina, then, and I presume still, in the Vatican at Rome. It was copied by special permission of His Holiness the Pope, by a celebrated Italian artist, at the special request of the New York gentleman for himself, and was the *only* copy of that famous picture in this country at that time. One day the ever-watchful eye of Mrs. Morton accidentally caught sight of it in the store, and she at once expressed a strong desire to copy it. Mr. Brown informed her that the owner of it was a particular friend of his, and that he thought that he could obtain the desired permission for her to copy it—and he then inquired of her how long a time she would require it, as he knew that his friend was impatient to have it placed in his gallery?

"About a fortnight," replied Mrs. Morton. "Yes, I think that I can make a good copy of it in about a fortnight."

The next time the gentleman came into the store—it was on a Saturday afternoon—Mr. Brown solicited and obtained permission for Mrs. Morton to make a copy.

"But, mind you, Brown," continued the gentleman, "this picture must be returned again to your store, uninjured, in precisely two weeks from to day, or I shall feel highly offended at both of you—and I wish you to tell Mrs. Morton that, as a small return for the favor granted, I shall not only expect, but insist on having the privilege of seeing and examining her copy."

"All right, sir," replied Mr. Brown—"I will myself guarantee that your request shall be complied with."

Mr. Brown immediately dispatched a trusty messenger with the picture to Mrs. Morton's studio, and also a written notice to her, that she must have both the picture and the copy returned to his store on that day two weeks hence, or she need never expect to receive another favor at his hands. He then set to work and had another frame made, exactly after the pattern of the one he was making for the imported picture.

On the morning of the second Saturday following, the twin frames were brought into the store looking as near alike as the two Dromios in the play, and in a few minutes more the two pictures also made their appearance and looking so near alike that it was no easy matter to distinguish one from the other. They were both placed in their respective frames, and after being carefully dusted stood against the side wall of the store in a good light near the street door. Mrs. Morton had sent a short note with the pictures notifying Mr. Brown that should the gentleman *happen* to take a fancy to her copy, he could have it for $60, provided he would allow her to make another copy for herself.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the gentleman came bustling into the store, and the first thing that attracted his attention was the twin pictures standing near the door.

"Well, Brown," said he, "I see that you have been as good as your word for once—and Mrs. Morton, too, deserves credit for her dispatch in making her copy. Punctuality in business is always commendable."

"Yes," replied Mr. Brown, "I always like to fulfill my promises as near as possible. But what do you think of the pictures? Mrs. Morton's copy in particular? Do you believe that you can distinguish which of the two is yours?"

"Most certainly I can; there's no difficulty at all in that. That is my picture," pointing his cane toward Mrs. Morton's copy; "I should know it at a glance among a thousand copies, the same as I would know the difference between an Arabian horse and a South American jackass. Why, Brown, you must think that I am very dull, indeed, not to know my own picture!"

"Well, then, what do you think of Mrs. Morton's copy? How does it compare with *its* original?—that's what I wish to get at."

"Why, to tell you the plain truth, I think it's only tolerable, barely tolerable, so to speak." Then putting on his gold eye-glasses and stooping down to examine *his own picture* a little more closely, he continued: "Well, yes, on a closer examination I think I may venture to say that it is even passable—yes, I may say it is rather creditable, that is, for a female and a new beginner. It is very fairly and correctly outlined, but it is sadly lacking in those fine and delicate touches that are so distinctly visible upon *my own* picture."

"Now, suppose that I should inform you that the picture which you claim as yours is nothing more nor less than Mrs. Morton's copy? How would you relish that?"

"*Relish that?* Nonsense! I hope that you don't think me so stupid as not to know my own property. Why, sir"—pointing towards Mrs. Morton's copy—"why, sir, *that* picture was copied expressly for me, from the grand old original, by one of the most celebrated artists in Rome; and I paid him the round sum of $150 for copying it. No, no, Brown, you can't humbug *me;* I am quite too familiar with the old masters for that. Only look for one moment at that beautiful and splendid drapery, at those delicate and almost imperceptible lines, and at the richness and brilliancy of the coloring. These, sir, are the unmistakable evidences of high art. No, no, Brown, you can't cheat *me.* None but a skillful and practical Italian artist can put the finishing touches on a picture like that."

"I am very sorry to be compelled to undeceive you, sir; but I shall have to do it." Saying which Mr. Brown turned round the back of the picture the gentleman had claimed to be his own, and there stood, in glaring capitals, the evidence that was to undeceive him—"Copied by Mrs. Emma Morton, Nov., 1844."

"By heavens!" ejaculated the now crestfallen gentleman. "I can no longer believe my own eyes if this thing is possible. But, sir, I now see that I have been deceived, basely deceived. Yes, Brown, I have been deceived by that vagabond Italian artist. *Curse him!* Yes, sir, I have seen the original of these pictures in the Vatican at Rome, and I make no hesitation in declaring it as my candid belief that Mrs. Morton's is much the most correct copy of the two, although it is quite evident that she has never seen the original. *That* picture"—pointing towards his own—"that picture, sir, has cost me—let me see—for copying, boxing, freight and duties—yes, altogether it has cost me not a cent less than two hundred dollars. *Damn the scoundrel that copied it!*"

"Having traveled extensively in Italy, you must, sir, be aware, or at least you ought to be, that there are a large number of second-rate artists in all the principal Italian cities, who make it their business to copy pictures by the old masters, almost exclusively for the American market. I don't know exactly how it is, but by some means or other they have long since found out that our countrymen are the most gullible and easily duped of any other people in the wide world."

"Yes, by thunder, Brown! I believe that you are more than half right. A superabundance of wealth, and the foolish belief that nothing is of any value unless it has been *imported,* has made a fool of me as well as of many others who possess more than common sense. I should not be the least bit surprised if one-half the pictures that I have brought home with me are of this character—but I am done spending my money for these sham pictures by celebrated Italian artists—*damn them!* But I say, Brown, what do you think about it? Do you think Mrs. Morton would be willing to sell this splendid picture of hers?"

"Well, yes, I think she would; at any rate she notified me this morning that should you *happen* to take a fancy to her picture, you could have it for $60, provided you would allow her to make another copy."

"It's a bargain; I'll take it, and send her a check for the amount early on Monday morning. Send it up to me this very afternoon, if you can, and then, by Jove! I shall be able to boast that I have at least *one* good picture in my collection. And, by-the-by, you can tell her that she can take that miserable old Italian *daub* and keep it and copy it till the crack of doom, for aught I care, and then *burn* it if she likes."

That gentleman afterward crowded out quite a number of Italian *daubs,* as he called them, to make room for some of Mrs. Morton's best and most celebrated original pictures.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton still continued to work on at their respective vocations until money poured in upon them greatly beyond their immediate wants. This made Mr. Morton feel more or less uneasy, and induced him to venture again into one of his old moon-shine speculations. He conceived a scheme by which he expected to acquire any amount of fame and fortune in a trifle less than no time; and what does the reader suppose it was? Nothing more or less than this—to construct a portable picture gallery in which to exhibit his collection of pictures to the people throughout the country. The idea was no sooner conceived than he set himself

to work to carry it into execution. He spent several thousand dollars and two years of his precious life in its construction. He called it "Morton's Unique Picture Gallery," and he could not have given it a more appropriate name had he tried. I have a small cut of it now before me, as printed on one of his show-bills. It was the most novel and curiously constructed edifice that this world, or any other, ever saw. It was Gothic all over, both outside and inside. The building itself was an exhibition well worth twenty-five cents to see at any time. It was circular in form, 25 feet in diameter, with a spire 55 feet in height, and composed of 220,000 separate pieces of wood, put together by means of nails and screws. In the evening it was lighted by an immense chandelier, fourteen and one-half feet in diameter. It was so constructed that it could be put up and taken down in a few hours. When fitted up for exhibition it contained nearly a hundred pictures, about forty of which were painted by Mrs. Morton. Take it all in all the like was never seen before or since, and probably never will be in all the time to come.

Having at last completed what he termed his "Unique Picture Gallery," Mr. Morton was in very much the same predicament as the man who won the elephant—*he didn't know what to do with it.* But, after beating round the city for a week or two, he finally obtained the loan of a vacant lot in the upper part of Broadway upon which he erected his nondescript edifice. The building attracted the attention of the curious, and for awhile his exhibition was quite a success; but the novelty soon lost its power to charm and the incomes no longer paid the expenses. A new move had to be made. The building was taken down and it and its contents boxed up and started off for exhibition among the *wise men* of the East. New Haven, the "City of Elms," was to be first stopping place. Mr. Morton was quite sure that his *unique* exhibition would be liberally patronized by the intelligent people of that ancient city—but the intelligent people of that ancient city greatly preferred a stroll beneath the shade of their venerable "elms" to looking at the pictures. He next removed to Boston; and when he arrived there he found that his treasury was nearly empty, his traveling expenses having been enormous. He, however, still lived in hopes that the intelligent people of Boston would liberally patronize his intellectual exhibition—but the intelligent people of Boston were too full of "notions" of their own to pay much attention to the notions of others. Mr. Morton was still big with the hope of ultimate success. He had once read that, when General Jackson visited Lowell, a short time before, *seven miles* of factory girls had turned out to welcome him. So, he again packed up, and started off, bag and baggage, to Lowell—but the thin attendance at his exhibitions, soon convinced him that, however much they might wish to see Old Hickory, the factory girls had but little taste for the fine arts. A few toothless old dames came to see his pictures, but that comical old witch scene, which made everybody else laugh till they were ready to split their sides, so frightened these ancient dames that they could not sleep nights without a light burning in their rooms. Mr. Morton had somewhere read that

> "The King of France, with forty thousand men,
> Marched up the hill, and then—marched down again."

So, taking a lesson from that kingly old blower, he again packed up his unique edifice, and, with some considerable number of dollars less in his pocket than when he first set out, marched back to New York again. And thus it was with the ever-hopeful Mr. Morton. Like the gallant old Christian Crusaders, who went out to rescue the Holy Land from the hands of the turbaned infidels, he went out *full* and came back *empty*. All the gold that had been collecting in the bottom of his crucible for years had, as it were, in one short night turned into worthless dross. But Mr. Morton was not the man to cry after spilt milk. He had too much good sense left to let these losses break his heart. During his absence on his pilgrimage to the East Mrs. Morton had remained at home, making money faster than he had spent it; and now, having drummed all his ancient whim-whams out of his head, he again commenced his old business of sash and blind making on a grander scale than ever. Mrs. Morton continued to ply her magic brush, making all her *copies* surpass their *originals*, as heretofore; and they soon again became more prosperous and happy than ever before.

I knew both Mr. and Mrs. Morton well, and for a long term of years. I loved and re-

spected Mr. Morton for his good, noble and manly qualities. A more genial, social and kind-hearted man never lived, but he has long since passed hence to that better and brighter world "over there." Setting aside his peculiar whims and oddities, he was a good man, and lived and died a *gentleman*—and what more than this can be said in honor of the greatest names? Peace to his ashes! and a pyramid of evergreens to his memory!

Mrs. Morton was a *lady* in the best sense of the word, and the embodiment of genius of a high order. Her pictures will go down to posterity side by side with the best American paintings of the first half of the nineteenth century. All that need further be said in her honor is, that she was a remarkable lady artist.

A CLERICAL DEAD-BEAT.

ARTICLE No. 16.

In my variegated intercourse as a *catch cartman*, with the people of the great metropolis, I have often observed what appeared to me as very curious and remarkable traits of character in some of them. Why it is so I cannot clearly understand, but it is nevertheless a stubborn fact that most of those who are termed *high professional men*, such as clergymen, lawyers and doctors, as a general thing are the meanest and most niggardly men in the world to work for. This is not a secret, but a fact well known to most of the New York cartmen—but why it is so, *is a secret* that I have never yet been able to unveil. I am very sorry to be compelled to say it, but the classes that I have named are the very *smallest* of all the small potatoes in the pot—that is as far as my own information and experience go upon the subject. I have been cheated, jewed and insulted more by this class of people, than by all others combined. This is neither a "fleeting show" nor a "delusion," but a sober truth; and one that ought to make these *high* professionals blush with shame, or immediately mend their ways.

But how is it on the other hand? Clergymen, as a general thing, are fond of large salaries—but not content with this, should you happen to be troubled with matrimony on the brain, and employ one of them to marry you, there is not one in a hundred of them but would think you a *mean* man unless you allowed him to kiss your bride, and then made him a present of twenty dollars or upward. But, if he should happen to employ a strange cartman to remove his household goods on the first of May, and he should charge him the usual price for so doing, he would look upon him as the meanest man alive. Should you happen to fall down and break your leg, in your haste to escape the pursuit of an unrelenting creditor, your family doctor would have the *cheek* to charge you a couple of hundred dollars for resetting it, or for sawing it off, as the case might demand—but when he employs you to remove his costly piano, should you have the cheek to charge him more than fifty cents therefor, ten to one if he don't accuse you of being extortionate in your charge. And so again with the heartless lawyer. Should you happen to become a little absent-minded, and unthinkingly appropriate a portion of your neighbor's goods to your own use, your lawyer would probably charge you from $100 to $500 for *lying* you out of your "little unpleasantness"—but should he happen to employ you to take his family baggage down to the Long Branch steamer, and you should have the audacity to charge him a single dollar for the job, he would probably denounce you as a *swindler*, and threaten you with a suit at law for overcharging him. Or, what would be still more in character, offer you a quarter for the job, with the additional professional advice that, if you want anything more, to go to the devil and get it—meaning, as I take it, that you shall employ a brother lawyer, and pay him $50 for trying to obtain an impossible verdict in your favor for the other seventy-five cents.

And now, perhaps, the reader may inquire if these grand representatives of the party of "great moral ideas" are the *worst*, who in the name of human progress are the *best* classes to work for? I feel almost ashamed of myself when I make the reply, but the truth may as well be told now as at any other time. Many of the large merchants and brokers are gentlemanly in their treatment and liberal in their payment of all those in their employ; but, taken as a whole, the so-called

sporting men and class No. 1 girls of the town—*and industrious and intelligent mechanics*—are much the best and most liberal parties to compensate the working man for his labor of any in the city. I am exceedingly sorry to be compelled to class the noble American mechanic in the same list with other characters, in every other respect so disreputable, but there is no help for it—for in his generous liberality the American mechanic stands high above the professional man, no matter what may be his calling. But let us to our story.

I commenced my cartman's life in New York as a *wood cartman* in 1835, my stand being at the foot of Spring street, N. R. All cartmen in those benighted days had to first graduate from the wharves before they could obtain their diploma to practice their profession on Broadway and other fashionable streets. I think I may truthfully say that I was a trifle *greener* then than I was some ten years later; but I am afraid that I have been gradually growing *greener* ever since; otherwise I should not, at my time of life, be found racking my brains over these half-forgotten incidents of the past, which probably are not read or understood by one in ten of the readers of the JOURNAL. But let that pass. They are, I believe, the *first* series of articles ever written upon this subject, and I think it more than probable that they will be the *last*.

As I was saying—or, as I should have said—I was standing on the corner of Spring and West streets, patiently waiting for some one to tender me a job. It was about the middle of November, 1836, just about one year after I had entered the wood-carting college. All of a sudden I felt a gentle tap on my shoulder, and, turning round to see from whence it came, I discovered a comical looking little old man standing by my side. The stranger was short and pussy in his person, had a very jovial and pleasant looking countenance, sported a pair of gold spectacles and a gold-headed ebony cane, was clothed in a fine suit of faded black broadcloth, and looked a man of about sixty years of age. Addressing himself to me in a soft, clear, silvery tone of voice, the stranger said:

"Good-morning, carman. Is there any first-class hickory wood on sale on any of the wharves along here to-day?"

"About how much would you like to have, sir?"

"Oh, I only want a single load to-day. I am not yet quite ready to lay in my Winter's stock."

"All right, then. Please, sir, follow me down on the dock and I will show you a small lot of about the nicest hickory you ever saw."

He followed me, was pleased with the wood, and ordered a load.

"Bring me one load of it up to my house, No. 450 Mulberry street; and, mind you, carman, you put me on a good load, please. You will see my name, Rev. Herman Stagman, on the door plate. I will be there when you come up, and will settle with you for it."

"Thank you, Mr. Stagman; I'll bring it up to you immediately."

I took up the wood, and found everything as represented. The old gentleman was very talkative indeed, and seemed greatly pleased with the compact manner in which I had loaded the wood. He paid me and thanked me kindly for the *honest* load of wood I had brought him; and then, just I was about leaving, he stepped up in front of me and said:

"Mr. Carman, will you oblige me with your name and number? I think I shall want to employ you again in the course of a few days."

I handed him my card, and, after giving it a hasty glance, he jocularly remarked:

"Rather a *strong* name, Mr. Carman; but, joking aside, I shall most likely want to engage you to lay in my Winter's wood for me in the course of a few days. The trusty old carman who had been doing my work for me during the last ten years has already accumulated a nice little fortune and has removed into the country for the purpose of enjoying it, consequently I am at present without a family carman. And now, friend Lyon, if you would like to take his place you can have it. I am very highly pleased, both with yourself personally and with the very compact manner in which you load wood."

"Thank you, Mr. Stagman, for your kind offer. I very kindly accept the position which you have so generously tendered me as your family cartman. I have been in the city but a short time and have as yet obtained but a few regular customers. About how soon, sir,

would you like to have me bring your Winter's wood? I should like to know in time, so that I need not disappoint you."

"Well, I am not very particular as to the *time*, say the middle of next week or the beginning of the week after. Any time in fact when you can obtain the right kind of wood. I am a *cash* man, and your money will be ready for you whenever you deliver the wood. I shall want five loads."

I then left, highly elated at my sudden success in obtaining such a good *cash* customer and the unsolicited patronage of such a sociable and jolly old clergyman.

On Thursday morning of the following week, when I went down to the wharf, I found a large sloop load of very choice young hickory wood that had arrived during the preceding night. I at once stepped up to the captain and inquired the price.

"The price is three dollars and a half a load," he replied, "but the larger portion of it is already engaged. How much of it would you like to have?"

"I have an order for just five loads," I replied; "can you spare me that much?"

"Yes, but you are an entire stranger to me," said the captain with a good-natured smile. You can have the wood but you will have to pay for it as you take it away or produce a good reference. At any rate I shall want the money before sunset to-morrow afternoon, as I intend to sail for home with the early evening tide."

"I am wanting this wood for a good old clergyman who always pays *cash* on delivery, so I guess that you have no cause for being alarmed about the pay."

"Well, you *look* like an honest man and I will trust you on that recommendation. You can commence loading as soon as you like, the sooner the better, for I want to get unloaded to-day if possible, so that I can take on board my return cargo to-morrow."

I brought down my cart and put on a load and took it up to the old dominie's. He was delighted with the wood and told me to hurry up with the rest of it before it was all gone. I arrived with the last load about 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

"That's all right," said the jolly old dominie as I dumped the last load. "I have never had a finer lot of wood dumped in front of my door since I have been keeping house, and that's quite a long while. Let me see, three and a-half a load for the wood and fifty cents for cartage, that amounts to just an even twenty dollars I believe. Call around on Saturday evening and I will settle with you. I shall draw my quarterly salary in the afternoon of that day and you may consider the money just as safe as though you had it in your pocket. "Pay as you go," has always been my motto, and I pride myself on being a *cash man*."

Not wishing to offend so good a new customer, and a *cash man*, too, I very submissively replied: "All right, Mr. Stagman, your Saturday evening proposition is entirely satisfactory. The captain of the sloop has been promised his money to-morrow afternoon, but I will try and borrow it of some one. Being but a new beginner in the wood business, my future credit wholly depends on my making good my promise."

"Why, gracious me, how funny you talk, friend Lyon! You really don't suppose that it makes any great difference in the character and standing of a man, whether he pays his bills on the instant or a few days, or even a few weeks hence? Do not all our wholesale merchants sell *cash* bills at thirty days' credit? It strikes me that it would be very unreasonable indeed for a man to expect to receive his pay the very moment his work was done. My *old* carman always used to wait contentedly until it was convenient for me to pay him, and I frequently have to do the same with those who are indebted to me. You will certainly get your pay on Saturday evening."

"I beg you, Mr. Stagman, don't give yourself any further trouble about this business. A day or two one way or the other is of no consequence whatever. I don't think that I shall have the least bit of difficulty in borrowing the money to pay for the wood."

It used to be quite as damaging to the future credit of the cartman to allow his wood bills to remain unpaid after they became due as it would for the merchant to suffer his note at the bank to be protested. So the next morning I borrowed the money of a friend, and paid the captain for the wood.

"I thought that I was not deceived in the appearance of my man," said the captain when I handed him the money.

"Perhaps not," I replied, "but I have been a little bit deceived in my *cash-paying* old

dominie; but I guess that it will come out all right."

Early on Saturday evening I rigged myself up in my Sunday best, and hurried over to Mr. Stagman's after my money. Arriving at the house I rang the bell, which was presently answered by the good old dominie in person.

"Ah, is that you, Brother Lyon? Good evening. Let me take your hat and overcoat. Yes, of course, you are going to remain and spend the evening with us? We are entirely without company this evening—nobody here but my own happy little family, consisting of my three *unmarried* daughters and myself."

"Well, really, Mr. Stagman, I did not come over for the purpose of making a prolonged visit, but if agreeable it would afford me unalloyed pleasure to spend a social hour with yourself and interesting family."

"Yes, yes, that's right—this way, Brother Lyon, and I will at once introducc you to my three *unmarried* daughters (he always sharply emphasized the word *unmarried*), and I doubt not but that we shall be able to entertain you in a very agreeable and becoming manner."

Saying which he opened the rear side door of the hall, and I was ushered into the back parlor.

"Girls, this is Mr. Lyon, our *new* family carman—Mr. Lyon, allow me to introduce you to my three *unmarried* daughters, Patience, Jerusha and Jemima, all good old Scriptural names. Please take a chair, Brother Lyon, and move yourself up to a comfortable position in front of the grate. Patience, my dear, please get the skuttle and put a little more coal on the fire, that's a good daughter."

I am naturally very bashful and diffident in the presence of strangers, but so friendly and winsome were the ways of this united, happy family, that I felt perfectly at home in their presence in less than five minutes. The old dominie was clad in his best ministerial suit, and the ladies (I cannot call them either *young* or *handsome*) were all dressed in the most fashionable manner—silks, laces, ribbons, ruffles and silvery curls in tangled profusion. Dear me, how grand their appearance! and yet how social and agreeable in their demeanor.

After half an hour's brilliant and rattling conversation cards were produced, and the sprightly and magnificent Patience was assigned me as a partner. I never before in my life played with such a streak of luck; and as a consequence Jerusha and her pa were badly beaten every game. Card-playing ended at eight o'clock, when I attempted to leave, but the time of my departure had not yet arrived. Refreshments of various kinds were now produced—two kinds of wine (one of which tasted very much like prime cognac brandy), cakes in great variety, sandwiches, pies, nuts and fruit—the *feast* of dainties and the *flow* of wine continuing till nine o'clock. The wine was drank in about the same proportions as though it had been tea or coffee; and I now found that I had about as much of it on board as I could conveniently carry. Taking a hint from my feelings on this point, I was just about bidding the ladies good evening, when the festive old domine remarked:

"Brother Lyon, you have never yet heard me preach, I presume. I have a very nice little church, just round the corner in Houston street, and a very respectable little congregation to hear me preach. Suppose that you bring your wife over with you in the morning, and come and hear me preach. You can call at my house and go to church with my *unmarried* daughters, and sit with them in my family pew. What say you? I should very much like to have yourself and wife hear me preach. Only say that you will come, and the girls will wait for you."

"I should very much like to hear you preach, Brother Stagman, and so would my wife; but we already have an engagement out for to-morrow. We will accept your kind invitation at some other time, good Brother Stagman."

Finding that I was beginning to both see and talk double, I bade the ladies good-night with the best grace I could command, and retreated into the hall in quest of my hat and overcoat. I had entirely forgotten all about the business that had brought me there, and only cared to get once more safely into open air in the street. The old dominie followed me into the hall, and while helping me on with my overcoat casually remarked:

"Brother Lyon, in regard to that little wood bill, I shall not be able to settle with you to-night. Our treasurer has gone into

the country to remain over the Sabbath, and consequently I did not obtain my quarter's salary as I anticipated. If you can make it convenient to call over on Monday evening I will then settle with you."

"You need not give yourself any uneasiness at all about that little bill, Brother Stagman. You can pay it whenever it suits your convenience. I shall probably not call for it before next Saturday night; so you need have no fears that I shall call upon you when you are unprepared to meet it. Thanking you for the kind and princely manner in which yourself and three *unmarried* daughters have entertained me on this ever memorable Saturday evening, I now, Brother Stagman, bid you an affectionate good-night."

On my return home my wife said to me pretty sharply, "Where in the world have you been until this time of night? Why, it's nearly ten o'clock!"

"Well, I have been over to old Dominie Stagman's, I have, and a *high old time* we've had, too, I can tell you. I do verily believe that, if there is such a thing as a Christian in this wicked world, old Dominie Stagman is the man. Why, he called me *Brother* Lyon ever so many times, and treated me just the same as he did the rest of his family. And more'n that, he invited me to bring you over with me to-morrow morning to hear him preach—he did."

"You had a *high old time*, did you? It strikes me that the house of a Christian minister is a queer place to have a *high old time* in. But, did you get your pay? That's the most important question to talk about at the present time."

"Oh, no, I forgot to ask him for it, but he reminded me of it himself just as I was leaving the house, he did. He's going to pay me next week, sure, he is—but, crackee! didn't we have a *high old time*, though?"

"What do you mean by your *high old time*, I should like to know? Were there any ladies present?"

"Ladies! Yes, you may bet your life on that—angels, I guess they were, in human form and ball room costume. The old dominie has three *unmarried* daughters living at home with him—all splendid girls, I can tell you, and just as clever and sociable as can be. I shouldn't wonder a bit if they were all first class angels in disguise, they looked so radiant and dazzlingly beautiful. They were all dressed to kill, I can tell you—such grand silks, laces, ribbons and flounces—and, oh, hide your small diminished heads, ye painted theatrical beauties! Such witching smiles and silvery curls! And, bless me! didn't we have a *high old time!*"

"Why, shame on you! a body would suppose that you had lost your wits, in case you ever had any. Pretty goings on in the house of a Christian minister, I must declare! Have you had anything to drink since you have been gone! Judging from the rambling manner in which you talk, I should think that you were a little boozy."

"Drink! boozy! Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you—we had a magnificent entertainment—every thing good to eat and drink, and plenty of it, too—pies, cakes, oranges, nuts, and the Lord knows what all!—and *two* kinds of wine, one of which *smelt* and *tasted* for all the world just like French *brandy*. I tell you, the old dominie must be as rich as Crœsus, to be able to furnish such a princely entertainment. And you better believe it!—didn't we have a *high* old time!"

"How many glasses did you drink? Are you sober enough to answer that question?"

"Well, we had a *high old time*, we did, and that's about all that I know about it. But, blow me! if I did not forget to mention it before. Yes, the old dominie—Brother Stagman, I mean—said we must come over to his house early some Sunday morning, and accompany his three *unmarried* daughters to his *little* church, and sit with them in his snug *little* family pew, and hear him preach one of his dear *little* sermons. And you'd better believe me—we shall have a high"——

"Yes, but that don't answer my question, as regards the quantity of wine you have been drinking—*that's what I want to know.* I have no great curiousity myself to listen to the preaching of a minister who indulges in such *high old times* as you are blowing about."

"Well, Patience and myself played a few games of cards with Jerusha and her pa, and beat them nearly out of their boots—but I didn't drink any more than the rest of them—say a half a dozen glasses each, be the same more or less, I am not certain as to the *exact* number. But this much I *do* remember quite distinctly, that we had a *high old time* generally, and that the bully boy old dominie, as

head of the family, was honored with the *largest* glass in the party."

"And now I think the best thing you can do is to go to bed and sleep this *high old time* out of your head if possible—and try and keep out of the company of these *sham* old saints and angels in future—*that's my advice to you, it is.*"

"Thinking that this advice had the ring of the true metal, I adopted it and retired to rest accordingly, *ad referendum*, as the lawyers say."

On the following Saturday evening I again went over for my money, but what "a change had come over the spirit of my dream!" The old dominie came to the door, and after the customary "good evening," again escorted me into his cosy little back parlor. He was not, however, clad in his Sunday regimentals, as on my first visit, but in the faded suit of black he wore when I first saw him; and his three unmarried daughters had likewise doffed their angelic costumes and now made their appearance in plain, unpretentious calico dresses—no silks, ribbons or furbelows of any kind—no paint, no curls, and but very few cheery smiles, but looking and acting for all the world just like ordinary mortals. What could all this mean? They all looked and acted just as though they had not expected me, or, in other words, just as though they did not care to see me. There were but a few games of cards played, but one small piece of cake was produced, and but one glass of wine was offered. I began to wonder what unpardonable sin I had committed that things should be thusly razeed down almost to the little end of nothing; but let the cause be what it might, I was fully determined in my own mind that I would not vacate the premises this time without asking for my money. So just after the clock on the mantel had tolled the hour of eight, I hastily rose from my seat and said—

"Well, Brother Stagman, if you can now let me have the money for that little wood bill, you would greatly oblige me? The evening is already far advanced and I promised my wife that I would return home early to-night."

"Yes, yes, all right! but it seems to me that you are getting rather impatient about that little affair. I should like very much to settle with you to-night, Brother Lyon, but the thing is utterly impossible. I have just received a note from our treasurer, who informs me 'that his aged mother departed this life early yesterday morning, and that in consequence of his having to attend her funeral to-morrow, he will not be able to return to the city before the middle of the coming week;' so, you see, you will have to bear with me until his return. Come over again on next Saturday night, and I *think* that I shall be able to make it all right with you; however, my *old* carman always used to wait for his money until I notified him that his money was ready for him. I am very sorry to be compelled to disappoint you, sir, but, as a small recompense for the disappointment, I now invite you to come over and hear me preach to-morrow."

"Thank you, Brother Stagman, *I'll think of it;* but I am quite put out in not getting my money to-night; but seeing that there has been *a death in the family* of your treasurer, and no help for it, I suppose that I shall have to wait. There will be no disappointment next Saturday night, I trust, for I *must* have the money then."

"Oh, no, I think there will be no mistake then. But bless me, Brother Lyon! how *very* particular you are growing—it can't be expected that a body can always have his pockets full of money. My *old* carman always used to wait for his money until it was convenient for me to pay him—and if you can't do the same I don't know but I shall have to engage some one else to do my carting. Patience, my dear, will you be kind enough to show Mr. Lyon to the street door? Good-night, sir."

On my return home the first salute I received from my wife was—

"Well, did you get your pay to-night? or have you been having another *high old time* with the old saint and his three *unmarried* angels?"

"A *high old time* over the *left*," I replied; "and as to the old saint and his trio of *unmarried* angels, they are all *non est inventus*, having dwindled down to the level of ordinary mortals. But say no more about it; I am to have my pay next Saturday night, certain sure."

The next Saturday night found me again at the old dominie's street door. Thinking that I might perhaps be denied admittance, I gave the bell what I intended should be a very lordly and aristocratic ring. The old

dominie was at the door in an instant, but when he opened it he seemed to look a little disappointed.

"What! carman, is that you?" he queried. "We are not any of us *deaf* yet, that you should alarm the whole neighborhood with your furious ringing. What is the trouble with you now? We certainly did not anticipate the honor of a visit from you here this evening; but, since you are here, come with me into the library for a moment, and I will listen to your petition."

Leading the way, he escorted me into a small room at the rear end of the hall, which looked much more like a pantry than a library. There was a small lamp burning upon a table, but there were no signs of any fire in the room. Helping myself to a vacant seat, and looking pretty sternly at the old dominie, I said:

"Well, Mr. Stagman, I intend that my visit here this evening shall be a short one. Has your treasurer returned to the city yet? I have come over again for my money, and I should like to have it at once, as I have other business to attend to on my return home."

"Yes, I shall not deny the fact. Our treasurer has returned; but he informs me that our treasury is entirely empty; and—worse still—that I have already overdrawn my last quarter's salary; consequently I cannot settle with you to night."

"Mr. Stagman, I do not at all like the manner in which you have treated me. I have been waiting upon your empty promises until patience has ceased to be a virtue."

"Why, how's this? Have I not always treated you like a gentleman?—for I believe it is *possible* for a carman to be a *gentleman*—yes, even as though you were one of my own family, and to the best of everything. And yet, how ungrateful and unrelenting you are toward me in my tribulations!"

"Mr. Stagman, I am not finding any fault with the manner in which yourself and three *unmarried* daughters have entertained me; but I did not expect that you were going to charge me more than Astor House prices for *private board*."

"Why, what do you mean, sir, by accusing *me* with charging you for board? I wish you to understand, once for all, that I do not keep a *boarding house*."

"I mean, sir, just exactly this: that as the matter between us now stands you hold twenty dollars of my money in pawn for the one and a half meals of which I have partaken at your private table. That, sir, is what I mean, and I shall so consider it until I have been paid."

"This last insinuation of yours grieves me almost unto death. I am not, as you impute, either a boarding house keeper or a pawnbroker, but a Christian minister, with a heart filled with love and charity toward all my fellow mortals, who are journeying with me through this world of sighs and tears. And now, will you listen to me, sir? My salary is small and my expenses are unusually heavy: and the fact is, sir, I have just about as much as I can do to make both ends meet. I have a little *loaned* money now due me, and if I can manage to collect it during the coming week I will try and settle with you on next Saturday evening. Situated as I am at present, this is the best promise I can make you."

"Well, sir, I shall come over again on next Saturday evening—and for the *last time*, let me tell you—and I trust that you will be prepared to pay me, for *I shall expect it*."

"I will do the best I can for you, although it appears to me that you are rather hard upon me. But I have not yet seen you at my little church around the corner. I have been preparing a very interesting sermon on the vanity of human riches and the wickedness of the world in general, which I intend to preach to-morrow. You had better come over and hear it, and perhaps it may mollify your bad feelings toward me a little."

"I'll think of it," I replied, as the old dominie closed the street door upon me.

"All right—got your pay of the old dominie to-night, I suppose?" my wife sneeringly inquired the moment I entered the door.

"No, not to-night; but I *think* I now have it in a pretty good shape for collection. He has faithfully promised to do the best he can for me next Saturday night, and I *think* he will do it."

"Oh, yes—he has *promised* you, of course; but what are his promises worth? He's entirely too smart for you, and you will, no doubt, find him as big a *dead-beat* as the *rich* old Jew who diddled you out of two loads of wood less than three months ago."

"I have informed the old *dead beat*, as you call him, that I am coming over next Saturday night for the *last time*, and shall expect to be paid then, without any if's or and's about it. And by the 'great Eternal!' as General Jackson says, if he don't pay me then, there will be a *higher old time* on his premises than he has ever before witnessed there. *I have said it*, and I mean it too."

On the Saturday morning in question a very gentlemanly-looking old cartman came up to me on the stand, and said:

"Friend carman, I think I saw you dumping some wood in front of old Dominie Stagman's, in Mulberry street, a few weeks ago. It is not any particular business of mine, I know, and then again it is; but did you get your pay for it? Curiosity as well as self-interest prompts me to inquire?"

"Well, yes, I took him five loads of wood about four weeks ago, but have not yet been paid for it—why do you inquire?"

"Do you ever expect to be paid for it? If you do I fear that you will find yourself sadly mistaken. That old reprobate owes me for five loads of wood that I furnished him more than two years ago, and I know several other carmen who are in the same predicament. The fact is, he never pays anybody, and I would not give five cents for all he owes you. I do not like to prosecute myself, on account of his being a clergyman, and he knows it—but I wish somebody else would."

"Well, he has promised to pay me to-night, and if he don't do it I'll *push* him into a court of justice on Monday morning—this I am determined upon. His *cloth* shan't save him from a prosecution on my part at any rate, whether I get my money or not."

"His *promise* is not worth a straw, and you'll find it so. I hope that you may get your money, but I don't believe it—*if you do* it will be something worth bragging about."

"But he told me that his *old* carman—meaning you, I suppose—never pushed him for your pay, but always waited patiently until it was convenient for him to settle with you, and also that you had accumulated a nice little fortune, and had moved into the country to enjoy it."

"The lying old hypocrite will *promise* you everything, but he never *performs* anything, unless it is a repetition of his barefaced lies. As I said before, I would not give you five cents for your claim, unless I intended to go there and *board it out*. He is always very liberal in *entertaining* his creditors so long as they don't *dun him*. My prediction is that you will never get a cent of money out of him."

No. 450 Mulberry was the point that mostly attracted my attention that night. Arriving at the door I gave the bell a gentle ring, intending to convey the impression that there was a lady at the entrance.

The old dominie soon made his appearance, and, on opening the door, rather tartly exclaimed:—

"What! *you* here again, sir? I really was in hopes that you would relieve me of your presence for to-night at least. I shall not, however, ask you to come in, for I have no money for you."

"Yes, sir, I am here again, and for the *last time*, and I don't intend to leave your premises until I have been paid."

"Why, bless me, sir! you are getting to be mighty independent. My *old* carman never talked to me in this manner—but kind, gentle old soul that he was! he always used to wait for his money until it was convenient for me to pay him, and if *you* can't do the same, I shall feel it my duty to discharge you."

"By the way, I had a short interview with your *old* carman this morning, and he informed me that you are still owing him for five loads of wood which he furnished you two years ago; and he also informed me that he has not, and never had, any thoughts of removing into the country. He says that you are an old *dead-beat!*"

"Dead-beat! What does he mean by that? The truth is, carman, I should like to pay you, but I solemnly declare on the word and honor of a clergyman, that I have not at present a single dollar at my command. If you will be kind enough to bear with me a little longer, until I can collect some money, the moment I get it I will bring it over to you."

"Sir, I have heard quite enough of this kind of talk, and I now fully believe you to be just what your *old* carman declared you to be—a *dead-beat*. The next time that you hear from me will be through the medium of an officer of the law—do you understand that?"

"What do you mean, sir?—how's this?—you don't intend to sue me, do you? I

shouldn't like that a bit. Oh, no, you would not sue a *clergyman?*"

"I cannot help whether you like it or not—that's your business, not mine—but, if compelled to leave this house without my money, you may expect to have a summons served upon you within twenty minutes after the courts open on Monday morning."

"Well, well, sir, if it has come to this, I will settle with you now and have done with you. I will not keep a man in my employ who cannot wait for his pay until it suits my convenience to pay him."

Saying which the old dominie rushed off into the back parlor, and in a moment returned with a well filled pocket book in his hand.

"There, sir, is your money," said he, counting out four five dollar bills—"take it, and with it take your discharge from my employment forever."

"Yes, sir, all right sir, that's the right way to discharge a bill as well as a carman; this suits me exactly. But, sir, on the word and honor of a carman, you have a nice pile of money there for a man who hadn't a dollar at his command a moment ago."

"None of your insolence, sir; you have now got your money, and there sir, is my outer door, and the sooner you place yourself on the other side of it the better I shall like you."

"Yes, sir, I think I ought to know pretty well where your street door is by this time, for I have been through it often enough. But before leaving your hospitable mansion forever, permit me to say that you are a very bad man, a wolf in sheep's clothing, and a very black sheep in the clerical flock. Yes, sir, you have disgraced your cloth as a clergyman, you are not a person fit to wear the gown and surplice; you are, sir—no sir, you are not a *gentleman*, but a *clerical dead-beat.*"

"Out of my house this minute, you insolent fellow you, or I will cane you out. Patience, my dear! Jemima! Jerusha! Zounds! Patience! where are you? Here, quick! you jade, you! hand me my cane, or the poker, or anything else you can lay your hands upon—quick! I want to pound the insolence out of this impudent vagabond if he don't vacate my premises this instant. Go to, villain Begone, I say!"

"Yes, sir, I am now ready to leave; but let me repeat it for your benefit, you have proved yourself a very bad man, and are not fit to preach the Gospel of Christ—no, not even to the most benighted heathen."

"What, sir, you doubt my Christianity, do you? *me*, who have been a preacher of the Gospel and a shining light in the Church for forty years? On what grounds do you doubt my Christianity? you who never yet heard me preach, I believe, have you? Go to, I say, you're a bad man yourself."

"I am now ready to leave, sir, but had we not better part in peace and friendship? I now wish you a very good evening, Mr. Stagman; and, permit me to add, may your future life and conduct be an improvement on your past and present. But, Brother Stagman, shall I not come over and hear you preach to-morrow morning?"

"Don't brother *me*, you wicked wretch, you! Begone, I say, and let me hear no more of your provoking insolence. But, badly as you have treated me, I now tender you my parting blessing."

As I trotted down the front steps the street door came to with a *bang* that startled up the slumbering echoes for blocks around, but I no longer heeded or dreaded the old dominie's fury.

On my arrival home my wife rather sarcastically exclaimed—"Returned again the same as you went, I suppose, with empty pockets?"

"Eureka!" I shouted. "And now what do you think about the *old dead beat?* I have received my pay in full—but didn't we have a *high old time* though!"

"Never mind about your *high old time*—I have heard quite enough of that—but, if you have got your pay, hurry out and get a nice piece of beef for dinner to-morrow, before all the best pieces are engaged."

The shop was quite crowded, and wishing to play *big*, as almost every person does who has twenty dollars in his pocket, I offered the butcher one of my five dollar bills in payment for the meat. The butcher gave the bill a hasty glance, and then handing it back to me, said: "Can't take that bill, sir; Canadian money is away down below par, at present not worth over *eighty-five* cents on the dollar."

"Why, it ought to be good," I replied, "I got it of a minister of the Gospel of 40 years' standing."

"No matter if you got it of a minister of the Gospel of a hundred years' standing, it is

worth only eighty-five cents on the dollar anyhow, and I don't care to take it at that."

I looked over the rest of my money, but it was all on the same bank. I said nothing, but inwardly wished that it had been counterfeit money, so that I could have had the old *dead beat* arrested for passing it on me.

Happening to be down in Wall street the next Monday afternoon, I thought I would call into the office of a young friend who had just engaged in the brokerage business, and sell my money for what I could get for it."

"Here, Charley," I said, throwing the bills down upon the counter, "what is the true value of that money?"

"Those Canadian banks are all rather *shaky* just now, and their bills sell for all all kinds of prices. We are at present paying from 85 to 87 cents on the dollar for this kind of money—the highest we can get for it is 90 cents."

"Well, I took this money as good for the face of it—what is the highest figure you can allow me for it?"

"Seeing that is *you*, friend Lyon, I will allow you the full value of it this time—90 cents on the dollar."

"Well, seeing it's *you*, Charley, I guess you may as well take it—but may the devil choke the rascally old dominie who passed it to me for good money."

Such are the kind of customers that the New York cartmen have to contend with—and such were my unprofitable adventures with that miserable old clerical dead-beat.

Nota bene.—In justice to the high character and standing of the New York clergy of those days, I will here state the startling fact (which I ascertained about a year afterwards) that my whilom brother, the *Rev.* Herman Stagman, was not then, and never had been, a preacher of the gospel—but that, on the other hand, he was one of the biggest unhung villains in the city, he having been guilty of nearly every crime in the Decalogue except murder. At the time of which I am writing he kept a "policy office" on the very spot upon which he represented his "little church" to stand, and was reputed to be worth over a hundred thousand dollars. It was also currently reported that his three charming, *unmarried* daughters were among the most expert female shop-lifters in the city at that time.

Verily, verily, as a whole, they were one of the "fleeting shows" of the metropolis, and for the delectable amusement of such *greenhorns* as myself, a "delusion given." But I learned a lesson that was of service to me in after years—"Let us have peace."

BOOKS, AUCTIONS AND AUCTIONEERS—First Part.

ARTICLE No. 17.

It is even so—a New York book auction room is one of the modern "curiosities of American literature," and a New York book auctioneer, if he understands his business, is a man of sterling wit and boundless intelligence. There are, however, very few such now-a days. During my residence in the city I spent many hundreds of my evenings in the different book auction rooms located there—and I can therefore, as I think, speak of their many faults and attractions, from my personal knowledge thereof. To a person of literary turn of mind a book auction room possesses quite as many attractions as a theatre; for, in the former, you enjoy fun and information combined, while in the latter you enjoy but a "fleeting show for man's delusion given!" There is always some satisfaction in *seeing* and *handling* a rare and valuable book, and hearing its secret history descanted upon, even if you are not able to become the owner of it.

There is also another very singular circumstance connected with books and those who sell them, that may very justly be denominated another of the modern "curiosities of American literature," and it is this. In my day and generation I have been a great deal among books and booksellers, both public and private, but I have rarely met with a bookseller who knew anything about the character of the books that passed through his hands, beyond the *price* fixed upon them by the publishers. The exceptions to this rule are generally to be found among the dealers in old second-hand books—such as John Doyle and Talbot Watts in Nassau street, and William Gowans and —— Burns in Fulton street.

All these men used to deal largely in old books, and always knew what they were about. They all had bibliomania on the brain to a greater or less extent; but it was more a love of books for the dollars and cents which they brought into their coffers, than for any desire they had to read them themselves, although they were all well-read men. Old Johnny Doyle, as his friends used to call him, was an Irishman, and commenced life by peddling books through the streets in a market-basket fifty years ago. He styled his book palace in Nassau street "The Grand Centre of Life and Knowledge." Having accumulated quite a fortune, he sold out his entire stock at auction about twenty-five years ago. Old Talbot Watts (husband of Mrs. Watts, the actress) was an Englishman by birth, and was once secretary to the British Embassy at Japan. He was decidedly *smart* —had a sinister eye, that gave him a frightful appearance, and was nearly as big a humbug as our modern hero with the evil eye. He was the inventor of "Watts' Nervous Antidote," which had a large sale throughout this country twenty-five years ago. It was about as great a humbug as a modern "gift enterprise," but he reaped a fortune out of its sale before our cute Yankees discovered the cheat. He was also the author of a very curious and entertaining book on the "Manners and Customs of the Japanese." William Gowans was a Scotchman by birth, but came to this country while quite a young man. He was a man well-read in both ancient and modern literature, and could readily discern the value of an old book at a glance. His store used to be in Fulton street, opposite St. Paul's churchyard—a large three-story brick building, filled with books from basement to attic. He was the republisher of a number of scarce American books on his own account. Burns was also a Scotchman by birth, and kept his store on the corner of Fulton and Nassau streets. He, too, was well posted in his knowledge of books, both old and new, and always bid with judgment. Of course it was the object of all these old sharpers to buy *cheap* and sell *dear*, for it was their business to make money—*if they could.* You might go into the store of any one of the four here named, and inquire for any book you could think of, and if they had it they would tell you so at once; and if they had not the book you wanted themselves, they would inform you where was the most likely place to find it, also the price of it, and whether it was worth buying. But I have often called at the large and fashionable bookstores on Broadway and inquired for a book published some ten or fifteen years before, and the reply has almost invariably been:—"We do not know anything at all about the book you inquire for, its price or character, but if it is to be had we can obtain it for you in the course of a few days. You can leave a small deposit, if you like, and if the book is to be found, we will procure it for you at the lowest market price." To which my reply has generally been: —"No, thank you; I don't do business in that way." But if you ask any of these fashionably-clad, empty-headed ignoramuses the name and price of the latest sensation novel, they can tell it you in an instant—almost as quick as your groceryman can tell you the name and price of a kit of No. 3 mackerel.

Twenty years ago there were three prominent book auction rooms in New York, all located within musket shot of each other. Bangs, Merwin & Co., in Park Row; Jordan & Morton, in Broadway, near Franklin street; and Rawdon & Lyman, corner of Broadway and White street. They all used to do a large business in the sale of books, engravings, autographs and other literary property, there being ten sales then where there is one now. I used to be a nightly attendant at the sales of one or the other of these establishments about six months of each year, and as a matter of course I have witnessed the sale of several hundred thousand volumes of books under the auctioneer's hammer. During the intervening years from 1850 to 1855 I purchased a great many valuable books on my own account, most of which I bought on speculation, and resold again at a profit. I only bought when they were sold *cheap*, and being always on the spot I had a chance to secure many good bargains.

I frequently attended the sales at Park Row, but very seldom made any purchases there. Merwin was the auctioneer, but I never thought him fitted for the position. He had but little knowledge of books himself, and knew but little of their value, except what he obtained from the bidders in front of him, and consequently he never dwelt upon them a moment after the bidding ceased. If they happened to bring a good

price, well and good; and if they were knocked down for a quarter of their value, all the same. I have often known him to obtain good prices for his books, but it was on account of a lively competition among the buyers, who would run them up to a high price in spite of him. Occasionally he would allow his dander to get up a little, when he would knock down a valuable book for little or nothing before his buyers were half done bidding on it. He was also great on *massing* his books, so that he might rush through a catalogue with as little talking as possible. I once knew him to set up, all in one lot, the whole stock of a retail bookseller, consisting of some 500 or 600 volumes, and knock them down at, I think, five cents a volume. They were all bound books, and many of them bore the retail mark of ten and twelve shillings. This might have been fun for him and joy to the purchaser, but it must have been disappointment nigh unto death to the owner of the books.

At another time there was sent to Bangs, Merwin & Co. for sale a large collection of very rare and curious old books, among which was a file of the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, 48 numbers in all, printed by Benjamin Franklin in 1730–'31. They were all catalogued in one lot, which was a bad arrangement for their owner and very distasteful to the audience. They were all in splendid condition, bright, clean and unwrinkled as when they first came from the press. On the night of their sale a large and select audience was present, many of whom had come there hoping to secure a single copy of that rare old newspaper as a keepsake. Some twenty gentlemen present manifested their willingness to pay from $3 to $5 for a single copy, but none of them appeared to be ambitious to purchase the whole lot. But Merwin would not deviate a hair from the catalogue, and when they came up for sale he put them all up in one lot. I wanted one or two of them myself, but did not feel able to buy the whole of them except on speculation. I had never seen any of them sold before and consequently I did not know how much it would be safe to bid for them. I had about $40 in my pocket and made up my mind that there would be money in them if I could secure them for that amount. They were finally offered for sale to the highest bidder without a single word in reference to their rarity or value. It was some moments before there was a bid on them, and Merwin threatened to pass them unless he had a bid instantly. This brought out a bid of $5, and he was just on the point of knocking them down for that price when $6 was bid. The bidding now became very spirited, and they soon run up to $33. Just as the hammer was coming down I made my first bid, $34. I was not long in ascertaining that my opponent was determined to have them at any price, so I gave up the chase at $41. They were then knocked down to old Tad Pratt's agent for $41.50—thus demonstrating the fact that the ex-tanner's purse was longer than the ex-cartman's. Old Tad never attended the sales himself, but he always had his agent present fully empowered to purchase any book on the catalogue that he had marked, no matter what the price.

Jordon & Norton had the largest and best room for showing off books of any in the city. It was about two hundred feet in depth, and contained sufficient table room to place 10,000 volumes on exhibition at the same time. During their first year they did an immense amount of business, but it was done very loosely, they being most of the time in a wrangle with some one of their customers. Jordon was the auctioneer, and a pretty mess he often made of it. He knew about as much about the character and value of the books that he sold as a Hindoo idol does about the Christian religion. I doubt if he had ever read a book through in his life. Having had no previous experience in the business, as a matter of course he knew nothing about the tricks of an old auctioneer, and consequently there was no *sham* bidding at any of his sales. He was honest, but ignorant, and always knocked down a book to the highest bidder.

The first of their sales that I ever attended was what is termed a lot sale—that is, the books offered for sale were small lots sent there by different parties. After his catalogue had been made up and printed, some one sent him a bag of books, represented as containing one hundred and fifty volumes. They were evidently put into the bag for convenience of transportation, with the expectation that they would be taken out, classified and entered on the catalogue, either singly or in lots corresponding to their value. But Jordon thought differently. Being sent to him in a bag he at once concluded that it was the intention of their owner that he should

sell them in the bag and by the bag. So, when the hour for commencing the sale arrived Jordon took his place at the desk and said:

"Gentlemen, here's a bag of books, said to contain one hundred and fifty volumes, sent here for sale after the present catalogue had been printed. They will be sold without reserve to the highest bidder. How much shall I have for them? I have not opened the bag to see what kind of books they are—shall sell them to you, bag and all, just as we received them—'unsight, unseen,' as the boys say, when swapping knives. How much shall I have bid for the lot and take the chances? Can have them at your own price—how much shall I have for the lot? Thank you, sir; I have a dollar and a half bid for the bag and contents, and that by a stranger, too. Are you all done at a dollar and a half? Can't dwell on these *small* lots—bid quick or you will lose them—all done? Then, down they go at a dollar and half for the lot. What's the name, sir?"

"Lyon."

"All right, Mr. Lyon; you have a bargain there worth *roaring* over. I doubt not but that you will find some very readable books in your collection. We will now proceed with the catalogue."

Well, I did find some of them very readable indeed, so much so that I retained five of them for my own private library, and for which I would not accept a $10 greenback to-day. I catalogued the remainder, and took them back for Jordan to resell a few weeks after—and despite his bungling manner of selling, they netted me a trifle over $17. But, didn't the former owner of the books give Jordan particular jessie, for selling his valuable collection of books by the *bag full*!

During the next three years I was a frequent attendant at the salesroom of Jordon & Morton. One day I noticed among the books upon the table for sale that evening a venerable old English folio volume, sandwiched in among a lot of second-hand American books of rather commonplace character. Inscribed upon its back in large letters was the plain, simple word, "Tryals." Curiosity prompted me to take it up and examine it. The volume was wholly composed of original pamphlet reports of the trials of the so-called Popish conspirators during the reign of Charles II. of England, in the years 1678–9 and '80—instigated, as all the world knows, by that God-forsaken villain, *Titus Oates*. They were some fifteen in number, all full, complete and in perfect order, having been carefully collected and preserved by some curious old bookworm of that day, for the enlightenment of future generations. I had not seen anything like them before, and have not since—and it is a question in my mind, whether there is another *full* collection of them in this form in existence to-day, certainly not outside the British Museum. I at once made up my mind that I would be the owner of that volume within the next twenty-four hours, or compel somebody else to pay a big price for it.

I went down early to the sale, not expecting that there would be much of a turnout, as the old "Tryals" was the only volume on the catalogue of any value in my eyes; but what was my chagrin when I found the room filled by the whole army of old book buyers and their agents. I now felt and believed that the whole crowd was after the same coveted old volume, and well knowing that the purses of most of them were longer than mine, I had about made up mind that I should lose my prize. The volume in question stood No. 40 on the catalogue, and would soon be reached. The sale commenced, and the bidding was unusually spirited for such a collection. Finally the book that I supposed everybody was waiting for was reached. Jordon took it up and said, "Here's an old volume of trials of some kind; please give me a bid for it; you can have it at your own price." No bid was offered, and he continued, "I say, Lyon, this is something in your line, I believe; give me a bid for it; it's worth something to strap your razor on; you can have it at your own price." "Well," I said, "I guess it's worth twenty-five cents, anyhow." "Thank you; I have twenty-five cents bid for the old trials; there is certainly *enough* of them in *bulk* to be worth more money, but they go to Lyon for twenty-five cents." "Hold on!" shouted a dozen voices, "we are not done bidding yet; one dollar is bid—two! three! four! *five!*" "Can't take your bids now, gentlemen," coolly replied Jordon; "you are all too late; the book has been fairly purchased by Mr. Lyon. Next book, if you please, Mr. Morton." The secret was now out of the

bag, and it appeared that about half the audience were there for the express purpose of buying the old "Tryals" at almost any price; but by being too overcautious at the start they allowed the person whom they least expected to bid on it at all to carry off the prize at the twentieth part of its value. I was offered $10 for my purchase in ten minutes after I bought it, but I thought that I had obtained it cheap enough to afford to keep it myself. It requires some judgment and a little strategy, as well as a general knowledge of the character of the auctioneer, to buy books cheap at auction. Jordon was an honest auctioneer, but not a *smart* one.

There was an old gentleman of the name of Hall, who had been largely in the book-trade in New York during the last forty years. He was then about 70 years of age, and was quite wealthy. He was fair and square in all his dealings with his fellow men, which is a circumstance worth remembering in these degenerate days of gift-enterprises *for a consideration.* He introduced into New York more rare and valuable old English books than all other importers combined. He accepted orders from and purchased scarce and valuable books for half the public and private libraries in the United States, on which he charged a moderate commission. It was his custom to make two trips to England each year, and while there he made it his business to purchase all the books that came in his way—always *at his own price*—which he immediately shipped to New York. Whenever he arrived in England his first movement was to make himself acquainted with the names of all the notabilities who possessed large and valuable libraries who had died during his absence. As a general thing the younger members of the families of these defunct old dignitaries into whose hands these old libraries had passed, were anxious to get rid of these old worm-eaten books at almost any price, so that they could replace them with large, handsome, grandly gilt and varnished *new* wooden volumes of the more modern and fashionable authors, whose works were but a "fleeting shew for man's delusion given." Mr. Hall would sometimes buy these old libraries in bulk, sometimes at so much a volume for the whole, and at other times at so much a ton—but always without any reference to the difference in the value of the books. It would be safe to say that he always bought them *cheap.* On the arrival of his books in New York, his first business would be to sort them over carefully, select out such of them as had been ordered, and dispatch them to the persons who had ordered them. Having thus disposed of all the books that had been ordered, he would then catalogue the remainder and send them to an auction room to be sold to the highest bidder, without reserve.

Early in September, 1853, Mr. Hall arrived in the city with his last semi annual importation of books, amounting in number to twenty odd thousand volumes in all. As it was the last, so it was the largest and most valuable collection that he had ever imported at one time, consisting of all the *old* books embraced in the combined libraries of five defunct old noblemen, two of which he had purchased in *bulk*, and the other three by the *ton.* Many of these books—but few of which had been ordered—were of the rarest and most valuable kind to be found in England, having been hoarded and preserved with the greatest care by the ancestors of these noble old families for unknown generations. The very thought of thus fooling with books of such priceless value is enough to make an old antiquary butt his brains out with grief and shame at such wholesale desecration.

Mr. Hall carefully catalogued this magnificent collection, and sent them to Jordon & Morton for sale. The catalogue contained nearly 5,000 lots, and was arranged to occupy twelve evenings in their sale. Many of the most valuable books in the collection were placed early in the catalogue for the first evening's sale, so as to draw a large audience, and give the catalogue a good start. Heretofore Mr. Hall had sent his books to the salesroom of Rawdon & Lyman; but having had some little difficulty with them over the proceeds of his last sale, he concluded that he would send this his last importation to Jordon & Morton.

The sale commenced on Monday evening. An extra number of catalogues had been printed and distributed broadcast all over the country. I went down to the sale, but not with the most distant expectation of buying a single volume. There were lots of books on the catalogue that I should like to have had, but I knew very well that the price at which they would most likely sell would be entirely be-

yond my limited reach. When I arrived at the salesroom I found that every seat was already filled, and not much more than half the audience seated at that. Among those who had obtained the best seats I noticed a large number of the most plucky old book buyers from all parts of the country; and it was quite evident from the manner in which each one was scanning his catalogue that there would be some pretty lively competition among them when the sale commenced. When Jordan came forward for the purpose of opening the sale, I was standing close along side of his desk, noticing which he passed an old stool over the railing, and in a low tone of voice said: "Mr. Lyon, you have doubtless been hard at work all day—will you accept this stool for the evening—it is the best seat I have at hand to offer you—it will be better than no seat at all." Thanking him for his politeness, I gladly accepted the stool, and at once seated myself thereon. As will be seen hereafter, this little unpremeditated act of kindness on the part of Mr. Jordan caused the discontinuance of the sale of that splendid catalogue of books in less than an hour thereafter, which resulted in a loss of several thousand dollars to their owner.

Mr. Jordan having taken his place at the desk, briefly said:—"Gentleman, the sale of this vast collection of old English books will now commence. They belong to our old friend, Mr. Hall, now at my side. They are his last importation, and he informs me that some of them are very valuable; of this you will be your own judges. I shall sell them without reserve to the highest bidder, for cash on delivery. Bid lively and I will give you all good bargains. I shall sell every book offered if I get a bid on it. As on all former occasions, the sale will be a fair and square one. Mr. Hall will warrant every book as described in the catalogue, but reserves to himself the right to discontinue the sale at his option."

The sale then commenced, and the first ten lots being of but little value, were knocked down rapidly at a few cents each. Lot No. 11 was two old quarto volumes of travels, profusely illustrated. "How much shall I have a volume for the old travels?" said Jordan. "Give me a bid and I'll sell them; anything you please." No bid was offered. "Come, Lyon; this old work is in your line—give me a bid." "Well, twenty-five cents, if you want a bid badly," I replied. "The king of the forest bids twenty-five cents; shall I have any more? Only twenty-five cents. Are you all done? Down they go to Lyon at twenty-five cents a volume. Next." The next was an immense old folio volume; title not recollected. "How much shall I have bid for this brave old folio volume? Anything you please, gentleman; start it, if you please; how much? Come, Lyon, give me a bid; anything you please, and I will sell it; only bid quick." "You can start it at fifty cents, if you like, Mr. Jordan." "Thank you; I have fifty cents bid to start this grand old folio—warranted perfect and in good order; can't dwell on these books; are you all done at fifty cents? Third and last call; put it down to Lyon at fifty cents? Next. Well, here's something that you will all want—a fine old history of Russia, in three large quarto volumes, and full of quaint old pictures; how much shall I have for them? Don't all speak at once. What! nobody wants them at any price? Why, old books are getting to be a drug in the market. Come, Lyon, I shall have to look to you to start them. How much are you willing to bid? Shall I say twenty-five cents?" "Yes; all right; go on," I replied; "you have my standing bids of twenty-five cents for all quarto volumes, and fifty cents for all folio volumes; and the more of them the better, to the end of the catalogue. I rather like this style of buying books, although I did not come here to-night expecting to purchase a single volume." "Yes, no doubt you like it," rejoined Mr. Jordan; "but what in the world is the matter with all you old book-folks this evening? Why don't you bid on these valuable books? They are selling for less than a quarter of their value, and yet you don't bid on them. But you will wish you had when it is too late. But I can't dwell on them; are you all done at twenty-five cents? Lyon has them at 25 cents a volume. Next."

And thus it went on until the first sixty lots had been sold—all to Lyon at 25 and 50 cents a volume. Mr. Hall himself stood behind the desk all this time handing up the books and calling off their names. It was evident enough from his looks and actions that he was not over pleased at the manner in which his books were being sacrificed, but he said nothing. There had been considerable whis-

pering going on among the audience and many significant glances had been exchanged, but up to this time there had not a word been uttered aloud by any one present except what had passed between Jordan and myself. The knowledge of the fact that I was buying books at a shilling on the dollar of their real value, made me look upon the transaction more as a dream than a reality, but still Mr. Hall had no cause to complain, for in every case I had been the *highest bidder* as well as the *only one*. At this point in the sale Mr. Jordan paused for a moment and said: "Gentlemen, if you don't bid on these books I can't go on; you are doing great injustice not only to Mr. Hall, but also to yourselves in allowing these valuable books to be thrown away in the manner in which they have been. You have probably got the false impression in your head that Mr. Lyon is an *under bidder*, but such is not the case. Every book that has been knocked down to him will be delivered to him on his payment of the price which he has bid for them, but we can't sell him many more at *such prices*. With this explanation, which I trust will be satisfactory to you, I will continue the sale, provided you will bid on the books."

Ten lots more were put up and sold, all except two were knocked down to Lyon at 50 cents a volume. Lots 61 and 62 were two exceedingly rare and valuable volumes and produced some little competition. Lot 61 was a full and complete *original* edition of Ben. Johnson's works, in splendid condition, bound in fine old English calf and printed in 1616, for which I had to pay $1.95. I bought it because I thought it was cheap, and sold it under the hammer a few weeks after for $9.50. Lot 62 was a copy of the *original* edition of "Purchas, His Pilgrims," containing the history of Asia, Africa and America, printed in 1617; the work itself being perfect but the binding was in a somewhat dilapidated condition—lively bidding made it cost me $4.75. I bought this because I wanted it for my own library. I had the "Pilgrims" rebound in good substantial library binding, and have since had a standing offer of $25 for it. The second edition of "Purchas," including the history of Europe, was published in 1619, in five octavo volumes, and was, I believe, the last edition ever published. A year or two later I saw a copy of this edition, bound in coarse brown pasteboard, leaves uncut, sell under the hammer for $20.25 a volume. It was bought by John H. Moore, their librarian, for the New York Historical Society's library. There are very few copies of "Purchas" in private hands in this country.

Lot 70 was a fine folio volume, translated into English and printed in 1614, of the Memoirs, written by himself, of Philip de Comines, a celebrated French diplomat, in the time of Charles the Bold—knocked down to Lyon for 50 cents. I afterwards sold it for $11. When this last named volume was sold, Mr. Hall took Jordan's place at the desk and said:

"Gentlemen, this is downright murder; the slaughter of the innocents was nothing compared with it. We certainly cannot be expected to go on any longer at this rate. I have been engaged in the book trade for over forty years, but never before have I witnessed such a scene of infatuation as has transpired in this room to-night. What in Heaven's name does it all mean? It must appear self-evident to every impartial looker-on here that gentlemen have got the delusion into their heads that Mr. Lyon has been acting the part of an *under bidder* in my interest all the evening, but they never labored under a greater delusion in their lives."

"I don't know about that," shouted a *very* literary-looking gentleman who sported a pair of gold spectacles. "If not acting the part of a Peter Funk, why was Mr. Lyon, who has had every book knocked down to him at his own price, furnished with a comfortable seat and posted right under the nose of the auctioneer, while much older gentlemen have been compelled to remain standing during the whole evening? Will Mr. Jordan please answer me that question?"

"Most certainly I will," replied Mr. Jordon. "Seeing Mr. Lyon, who is one of our oldest customers, standing in front of me, after all the seats were occupied, and knowing that he had been hard at work all day, I passed to him a stool from the office, as a simple act of humanity—nothing more, nothing less."

"Yes, under a prearrangement with him to that effect, I doubt not," replied this watchful guardian of the common welfare, who saw rank treason in every flicker of the gaslight."

Mr. Hall continued: "I see gentlemen now before me whom I have known, and who have known me for thirty years or more, and I ap-

peal to them to do me common justice. Have any of you ever known me to do a mean or dishonest act? If so, charge it home against me now. Notwithstanding this senseless fizzle has depleted my pocket to the tune of many hundred dollars, I say in all truthfulness, and to his credit, that Mr. Lyon has honestly and squarely bought every volume that has been knocked down to him just as fairly, according to the conditions of the sale, as though he had bought them at their full value. He has shown himself to be the only sensible person in this room to-night—and seeing that the books have had to be given away, it is some consolation for me to know that they have fallen into so worthy hands. He shall be just as welcome to them, when he pays for them and takes them away, as though he had paid $10 a volume for them."

"If that is a just and true statement of the case, then go on with the sale," chimed in old gold spectacles; "there are many books on this catalogue that I should like to have, and am willing to bid a fair price for them, but I do not like to compete with *under bidders.*"

"Sir!" rejoined Mr. Hall, pretty sharply—

"'A *mule* convinced against his will,
Will remain *mulish* in his opinions still.'

"The *last* book that I shall ever offer at auction has already been sold. Having a perfect *right* to do it, and feeling that, in justice to myself, it is my duty to do it, I now adjourn this sale *sine die*. In about three weeks I shall have a new catalogue of these books printed, with the *lowest price* of each affixed thereto, which you will find on exhibition and for sale at the prices therein given in the rear part of this room. The prices will be placed *low enough* to satisfy the desire of all those who wish to purchase them. For the present I bid you, one and all, good night."

I have never yet regretted my attendance at Mr. Hall's sale on that mysterious night, when the gentleman with the gold specs succeeded in *mesmerizing* all the rest of the audience except myself.

BOOKS, AUCTIONS AND AUCTIONEERS—Second Part.

ARTICLE No. 18.

On my way down after my books next morning I called in at Rawdon & Lyman's to see what they had on their catalogue for sale that evening. The first person I met on entering the room was John Keese, their auctioneer. I was quite intimate with Mr. Keese at that time, and as I approached him he began to smile, and said:

"Why, Lyon, how's this? What have you been doing? I understand that you were raising the very devil among the books across the street last night."

"No; not exactly raising the devil," I replied, "but a fine lot of rare old quartos and folios, at 25 and 50 cents a volume. The general impression is that somobody has been *hurt.*"

"Yes, so I have been informed, and most of them worth from $5 to $10 a volume. I should think that Mr. Hall must feel considerably hurt. But how did it happen? Where were all the wide-awake old book buyers?"

"They were all there, but they seemed to have lost the power of speech, as well as their wits. There was an old gent in gold specs present, who appeared to control the minds and movements of the whole audience and made them believe that the whole thing was a *sham;* or, in other words, that I was acting the part of a Peter Funk in the interest of Mr. Hall. I never saw such a room full of dunces before in my life."

"Bah! they must have been madder than so many March hares. There were plenty of old book dealers present, who have known Mr. Hall all their lives, and who knew that he never had and never would be guilty of such a dishonorable act."

"I know all that; but then old gold specs apparently mesmerized them into the belief that I was an *under-bidder*, and it was impossible to drum that belief out of their stupid heads."

"Well, it is a laughable affair, to say the least of it. But what are you going to do with so many of these valuable old books?

If you wish to sell them, send them over here and I will guarantee to sell them for you for four times the price you paid for them."

"I am now going over to get my books, and when I have selected out such as I wish to reserve for my own use, I will bring you the remainder, which you may sell to the highest bidder, and I will take my chances as to the result."

"You may well say that, for I could not sell them at the price that you paid for them, even should I offer them to the *lowest bidder*."

I then crossed over to Jordon & Norton's and called for my bill. It amounted to thirty-five dollars and fifty cents, for which I had laid out, subject to my order over one hundred volumes of choice old English literature.

"Shall I receipt your bill and deliver you the books?" inquired Mr. Jordon, with a smile.

"I believe that is the usual way of doing business, Mr. Jordon," I replied.

"If you like, Mr. Lyon, you can leave the books—that is, if you think you have been cheated, and Mr. Jordon will pay you the amount of your bill," groaned Mr. Hall. "I don't expect that you are foolish enough to accept my proposition, but I thought I would make you an offer for them."

"No, thank you, Mr. Hall; I think I can do a little better than that with them. Besides there are some half-dozen volumes in the lot that I do not care to sell at any price."

"I don't *think* anything about it," replied Mr. Hall. "I *know* that you can do four times better than that with them; but it grieves me to the heart to know that my honorable dealing has been questioned by my old friends. It is bad enough for me to stand by and see my books thrown away, without being charged with fraud and deception."

"But," chimed in Mr. Jordon, "you need never expect to sit on that fated stool again —*lucky* to you, but *unlucky* to me, as all the town knows by this time."

"Never mind, Mr. Jordon," I replied; "the scene at the sale last night presented one of the most singular and remarkable cases of mental delusion that I ever witnessed; but it only goes to prove that the 'fools are not all dead yet.'"

Having now read all my old "Tryals," I came to the conclusion that such villains as Oates, Dangerfield, Bedloe and Praurue would swear away a man's life for a single groat, and then fight among themselves which should have it. The conspirators were all tried for treason in the Court of Kings' Bench, and as a matter of course all were convicted, hung and drawn and quartered, not excepting the good old Lord Stafford, a man then over eighty years of age. Death was always sure to follow the *charge* of treason in those days, no matter whether the person so charged was guilty or not. These trials are all full and complete within themselves, but still there are frequent references made in them to other documents—such as narratives, informations, &c., upon which the indictments were based, and which should be read before you can fully understand the drift of much of the evidence introduced into these trials. It is quite evident from the developments made public at the time that all England was greatly excited by the fear of a foreign Papist invasion, although English historians pass it over very lightly.

When Mr. Hall got out his new catalogue, and had his books on exhibition, I dropped in one day to have a look at them. Passing along, hastily glancing at their titles, I noticed a large folio volume inscribed "Historical Tracts, 1679-1680." Thinking that, perhaps, I might find something a little rare or curious therein, I took up the volume and ran my eye carefully over its contents, when lo! what should they be but the very "Narratives, &c.," that I have been longing for. "Eureka!" I shouted so loud that Mr. Hall overheard me at his desk, some rods off.

"I am glad to hear it," shouted Mr. Hall in reply, "but what have you found, Mr. Lyon, that pleases you so?"

"I have found the Alpha to my Omega on the so-called "Horrid Popish Plots." I already have a complete set of the trials of all those terrible old conspirators, and now here comes a full set of the Narratives, Informations, &c., upon which the indictments against them were founded. I see that you have marked the price of this volume $2—here's your money, Mr. Hall."

"You say that you already have the trials that originated from these narratives and informations, or from indictments based thereon. Then you possess one of the rarest col-

lections of *original* pamphlets upon an important subject which is little known and understood by any person in this country. The fact is, I do not believe that there is another full and complete set of these pamphlets in their original form in existence. I congratulate you on your good fortune in obtaining them. And now, Mr. Lyon, you will find a large collection of very rare old English Plays lying on a table down in the rear end of this room. They are not on the catalogue, but you can go down there and select as many of them as you please at 10 cents each. There is money in them at that price; you will never have such a chance again. I have placed them on sale this morning for the first time."

I went down to the end of the room as directed, and took a look at the old Plays. They were in splendid condition and were from 150 to 175 years old. I selected out 100 of the choicest of them and left. I returned a day or two after for the rest of them but they had all been gobbled up. I afterward sold some of these old Plays in the same room for $1.50 each.

I know of nothing in the world of so uncertain value as books in an auction room. I have known the price of a book to vary three hundred per cent. within the space of five minutes. The last sale I attended at Jordan & Norton's was one composed entirely of fine new books. Among the collection there was a large number of Lossing's Lives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence and Miss Sedgwick's novels. These were all ten shilling books at retail. They had been selling for some time under the hammer to private buyers, at from 75 to 90 cents the single volume. On this occasion Jordan put up five copies of the "Signers," with the privilege of twenty-five. They were knocked down to a young man of the name of Leggett at five shillings a volume. He took twenty-five copies at that price. The next lot was five copies, same work, with privilege of the other twenty-five. There was but one bid on them, and they were knocked down to Lyon at two shillings a volume, and my impression is that he took the whole *twenty-five*. The next lot was fifty copies of Sedgewick's novels, five copies, with the privilege of twenty-five. Leggett took the first twenty-five at fifty-five cents, and Lyon the other twenty-five, at twenty-five cents a volume.

Leggett and his brother—two young men just then starting into business with a few hundred dollars that had been left them by a relative—selected the book business as their future venture in life. Neither of them knew anything about the character of books or their value, and consequently they were well fitted for the business. If you wish to make money rapidly strike out into any kind of business that you know nothing about. Leggett & Brother now own the largest old book store in the city, situated in Nassau street, between John and Fulton street. It takes a real know-nothing of books to succeed in the business.

Rawdon & Lyman had their sales-room on the corner of Broadway and White street. John Keese was their auctioneer, and if he could not sell a book then there was no use of any one else trying. Everybody knew Keese, and he was justly styled the prince of auctioneers. If a book had any special points about it—smutty or otherwise—he knew where to find them; and if it had none he could very easily make some. "Gentlemen," said he one night, "you all know how to *make water*, but here's a book that tells you how to *make ice*—how much shall I have for it?" John was *smart*, and required a little watching—*just a little*. He was full of fun, and always made his sales lively.

Keese, and Burton, the actor, were great friends, as the world goes. Burton bought largely at Keese's sales, but I never saw him inside of an auction room in my life. Burton was always after everything old, rare and curious, and this is the way it was done. Keese knew his wants exactly, and whenever he had a catalogue containing anything of this character, he would send him a copy. Burton would append his initials to whatever he wanted, and return it to Keese—and it was fully understood between them that whatever was marked was to be bought for him *without regard to price!* As a general thing, Keese would start all such marked lots at their full value—or a little more—and, if there was no advance bid by any one else, down they would go to "W. E. B." at his own price, which was never a very *low* one. During the sale of the late Bishop Elliet's library, a very rare and curious old pamphlet came up for competition, and I suppose that, as a matter of course, Burton would have it.

It was a small 4to volume, paper cover, containing 126 pages, and this was the title of it:

"The Unloveliness of Love-Lockes—Or a Summarie Discourse, prooning: The wearing and nourishing of a Locke, or Love-Locke, to be altogether Unseemely, and Unlawful unto Christians. In which there are likewise some passages collected out of Fathers, Councells, and sundry Authors and Historians, against Face-painting; the wearing of Suppositions, Poudred, Frizzled or extraordinary long Haire; the inordinate affectation of corporall Beautie; and Women's Mannish, Unnaturall, Impudent, and Unchristian cutting of their Haire; the Epidemicall Vanities and Vices of our Age. —By William Prynne, Gent.—London, printed *Anno* 1628."

Keese puffed up this old pamphlet, and declare it a *unique*—at any rate there was not a person present who had ever seen a copy of it before. It was started at 50 cents and finally knocked down to Lyon at 80 cents. It was a prize I had not expected to obtain at that price, and I knew that there was a screw loose somewhere. When I called for my books next morning, Keese, looking grave and thoughtful, said to me:

"Lyon, do you particularly care about having that old pamphlet of Prynne's? I will allow you a handsome advance on it if you will spare it me. I had it marked for Burton, but having mislaid my catalogue, I find that I have entirely overlooked it. Burton wanted it badly, and charged me to be particular and secure it for him. What am I to do about it? Will you accept a dollar for your bargain?"

"No, I think not, Mr. Keese. I should like to oblige *you*, but Burton has bluffed me off so many times that I don't feel much like accommodating *him*. Let him know for once how it feels to be disappointed. At any rate, I cannot part with it until I have read it."

Going down Broadway a few days afterward I met Keese near Reade street. I never before saw him so much excited. Stopping me short as I was about passing him, he exclaimed: "Good God! Lyon, you *must* let me have that old Prynne pamphlet at some price or other, or Burton will certainly kill me. I have just been down at his theatre to see him, and a madder man I never saw in my life. Have you yet made up your mind whether you will let him have that old pamphlet or not? He has just authorized me to offer you $3 in cash and a family ticket to his theatre on any evening you may wish to attend if you will let him have it; but, in view of the manner in which he abused me, I don't care two coppers whether you let him have it or not. But, dam me! if it wasn't fearful to hear him rave and swear."

"Mr. Keese," I replied, "I can't spare Burton the old pamphlet you alluded to on any terms—it is a rare literary curiosity, and I intend to keep it. If it is worth $3 to him it certainly is worth 80 cents to me, and I can afford to keep it at that price."

I never heard the magic initials "W. E. B." called again by Keese after that night. Burton was a terrible enemy when once you got his bad passions aroused; and take him all in all, he was a *mean man*.

I bought quite a number of other very rare and curious old theological pamphlets at the Bishop's sale, among which were the following: "Saint Avstin's Svmmes; By William Compton, Mr. of Arts," London, 1625—price, fifty cents; "Fisher's Folly Unfolded; or the Vanuting Iesvite's Vanity, discovered in a challenge by his (by him) proudly made, but on his part poorely performed," by George Walker, London, 1624—price, sixty cents. (This was a very sharp and racy controversy.) "The Unmasking of a Mass-Monger," London, 1626—price, seventy five cents.; "A Gagge for the Pope and the Iesvits," London, 1624—price, ninety cents; "Reade All: or Reade Nothing—Robert Crowley's reply to Fryer John Fravncis of Nigeon in France," London, 1586—price, one dollar and twenty-five cents; "The Life of the Blessed Virgin, Sainct Catharine of Siena, with Permission of Superiors," Anno, 1609—price, two dollars and fifty cents (bound book of 450 pages).

The last two named are extremely rare and curious—the latter too *strange and curious* to be believed by the skeptics of the present day. I have never yet seen a second copy of any of the above named, and consequently value them very highly.

I once witnessed at Rawdon & Lyman's a scene that, in its mysterious movements, outrivalled the affair of Jordan & Morton's, a few months before—the only difference being that *high* prices ruled instead of *low*. The sale was composed of a fine private library, consisting of about 800 volumes, mostly by modern authors, and all uniformly bound in the best library binding. The room was well filled by the best class of buyers, and it

certainly looked as though the bidding would be lively. I obtained a good seat on the sixth bench in front of the auctioneer's desk; and directly in front of me sat a middle-aged, country-looking gentleman, and a young lad about sixteen years old. Keese took his place at the desk, and briefly announced the sale of a valuable private library, which would be sold without reserve to the *highest bidder*.

The first book that was put up—one of the poorest lot—was started at 25 cents, its full auction value. The lad in front of me looked up inquiringly into the face of the old gentleman at his side, the old gent nodded his head approvingly, the lad bid 50 cents, and it was knocked down to him at that price. "What's the name?" inquired Keese. The lad hesitated for a moment, and then in a subdued, boyish tone of voice replied, "Bolton." This was an entirely new name to the old book buyers, but nothing was said. And thus the sale went on to the end of the catalogue. There were only three solitary bidders on the books during the whole evening—two strange gentlemen and the boy. Every book on the catalogue was started by either one or the other of the strange gentlemen at nearly its full retail price, and every one of them were knocked down to the boy, "Bolton," as the *highest bidder*. All the rest of the audience remained quietly in their seats, looked on, wondered and laughed at the sport, but never made a bid.

"What the devil does all this mean?" whispered one to another—"the old man must be either a fool or crazy if he is not willing to sell his books at the price others are bidding for them."

It appeared plain to every one present that the old gent was the owner of the books, and that the boy, his son, was bidding them in for him; but if he wanted to sell them, why bid them in at more than their retail value? That was the mystery which no one present could unriddle.

"Keese," said I next morning when I called in to examine the books for sale that evening, "can you inform me who that crazy-headed old fool is who bought in all his own books last night and at such enormous prices, too?" "Hold on a moment if you have the time to spare," said Keese, "and I will explain it to you," and he laughed heartily. "Our last night's performance was almost as good and quite as great a mystery as your affair across the street a short time ago. That crazy-headed old fool, as you call him, was the great lawyer, Charles O'Conor (I thought you knew him), and the lad at his side was his step-son, one of the young McCrackens. The boy's father died insolvent a year or two ago, and Charley married his widow. McCracken's creditors seized upon his library and sent it here for sale. The boy manifested a strong desire to become the owner of his father's library, and Charley promised him that he would buy it for him. The creditors having ascertained this fact deputized a couple of their friends to come here and run the books away up beyond their value, and it has worked like a charm without any collusion on my part. But Charley has been as good as his word, although he has paid devilish dear for his whistle. It was a good joke on myself as well as on the rest of the audience, but it was my duty as well as my interest to sell the books to the highest bidder, no matter who that might happen to be."

"Well," I replied, "Mr. O'Conor has the reputation of being the greatest constitutional lawyer in the country, and I think that hereafter he will be looked upon as the *highest priced* book-buyer in the city. But he has plenty of money and can stand it."

The Mr. McCracken here alluded to was once wealthy and one of the owners of the Havre line of steamships. He failed both in health and business at about the same time. Slowly dying with consumption, he went abroad hoping to regain his health, but he never returned to this country. He died while journeying across one of the African deserts. I recollect that I took down his baggage and put it on board the Ville de Paris the last time he sailed from the port of New York. I think it was his son, the young lad for whom Mr. O'Conor bought the books, who, as Secretary of Legation to one of our American Ministers, kicked up quite a breeze a few years since among our diplomats in Europe by divulging important state secrets.

There was a general stagnation in the book trade in this country in 1854. Several large publishing houses had failed, and hundreds of thousands of volumes were forced upon the market, to be sold at any price that could be obtained for them, many of which did not net their owners above fifteen per

cent. on their retail value. During the Fall of 1854 Partridge & Oakey, of London, shipped to Rawdon & Lyman about 10,000 volumes of their choice publications for them to sell. They were mostly books of a useful character, intended for the working classes, and published at the extremely low price of 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. sterling per volume. Keese sold them at first for from thirty to fifty cents a volume, by the single volume; then at twenty to thirty cents to the trade, by the ten volumes, until the price declined from fifteen to twenty cents by the twenty volumes, when the sale was discontinued. Finally, in March, 1855, an order came from the owners to close out the remainder of the invoice at any price they could get for them, and remit the proceeds. Keese packed them all into one catalogue. The night on which they were sold was very stormy. I was in there in the afternoon preceding the sale, examining the books on the tables, when Keese came up to me and said:

"See here, Lyon, it is so stormy that I don't suppose that you will be down here to-night. Here's a catalogue of the sale—if there is anything on it that you want, mark them, and I will buy them for you. This is the last chance that you will have at those English books. They will be put up in lots of five, with the privilege of the whole of each kind, and will no doubt go off at very low figures."

I had no particular inclination for any of the books, but by way of a joke I marked six cents opposite each line of the English books, and returned the catalogue to Keese. He ran his eye over the list, and with a smile on his countenance, remarked:

"How many of each do you want at those prices?"

"All there is on the catalogue," I replied.

"Yes, I should think so," rejoined Keese; "but I don't think that you will get many of them. However, I will start them at your bid, and if there is no advance on them you shall have them."

The next afternoon, while I stood examining the books for sale that evening, Keese came out of the office, and tapping me on the shoulder, said:

"Lyon, here's the bill of your last night's purchase, and the sooner you take away your books the better I shall like it."

I glanced over the bill and found that I had bought every book that I had marked, amounting in the aggregate to between 500 and 600 volumes. "Why, Keese, how's this?" said I, "it looks as though you had me charged with every book on the catalogue." "Yes," rejoined Keese, "with every book that you marked, yours being the only bid I had on them. But you need not take any more of them than you want, at that price." "I never go back on my own bid," I replied—"you can duplicate them at that price, if you like, and I will stand it." That was about the best hit I ever made in an auction room.

A brief account of a few of the other old books that I have purchased at different times, and I shall bring this long, rambling discourse to a close. Any person at all familiar with the modern prices of old books, will see at a glance that I have bought them cheap enough in all conscience. Whenever an old book brings the fabulous price that we sometimes read of, more than one person is present who wants it.

"Mirabilis Annos, or The Years of Prodigies and Wonders," 1661-1662-1663—3 vols. 4to.; "British Museum Sale Duplicate, 1787." This is a very scarce and curious work, and could hardly be duplicated in this country. The owner of it told Keese that he must get $3 a volume for it, or bid it in. It was put up five times before it was sold. The first time $2¼ was bid, and after that it continued to decline, and at the fifth sale was knocked down to Lyon at 75 cents a volume. "The Doubtful Heir, a tragi-comedie, as it was acted at the private house in Black Friars, and ye other plays—written by James Shirley, never printed before. London, 1652." Shirley was the last of the Elizabethan dramatists; his style is very *coarse and smutty*. "Three Years Travels from Moscow Overland to China. Written by his Excellency E. Ysbrants Ides, Ambassador from the Czar of Muscovy to the Emperor of China, with many curious cuts. London, 1706." There is a great deal in this book to admire and wonder at. White Knight's copy sold in London, a few years since, for 4*l.* 5*s.* This copy cost me $1.25. "The Historie of the Holie Warre," by Thomas Fuller, 1647. Fine copy, price $1.75. This book is full of quaint humor and sharp, biting sarcasm. I doubt if there is a man living to-day who could write such a

work." "The Wonders of the Little World; or, a General History of Man." By Nathaniel Wanley, large folio. London, 1678. This book contains the most remarkable collection of curious things ever placed between the covers of a single volume. It cost me $2½, and it is the only copy I ever saw. Baker's "Chronicle of the Kings of England," large folio. London, 1679. Very excellent book of reference; cost, $1.75. "Travels of Monsieur de Thevenot into the Levant," large folio. London, 1686; cost $2.25. Thevenot has the reputation of being an *honest* traveler, and of giving correct and lucid descriptions of the countries through which he traveled. But I think I hear the reader say, "Hold! enough of this twaddle about old books."

The last time Keese sold books he was dying with the consumption. For three and a half mortal hours he stood at his desk and cracked his jokes for the entertainment of his audience over a long catalogue of worthless trash that did not amount to $100, all told. During the last half hour of that miserable performance his mind began to wander, and he could only articulate his broken and disconnected sentences in a whisper. He coughed hard, and had bad choking spells during the whole evening, and when the last book was sold he retired completely exhausted. When I called in for my books next morning I noticed that the spittoon behind the desk was full to overflowing with fresh blood and corruption, which he had discharged from his lungs the night before. The last time I saw poor Keese was a few days after, trudging down the lower part of Broadway, with a small carpetbag in his hand. "Which way now, Mr. Keese?" I inquired. "I am going," he replied, "down to Charleston as a last resort to spend a few weeks in the hope of restoring my health—but I don't expect that it will amount to anything." He returned again to New York in about three weeks, and died shortly after. Poor Keese! he was a man of erudition as well as wit, and the Napoleon of book auctioneers.

Mr. Keese had a favorite son named John Lawrence Keese. He was cashier for Rawdon & Lyman for a number of years, and everybody loved him for his good nature and the promptness with which he attended to their wants. All the old book-buyers knew him, and used to call him Larry for short. He was a member of the famous New York Seventh Regiment, and at the outbreak of the late rebellion he started with his regiment for the defence of Washington. He was accidentally killed by one of his comrades soon after their arrival in Baltimore.

I do not suppose that this long talk about books will interest many of the readers of the JOURNAL—but of all things in the world, I love to gossip about old books and their authors. Old books are my weakness, and I don't care two pins who knows it. Give me a good clean pipe, charged to the brim with genuine "Yacht Club," a flowing bowl of whisky-punch, and a quaint and racy old book, by some fun-provoking old dead and gone author, and I don't care a U B Dam who is King or President.

SHORT STORIES—No. 1.

ARTICLE NO. 19.

UP TO DAY—DOWN TO MORROW.

It was a bitter cold day in the latter part of November, 1836. A sharp, cutting hail storm, accompanied by a driving northeast wind, was just setting in, warning everything that had life in it to hasten under cover.

I had been down town with a load, and was hurrying up Centre street, in face of the storm, on my way home. Just as I arrived opposite the gas-house, a man on the the sidewalk hailed me, and said he had a job for me.

"I can't do it," I replied; "I am already nearly frozen, and am hastening home to get out of the storm."

"*But you must do it,*" he rejoined with emphasis. "There is a poor old man lying on the sidewalk just around the corner in Hester street, who must be cared for immediately. He is apparently in a dying condition, and you must go with me and take him to the police court, on the corner of the Bowery and Third street."

"I don't like such jobs, anyhow—you had much better employ a hack for that purpose. I beg that you will excuse me this time, for

I am anxious to get in out of the storm."

"I can't accept any excuses on this occasion. I am an officer and must do my duty —you are a public cartman and must do your duty. Follow me round the corner, and we will make short work of it."

I followed, as a matter of course, and we there found, lying on the sidewalk, hard up against an old board fence, one of the most wretched and folorn-looking specimens of humanity I had ever seen in my life, up to that time. The commencement of that tear-inspiring old ballad, "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man," never came to my mind with such force before. The miserable object before us presented but the mere outlines of what had once been a man, formed in the image of his Maker—for naught save the skeleton of the former man now remained. He was coarsely and thinly clad—in fact, almost in a state of nudity—coatless, hatless and shoeless—with pallid cheeks and sunken eyes, and a few straggling locks of tangled gray hair, he looked like a man who had already passed the threescore and ten years allotted to human life. He was, to all appearance, senseless, speechless and nearly breathless—looking more like a human corpse than a living human being. But although apparently gasping his last breath, he still lived and breathed, but seemed in a dying condition. Our best judgment was, that his present prostration had been brought about, more from the effects of exposure and starvation, than from intemperance. Despite his present wretched appearance, there was a marked expression of intelligence about his countenance, that plainly denoted that the poor man had seen better days.

"Come, now, carman," said the officer, who appeared to be a kind, tender-hearted man, "let us hasten the removal of the poor old man to a place of shelter before he dies upon our hands, an event I should not like to have happen. He is in a very feeble and prostrate condition, and we must handle him accordingly."

We then gathered up the scattered straw, and having placed it upon the bottom of the cart, we carefully raised up the old man and gently placed him thereon. Then taking the thick canvas cover from my horse's back, I spread it over him; and the officer sitting down by his side and carefully holding up his head, we started off slowly amid the scoffs and jeers of the unfeeling rabble that had congregated in the immediate vicinity. The jolting motion of the cart soon set the old man's blood in circulation, and when we arrived at the police station his eyes were open and he had partially regained the use of his limbs. When we stopped he stared and gazed around him for a moment like a person suddenly awakened from a deep sleep, but uttered not a word. One of the assistants at the station came out and helped the officer conduct him into the court-room, and prompted by curiosity, coupled with a desire to warm my fingers, I followed them in. The Justice —Lownds, I think it was—was sitting at his desk, ready for business.

"Well, officer," said he, rather sternly, "who have you got there—a drunken man, or a sick one?"

"May it please your Honor," replied the officer, "I think the poor old man is dying from exposure and starvation. We took him up from the sidewalk in Hester street; but he presents no indications of having been drinking; the fact is, he is not drunk, sir."

"Well, well," continued the justice, softening down a little; "all right, officer—drunk or sober, sick or well, the sidewalk is no place for a man to make his bed in such a storm as is now raging without. Bring him up here in front of the desk, and let us hear what he has to say for himself."

The officers did as they were directed, one of them supporting him on either side.

"Now, my good man, hold up your head and answer my questions correctly. What is your name, sir? No *aliases*, if you please."

After considerable effort the poor man feebly articulated the simple words: "John Mascon."

The old justice shrugged his shoulders, raised his glasses, and keenly eyeing the stranger for a moment, continued: "What countryman are you, sir?"

"South American," he promptly answered, in a subdued tone of voice.

The old justice seemed greatly agitated at the reply, and giving him another scrutinizing glance of recognition, for which all police magistrates are more or less famous, he continued his examination: "One more question, if you please, sir. Mr. Mascon, did you keep an exchange office in Wall street, say some twenty years ago?"

The poor man now began to tremble in every limb, his eyes rolled wildly in their sunken sockets, large drops of perspiration oozed from every pore, and coursed their way down his shrunken and palid cheeks. But after a momentary hesitation, in a clear, distinct, silvery tone of voice, he replied: "*I did*," and immediately sank exhausted into the arms of his attendants. These were the last words he ever spoke on earth.

"Good God! is it possible," exclaimed the old justice, in a manner that was fearful to behold—"I thought as much from the beginning. Officer, take Mr. Mascon and place him in the best bed in the hospital, give him a little warm brandy and water immediately and send for the doctor!—quick! his life must be saved if possible."

After the officer left with his charge, the old justice removed his glasses, and with a tremulous voice, thus briefly addressed the half-dozen persons who were present: "Gentlemen:—I have sat on this bench as a police magistrate for over ten years, but never before during all that time have I witnessed a scene that has harrowed up my better feelings like the one which has just past in review before us. Twenty years ago that man, John Mascon, was Consul General from the Republic of Colombia to the port of New York, and I knew him well at that time. He also kept an exchange office in Wall street, was always considered wealthy, and was looked upon as one of the best business men in the city. He then lived in the grandest style, sported the most magnificent turnout on Broadway—an open barouche, drawn by four splendid black horses—and was one of the most genial and accomplished gentlemen I ever knew in the whole course of my life. About fifteen years ago he suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from the city, and I have lost all traces of him from that day until this, when he appeared before me this day, the poor shattered wreck of a man that you have all witnessed. Great God! how wonderful and mysterious are Thy ways! Poor as I am, I would willingly give a thousand dollars to-day to know the causes that have reduced my old-time friend to his present deplorable condition; but as this cannot be, it behooves us all to take timely warning from his sad fall. It ill becomes any man, no matter what may be the amount of his wealth, or how high his social position in the world, to sneer at and ridicule those below him, for the wheel of fortune is continually on the revolve, and it is *up to-day and down to-morrow*."

As I afterward learned, the poor old ex-millionaire died at eleven o'clock that same evening, *but made no mark;* and to this day the curious public remain in entire ignorance as to what caused his downfall. But were I permitted to make a guess, I should say *disappointed ambition*. No friend appearing to claim his body, his remains were the next day placed in a rough pine coffin and hurried off to Potter's Field. *Sic transit gloria mundi*.

The next morning when I called at the *Herald* office for my morning paper, I informed Mr. Bennett of what I knew concerning Mr. Mascon's history. He made a note of it, and the next morning the "spicy little *Herald*" contained a characteristic article on the subject. It was the only obituary notice that the poor, friendless old man ever received in any of the city papers. The *Herald* office was then located in a small, dingy old basement at No. 148 Nassau street. At that time Mr. Bennett was his own editor, reporter and salesman, and boasted that he was not worth $500 in the wide world. Now he can count his dollars by the million. I have now in my possession a file of the first numbers of the *Herald*, nearly every one of which I purchased of Mr. Bennett in person. I remember his "beautiful squint eye" distinctly, but I do not recollect ever seeing any great beauty in it. The *Herald* was much more *spicy* and entertaining then than it has ever been since.

A FIRST-CLASS SLOVEN—No. 2.

One morning the boss and I were engaged plating a looking-glass frame in the back part of the store. Presently we noticed a rough looking old fellow enter the door and commence working his way up toward us, and this is a brief description of his appearance: His outward clothing, consisting of coat and pants only, was of a lightish brown color, soiled and seedy; on his left foot he wore an old rusty shoe without strings, and on his right an old boot ripped half-way down in front, with the bottom of his crumpled pants resting on the top thereof; a shirt minus its

collar, considerably soiled and open in front, an unshorn beard, matted and tangled hair, and a coarse crumpled old white felt hat, thrown back on his head *a la Greeley*. Such is a correct description of the appearance of our new customer as near as I can now recollect it. As a matter of course, we thought he was a beggar seeking alms—indeed, what else could we think? The stranger walked up with a swaggering gait to the place where we were at work, took off his hat, and addressing Mr. Brown in a clear, dignified and commanding tone of voice, said: "Good morning, sir; are you the proprietor of this establishment?"

"Good morning, sir," replied the boss, in his usually bland and polite manner; "yes, sir, I count myself as about the head of this establishment when I am here—can I do any thing for you this morning, sir?"

"Thank you, sir," rejoined the stranger. "I am a man of considerable leisure, and have called here this morning to solicit permission to take a hasty glance at your picture gallery. I have traveled quite extensively in Italy [the devil you have, muttered the boss in an undertone of voice], and have spent a great deal of my idle time in roaming through the renowned picture galleries of Florence and Naples [yes, you look like it, remarked the boss, *sotto voice*, with a sneer], viewing and admiring the famous productions of the grand old masters deposited there. The fact is, sir, I have an undying passion for the Fine Arts, and love to gaze upon a good picture wherever I find it."

"Oh, yes—all right, sir—you can look at my pictures as much as you like, but you will not find anything of a very extraordinary character in my collection at present."

"Thank you, sir," replied the stranger with a courtly bow, and off he started to have a look at the pictures, such as they were.

"Well, Lyon, what do you think of our Italian traveler?" queried the boss, with a comical grin. "So it seems that he is not a beggar after all, and I guess that his looking at the picture will not impair its value. He certainly appears to be a man of education and refinement, slovenly as is his outward appearance, and who knows but that we may be harboring an angel in disguise?"

"Angel or beggar, I think he is a curious old *tramp* anyhow," I replied. "His conversation and address certainly denotes him to be a man of culture, and one who has seen better days—but it is hard to tell who or what he is."

"Well, I am sure I don't care a fig who or what he is, if he will only make a short visit, and disappear before the customers begin to come in."

The stranger moved leisurely along, gazing at this picture and glancing at that, until he arrived in front of a large painting portraying a comical New England witch scene. [This was the same picture mentioned in No. 15, it having been sent here by Mrs. Morton to be framed, and not yet sent home.] Stopping short in front of this superb picture he gave it a scrutinizing glance, smiled a joyous smile, shrugged his shoulders, and then, taking off his hat, he bowed to it in the most graceful manner possible. Then throwing himself into the attitude of a stage orator, he took a gold-rimmed eye-glass from the side pocket of his coat, placed it before his eye, and commenced examining the picture from every point of view imaginable. It was evident at a glance that he was highly delighted with the scene before him, for the longer he gazed the more pleased and interested he appeared to be. Occasionally he looked grave and melancholy, anon his sides would shake with uncontrollable laughter. Finally he he again took off his hat, bowed once more to the picture, and, with his hat under his arm, he gave it a parting look and retired. Walking up again to the place where we were at work, directing his discourse to the boss, he said: "Sir, permit me to return you my thanks for your kind condescension in allowing me to examine your pictures."

"No condescension at all," replied the boss, "my pictures are always on free exhibition to the public; but, sir, have you seen anything that you particularly admire, or anything worthy of special notice?"

"Well, sir, to be honest with you, with one exception, I would not give a damn for your whole collection—that exception is a gem of a high order—all the rest are mere worthless daubs, and not worth a respectable damn, sir. That New England witch scene is one of the best things of the kind that I have ever seen; there is but one solitary imperfection about it that I can discern—the waist of the old witch's dress is just *one-eighth of an inch too short!* Correctly outlined, and artistically painted, everything else is perfection—it's a

great pity that the artist had not painted that old hag's waist just *one-eighth of an inch* longer. I presume that it is an original picture; do you know, sir, who painted it?"

"Yes, sir, it is an original, and the production of a self-taught lady artist—Mrs. Morton."

"Do you know if it is for sale, sir? Damme! but I should like to be the owner of it. I should not mind a bit paying the lady a couple of hundred dollars for it. I should then have something to drive "dull care away," but not a shilling for any one of your *daubs*."

"It is not for sale, I believe, sir. It was painted expressly for the purpose of being placed in an exhibition—but will you favor me with your name and address, in case the lady should take a notion to sell it?"

"My name and address is of no account, sir, as I expect to leave the city this afternoon, and may, perhaps, never return here again. But please do me the favor of presenting the compliments of an admirer of her picture to Mrs. Morton. She possesses original genius of a high order, and will yet write her name upon the highest star that shines in the firmament of high art. *Benigno numine*, Mrs. Morton will yet become a great and distinguished artist; and now, having an important engagement at ten o'clock, permit me to bid you good morning, sir."

Saying which, the stranger assumed a decidedly erect posture, and moved off toward the street door with an air and gait of a Chesterfield. Just as he reached the door he met Mr. Haight, one of the boss's customers, coming it. They at once recognized each other, and had a high old time in shaking hands and cracking jokes on each other.

"Why, how's this, Haight?" inquired the boss; "what the dickens does all this mean? Are you acquainted with that *old codger* you met at the door?"

"Old codger!" exclaimed Mr. Haight, "of course I know him; don't you? Why, Brown, that was Booth, the great tragedian—he's an old acquaintance of mine; I thought you knew him."

"By thunder, that's too bad! I wish I had known it a little sooner, I should have noticed him more particularly. I thought he was a lunatic, just escaped from some one of our insane asylums."

"No, he's not exactly *insane*, only a little *eccentric*, that's all."

The boss and I ran out on the sidewalk in front of the store, and watched him for half a block, as he went swaggering down the street, looking in at the shop windows. When we returned into the store, the boss straightening himself up, with a comical squint in his right eye, exclaimed: "Well, Lyon, we can now say that we have seen the great Lucius Junius Brutus Booth, in a character that few other persons have ever seen him in—that of a *first-class sloven*. That is worth a drink anyhow—let us go and take a *little something*"—and we did.

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TOO MUCH RED TAPE—No. 3.

Being on my way home one Summer's afternoon, about half-past five o'clock, on turning out of Broadway into East Twenty-third street, I was hailed by a policeman, who demanded my immediate assistance in helping him take a badly injured man to the Bellevue Hospital. I did not crave the job, but knowing full well that the commands of a policeman were not to be trifled with, I did not attempt to evade the order.

"Come, carman, hurry up," he continued; "a dirt bank has just caved in and smashed a poor Irishman's leg all into a jelly. Be quick—right down there where you see those dirt carts standing in the street—for we must have him inside the gate before 6 o'clock, or we shall have to take him away down town to the Broadway Hospital."

I drove down to the place indicated, and there, sure enough, I found a poor Irishman whom they had just dug out of the dirt bank, with his right leg from the middle of his thigh downward smashed into a perfect jelly. Just as I arrived there the celebrated Doctor Cox drove up, and seeing an excited crowd collected, dismounted from his gig and hastened into the excavation to see what was the matter. He hurriedly examined the man's leg as well as the blood and dirt would admit, and then turning round to me, excitedly exclaimed:

"For God's sake, carman, hurry up and get this poor man to the hospital as quick as possible. If his leg is not taken off within the next hour, *he's a dead man*."

We then placed the disabled man, who was almost in a fainting condition, as gently as we could upon the cart, and started immediately for Bellevue Hospital, as fast as we dare drive. The policeman kept hurrying me up all the way, saying that if I did not make more haste the gate would be closed for the night, and we should then have to take him down to the Broadway Hospital. The poor man groaned awfully, but there was no help for it. We arrived in sight of the gate just as the 6 o'clock bell was ringing; but when we came up abreast of the gate it was closed, and the gate-keeper was just putting the key into his pocket.

"I say, gate-keeper, open that gate—quick!" shouted the policeman; "we have a man here who is dying, and whose case will admit of no delay."

"Can't help it; just two minutes too late," replied the gate-keeper, as coolly as though he had never known trouble. "It's contrary to regulations to open this gate after six o'clock, without a special permit. There's no help for it; you'll have to take him down to the Broadway Hospital."

"Make way here, you heartless wretch!" screamed the maddened policeman; and he rushed through the small foot-gate, nearly; knocking the surly old gate-keeper off his feet in his haste to pass through.

"A very impudent policeman you have with you, carman," whined the disconfitted gate-keeper. "I'm not goin' to stand such work as that from no one—damn me, if I do and I'll let him know it, too."

In about ten minutes the policeman returned, having succeeded in obtaining a special permit. In the meantime the poor Irishman lay on the cart groaning as though every one would be his last.

"There!" said the policeman in an angry tone of voice, handing the permit to the gate-keeper, "take *that* and open the gate pretty damn quick or I'll arrest you and lock you up in the station-house."

"You'd better try it," rejoined the snarlish old gate-keeper, "and maybe you'll repent it. You make your laws to suit yourselves, and so does we—and if you don't like our style of doin' business, you can carry your grist to some other mill, and be damned to you."

The gate was then opened, and we drove in and stopped in front of the main entrance to the hospital building. In about ten minutes more a young M. D. (as I took him to be) came out with a note-book and pencil in his hand, and placed himself alongside the cart in a position for asking questions and taking notes. Addressing himself to a disabled mass of humanity that lay writhing in mortal agony on the hard floor of the cart, he said: "Come, my man, look up now, and answer me correctly, to the best of your knowledge and belief, such questions as I shall ask you.

"What is your name, sir?"

"Hugh Malone, sir," responded the poor man, in a feeble and tremulous voice.

"And now, what is your age, sir?" continued the unfeeling M. D.

"Forty-nine, sir," groaned the poor stricken atom of humanity—"but doctor, what matters it about my name or age, as I expect to die in less than an hour?"

Humanity alone prompted me to interfere and ask a question. "Doctor," I said, "would it not be an act of Christian humanity to dispense with all further questioning until the poor man's injuries are cared for?"

"Carman," tartly responded the young M. D., "when I require your advice I will apply for it; but at present I think I know my own business. And now, Malone, what countryman are you?"

The M. D.'s polite rejoinder to my well meant question closed my mouth at once, but did not prevent me from *thinking* that he was a heartless and inhuman wretch. And thus it went on until some dozen questions of a similar character had been asked and answered, and all of them carefully and deliberately recorded. At the close of this examination, which occupied from fifteen to twenty minutes, the M. D. made his exit, saying to the policeman as he was about leaving that he would presently send him a couple of men to assist in getting the injured man into the hospital.

In about ten minutes more the men made their appearance, and wishing to see with my own eyes the manner in which the unfortunate man was disposed of, I followed them into the building. After numerous turnings and windings, we finally came to a halt in a large room, in which some fifty or sixty suffering human beings had already been deposited. Seeking out an empty cot, they laid the poor sufferer carefully thereon, and covered him over with a coarse blanket. Just then another M. D.—more advanced in years than the for-

mer—made his appearance on the stage of action. Raising the covering, he glanced at the Irishman's shattered limb for a moment, and then turning to one of the attendants, he said :

" Thomas, that leg will have to come off. I am now going to my tea, and shall be here again in the course of an hour ; have the amputating table in readiness on my return."

As I afterwards learned, when they returned to their patient at 9 o'clock for the purpose of taking off his leg, they found him *dead*. The immortal spirit of Hugh Malone had taken its flight to that far off country where M. D.'s are unknown, where every man receives his just deserts regardless of name, age, or native land, and where the magic healing properties of *red tape* are not practiced.

May God forgive me if I am wrong, but my candid belief is, that the amputation of that poor man's leg was delayed in the hope and expectation that he would die before the time appointed for the performance of the operation should arrive, and thus relieve them from the execution of an unpleasant and disagreeable duty. I hope that I am mistaken in this belief, but everything that I witnessed strongly pointed to such a conclusion.

As we passed through the gate on our return the policeman said : " Carman, here is a ticket entitling you to 31 cents for your cartage. Call at the office of the Chief of Police, in the basement of the City Hall, any time when you are down town, and the clerk will pay you. I know very well that it is but a pitiful recompense for an hour and a-half's services, but it is all that the Department allows for such jobs." Is it any wonder that cartmen *shy* such jobs whenever they can ?

Relating the case to one of our prominent doctors a few days ago, he said that the hospital doctors were *right*—that if they had taken off the man's leg immediately it would certainly have killed him. Doctor Cox said that unless his leg *was* taken off *immediately* he would die—and the result proved that *he* was right. And thus it goes ; when doctors disagree, what are we to believe ? Echo answers—" *what ?*"

SHORT STORIES—No. 4.

Launitz, the Sculptor.

Robert E. Launitz was a man very generally known in and around New York. Aside from his regular profession he was adjutant of the New York Seventh regiment for several years, and had the reputation of being one of the best civil engineers in the United States. He was one of the most social and cosmopolitan men I ever knew in my life. I first became acquainted with him about thirty years ago. His place of business used to be at No. 591 Broadway. Forty years ago he was doing business in company with John Frazee, the *then* renowned American sculptor —the firm being Frazee & Launitz. They did a large business at that time in their line. When the New York Custom House—now United States Sub-Treasury—was building, Mr. Frazee was appointed by the Government chief superintendent thereof, at a salary of $10 a day. They then dissolved partnership, and Mr. Launitz thereafter conducted the business in his own name and on his own account. I had but a slight acquaintance with Mr. Frazee, but I knew Mr. Launitz intimately. One day, shortly before the Custom House was completed, Mr. Frazee was suddenly stricken down with an apoplectic fit, and expired in a few minutes thereafter.

Mr. Launitz was what might very properly be termed a monumental sculptor—monuments and tombstones being his grand specialty. As a getter-up of cemetery adornments of a high order his name was favorably known all over the American continent, but his largest and most expensive orders came from South America and the West Indies. He generally attended to the shipping of his goods himself, and he always footed all the refreshment bills of the whole party, whether for drinks, oysters or dinners. Sometimes it would require two large trucks and five carts to transport a single monument, the cost of which (the monument) would frequently amount to several thousand dollars. A great number of his fine monuments may be seen in Greenwood and other fashionable cemeteries in the immediate vicinity of New York.

Mr. Launitz was as deaf as a block of marble; and, like most other deaf persons, he always talked very loud, thinking, perhaps, that everybody else was as deaf as himself. Naturally his voice was as soft and dulcet as that of a female, but when angered it was sharp and shrill, and fizzed and squeaked like a cracked bugle. When he was himself, he was as docile and tender-hearted as a child; but when he was in a passion, which happened frequently, an unchained devil was no match for him. The fact is, he was the most passionate man I ever knew, and when the paroxysm was on him he was entirely beyond human control; but his fits were generally of short duration. Being of a very nervous temperament, whenever the least thing went wrong, his temper would be up as high as a cat's back in an instant; then the universal cry among all those that knew him would be "Stand from under!" for then he would as soon kick his best friend as any other. But with all his bad temper he and I used to always get along very quietly and pleasantly together. It would be nothing strange to those who knew him intimately, to see him kick a friend to-day and kiss him to-morrow. The causes that had produced them were soon forgotten. His workmen all understood his temper like a book, and when they saw the storm beginning to rise they would flee from his presence as doth the frightened traveler flee before the desolating simoom of the desert. He was also a very profane man in his speech when excited, and it was perfectly awful to hear him swear and imprecate on those occasions.

I will now, by way of illustration, relate a little incident in which Mr. Launitz's passion was roused to its highest pitch. He was, as I think he informed me, a Russian by birth; and, as a consequence, was somewhat peculiar in his pronunciation of some of our American names. He always called me Ly-*on*, strongly emphasizing the last two letters of my name. One afternoon in the Summer of 1846, being on his way home, he called at the stand and said to me:—"Ly-*on*, I want you to call up at my place at 9 o'clock to-morrow morning and take a baptismal font down to St. John's church. Can you do it for me?"

"Yes, sir; life and health spared me, I will be on hand at about that hour."

"Please don't disappoint me; it is important that you should be there on time."

I was on hand next morning at the time designated, and found Mr. Launitz in his studio on the second floor. He was in high glee and full of smiles and roses. The font had just received its finishing touch and was standing in the middle of the room ready for removal. It was about three feet in height, and when taken apart consisted of four pieces, pedestal, column, entablature and basin, all held in their respective places by a substantial iron rod running through the centre of the whole. It was a beautiful piece of workmanship, much of it having been executed by Mr. L.'s own hands. Some half-dozen men were present in readiness to take it apart and transfer it to the cart.

"Come, now, Ly-*on*," said Launitz with a pleasant smile on his countenance, "is your cart in readiness for loading?"

"It is," I replied, "and the sooner the job is disposed off the better I shall like it, for I have other work on hand."

"Come, then, boys, to work now, and take the font apart and put it on the cart. Take your time now, and handle it carefully."

Four men then took hold of the large basin, and undertook to lift it off the top of the rod, but it did not budge an inch. Bracing themselves for a heavier lift, they again made the attempt to separate the basin from the rest of the font, when, whew! up it went like a feather, carrying the entablature with it, and all toppled over into a confused heap together. I stood by, looking on at the moment, and seeing everything crumbling to pieces, as it appeared to me, I made a grab at the entablature, and caught it just in time to save it from falling on the top of the pedestal. In doing this the back of my left hand got jammed among the falling fragments, and bled profusely,

"Good God!" exclaimed Launitz, his passions having been lashed into a frenzy in a moment. "What have you been doing there? You've ruined me—you blunder-heads you, you have broken the font all to pieces! Clear out, I say—get out of my shop this minute, every one of you, or I'll kill you! You careless, clumsy, bungling devils you!—Clear out, I say!—leave my premises this instant, every cursed one of you, and let me never see your faces again!"

These outbursts of anger were interspersed with horrid oaths which now and then verged into blasphemy. After delivering his angry tirade he flew at the men like an uncaged tiger, kicking at this one and striking at that one, until they all disappeared, but hitting none of them. The men had all encountered such skirmishing before, and as usual, they all succeeded in making their escape with whole hides. I held up my bleeding hand as a signal of distress, and I suppose this was all that saved me from being tumbled headlong down stairs with the rest of them.

Having cleared the room of all his workmen, Launitz commenced pacing up and down the floor, wringing his hands and exclaiming:

"I wish I was dead! All my hopes and expectations have been blasted in an instant! What is the use of working at all? I wish I had never been born. Always been my luck to have a set of stupid, bungling fools around me; but a single one of them shall never strike a blow for me again."

All of a sudden he stopped short, seized hold of the office-bell, and rang it furiously as though the building had been on fire. In about five seconds the office-boy made his appearance with his hat under his arm, trembling like a convicted criminal, and with a quivering voice exclaimed, "Here, sir!"

"I say, James," screamed the infuriated maniac, "do you know Mr. Frazee?"

"Yes, sir, I think I do," answered the boy, promptly.

"Do you know where the new Custom House is, you thick-headed scoundrel you?"

"Yes, sir, I think I do," responded the trembling boy, with tears in his eyes.

"Well, here's sixpence—take it and jump into the first stage that comes along and go down to the Custom House, and tell Mr. Frazee to come up here immediately."

"Mr. who, did you say, sir?" inquired the terror-stricken boy.

"Frazee! Frazee! Mr. *Frazee!* Don't you know Mr. *Frazee-e-e-e?*" hissed the madman from between his clenched teeth.

"Yes, sir—Mr. Frazee, who superintends the Custom House," responded the boy with a little more confidence.

"Yes, you rascal—Mr. Frazee, Superintendent of the Custom House. Tell him to come up here at once, as I want to see him on im-

bu siness; and if you don't make haste I'll kill you. I don't believe there is another man in the world who has such a set of fools around him as I have."

Then, becoming a little more calm, he continued: "It is too bad. The vestry were going to send to Italy to have this font made, and I only obtained the job through the intercession of a particular friend, at about half the price I ought to have had for making it. I am to have only $400 for making it, and took the job more for the name it would give me than for any profit it was possible to make on it, and now here it is all dashed to pieces! What am I to do? And worse than all else, there is to be a grand gathering of distinguised clergymen at the church this afternoon, and some great man is to be baptized at 4 o'clock, and all doomed to be disappointed! Here I've been to work on this beautiful font night and day for the last two weeks, so as to have it done in time, and now here it is, the very moment it is finished, all dashed to pieces! There was at least $200 worth of work on that entablature alone, and all the work of my own hands, and there it all lays in ruins! What shall I do? What possible excuse can I make?"

Then, wringing his hands and beating his forehead with his fists, he became more furious than ever, raging and tearing up and down the room like a madman, that he was. He tore the hair out of his head by the handfull, and cried and moaned like a lost child. The man looked and acted more like a fiend than a human being, and it was perfectly fearful to hear him curse and blaspheme. "D—n them!" he vociferated, his eyes flashing fire, "I wish I had killed every one of them. Such careless, blundering devils are not fit to live. Oh! oh! oh! what a life for a man to live! It's too bad, too bad, too bad!"

During all this raving and tearing I stood there almost paralyzed with fear, gazing first at the maniac and then at my bleeding hand, but uttered I not a single word. All of a sudden the fit left him, and Launitz was himself again. Coming up to the place where I was standing, with an angelic smile on his countenance, and in the tenderest tone of voice imaginable, he said inquiringly:

"Ly-*on*, if it hadn't been for you that font would have been all smashed to pieces. Is your hand much hurt?"

"I really don't know, Mr. Launitz; it has been bleeding profusely, but it don't pain me much."

"I am glad to hear it; come with me into the office, and wash off the blood and let's see how it looks."

I then went into the office and washed off the blood, and found only a skin bruise. Launitz tore a strip off one of his clean white linen aprons, and hunting up a bit of string, dressed and tied up my wound very neatly. "And now," said he, giving me a gentle dig in my side with his elbow, "let us go and examine the demolished font, and see what damage has been done."

"Oh, ho!" said Launitz, after examining it carefully, "it's not much broken after all, only one small piece knocked off the entablature, that's all; had I known it was no worse I need not have sent for Mr. Frazee at all; but we'll soon make things all right when he comes. There's no use your waiting any longer now, Ly-*on;* come up again at one o'clock, and we'll be all ready for you."

I had seen men a little *singular* before; but a *queer* man was Launitz.

When I went up again at one o'clock, I found everything going on as usual. The men were all at their work, and Launitz looked as calm and serene as a May-day morning.

"Well, Mr. Launitz," I said, "is everything all right and in good shape now?"

"Oh yes, Ly-*on*, Mr. Frazee has been up and made everything all right in about five minutes. He *thinks* that the accident happened from the two top pieces *sticking together* until they reached the top of the rod, when they separated. I am pretty much of the same opinion myself, and shall recommend the men to be a little more careful in future. Moist marble dust is very *adhesive* in its nature, and the joint between the basin and the entablature should have been loosened before they attempted to lift off the basin, but it's all right now."

"Yes, sir," I replied, "that's just my opinion, too—the *sticking* was what caused the accident."

The men then loaded the detached pieces of the font upon the cart, and I drove down to the church. It was there put together, placed into its proper position, and gave universal satisfaction. The distinguished clergymen all assembled according to the programme, the great man was baptized in due form, and Launitz obtained the name and reputation of having made the handsomest and cheapest baptismal font that had ever been seen in the United States.

Mr. Launitz departed this life about a year ago, at the good ripe old age of three score years and ten; but my impression is that he died unincumbered with much of this world's gear; he was too liberal and generous-hearted for that. He was buried with military honors by the Seventh regiment. Peace to his ashes! His memory deserves a grander monument than any he ever made for others; but will it ever get it? Doubtful.

WANTED—AN HONEST CARTMAN.

I was sitting on my cart on the corner of Broadway and Canal street one fine autumnal morning, enjoying my second pipe and intently engaged in reading Tristam Shandy, when I felt a light tap on my shoulder. On looking up to ascertain the cause, I discovered a tall, shabbily dressed, gentlemanly looking man standing before me.

"Good morning, cartman," said the stranger in a drawling, nasal, Puritanical tone of voice, "it's a very pleasant morning, sir."

The gentleman who thus accosted me was tall and slender, with dull, heavy looking gray eyes, a sallow and consumptive cast of countenance, and was apparently about sixty years of age. He wore a suit of well worn black broadcloth, a very *shiny* black fur hat that looked as though it had undergone its nine hundred and ninety-ninth ironing, stiff high shirt collar and spotless white cravat, a pair of shabby, half worn boots that shone and glittered in the morning sun from the effects of an extra coating of Day & Martin's best, well laid on. Taken altogether he looked the very picture of a poor country parson living on the stinted salary of $300 a year, or like one of the "Pilgrim Fathers" as they appeared when they first landed from the Mayflower, upon New England's blarney rock over two hundred years ago. I took his measure at a glance and determined to shape my discourse accordingly.

"I see, cartman," continued the stranger, "that you indulge in the use of the pipe, but not to an injurious extent, I trust."

With a coolness of speech and gravity of countenance that ill accorded with the risible state of my feelings at the time, I promptly

replied: "No, sir, I am not much given to smoking, I freely admit, taking into consideration the fact that I commenced smoking at the tender age of five years old. This, sir, is only my fifth pipe this morning, and I very seldom as yet indulge to the extent of over thirty or forty a day; but having not yet arrived at the middle age of scriptural life, I yet hope to attain to the good old par number of one hundred pipes a day before I die."

"Dear me! I should call that rather heavy smoking for a man of any age. But you are not a hard drinker I should judge from the general complexion of your countenance."

"Oh, no sir, not at all; only a drop or two now and then, say five times in the forenoon and seven in the afternoon, except on special occasions, *but never to excess, sir.*"

"Gracious me! a dozen or more drinks a day; why, I should call that pretty hard drinking anyway, I should."

"But, sir, bear in mind that I take only half a pint at a drink, and moreover, that I have been accustomed to taking this limited amount daily ever since I was ten years old. So you see that I am getting used to it and don't mind it a bit—practice, they say, makes perfect."

"You will allow me to say that I do not view it in that light. But I see, carman, that you have a book in your hands, and I hope it is a good one. I am extremely glad to see you turning your attention to reading, and devoting your spare time to useful studies. I always look upon it as a good sign whenever I find any of our people of the *lower orders* with a book in hand. May I make so bold as to ask the title of the book you are reading?"

"Certainly, sir; I never read anything but the best of books—none of your namby-pamby literature for me. The title of the book I am now reading is Tristam Shandy, one of the most side-splitting books in the English language. It always makes me feel ten years younger whenever I read it."

"Handy Andy? I have never read the wicked book myself: but I remember hearing a friend who had read it say, that it was a very dull and stupid kind of a book. *Hide slitting*, I think you said—I am afraid that it is not a book of a very high devotional character."

"Well, if it is not, it ought to be at any rate, judging from the title attached to the name of the author. It is, to say the least of it, one of the most popular productions of that great sensation preacher, Reverend Lawrence Sterne, the great Beecher of his day and generation."

"Ah, yes, that makes all the difference in the world. I don't much like the title of the book, 'tis true; but surely if it was written by a distinguished clergyman, I doubt not but it's all right. But let us now talk business for awhile. I am about changing my residence, and should like to employ a good, sober, steady, careful, *honest* cartman to remove my *fur-ni-ture*. How would you like to undertake the job?"

"Well, I shouldn't mind it, provided we could agree upon the terms. I have nothing particular on hand at present."

"About how much do you charge a load for such jobs? I want you to do it as reasonably as possible, for money is not very abundant with me at the present time."

"We always rate the price according to the location of the furniture, and the distance it is to be carted—say from 25 to 50 cents a load."

"Well, then, I would state that the *fur-ni-ture* is on the second floor, to be delivered on the second and third floors, and the distance to be carted is about six blocks."

"That being the case, it would cost you about 25 cents a load, you to pay for help—or 30 cents a load, I to find my own help. If you think you can stand that, I am ready for the job."

"Why, cartman, you are quite reasonable in your charges, rather more so than I expected. Indeed, I did not expect to have it done much short of 50 cents a load, that being about the price that I have generally paid. I think that we shall be able to make a bargain—but having been so often robbed by *dishonest* cartmen, I have determined that in the future I will not employ a cartman until I have fully satisfied myself that he is *honest*. Will you, therefore, allow me to examine the palm of your left hand? I think that I am fortune-teller enough to determine from the inside lines of a man's hand whether he is *honest* or not."

"My good sir, I cannot allow you to make the examination that you propose, for I know that the evidence would be against me. I do not wish to deceive you, sir—I am not an *honest* man in any sense of the word, and do not profess to be. I freely admit to you that

I am one of the greatest scoundrels in the city, and in this I am *honest*—I therefore beg that you will not *trust* me. My invariable practice is. to take all the jobs I can get at about quarter the customary price, and then *steal* enough to make it amount to double or triple the ordinary cartage—and this is the way I live and prosper by doing *cheap work*. Yes, sir, if you wish to have your work done by an *honest* cartman, you had better dispense at once with all thoughts of employing me at any price, or upon any conditions, unless you expect to pay dear for the whistle."

"Thank you, my good man for your *honesty* in so kindly informing me of your *dishonesty*," replied the astonished stranger. "According to your own representations of yourself, you would not answer my purpose at all—no, sir, not even should you offer to remove my *fur-ni-ture* for nothing. Permit me now to bid you good morning, sir."

The stranger then bowed politely and left. My medicine, although administered in homeopathic doses, had produced the effect intended—that of sending my nervous patient to another doctor. Passing along the stand, he closely scanned the countenances of the several cartmen thereon, until he came to a halt in front of a young man who had just commenced driving cart. He soon made his business known to the silly cartman, and then asked permission to examine the palm of his left hand. The foolish cartman, who, by the way, was as *honest* a man as ever lived, cheerfully granted the stranger's request. Having made the desired examination, he pronounced the lines in the palm of the cartman's hand all O. K., and declared that the owner of the hand was an *honest* man. The poor greenhorn grinned a grin of satisfaction thereat, and a bargain was soon struck between them. The overjoyed cartman was to have $1.25 a load, and furnish his own help. He commenced at the job early next morning, and by constant hard working, finished it at about 9 o'clock of the evening of the same day.

And now comes the cream of the story. When *payment* was talked about by the cartman he was told by the lady of the house "that he would have to call for his pay in the morning, as Mr. Prescott had not yet come up from his office." The cartman called again in the morning, and was told by the lady that "Mr. P. had just that moment started for his office down town." The cartman inquired of the lady "at what point down town could he find Mr. P.'s office?" Lady had entirely forgotten the number, "but it was somewhere in Wall street, *she believed*—would the carman please call again in the evening?" Carman called again in the evening, but "unfortunately Mr. P. had just finished his tea, and gone up town on important business—he would be pretty sure, however, to find him at home in the morning." Cartman's eyes began to open, but he called again early next morning, and was informed that his gentleman "had just left the city for Washington." And thus it went, morning after morning, for two whole weeks. Mr. Prescott was here, there, and everywhere, but there was no such thing as obtaining sight of him. Finally cartman, losing all patience, secreted himself in a grocery opposite, and watched for Mr. P. until he saw him come up from down town and enter his house. Cartman rushed to the door immediately thereafter, and, to his great astonishment, was told by servant giri "that Mr. P. had not yet come home." Cartman very politely informed servant girl "that she was a d—d liar, for he had just seen him enter the door." This brought Mr. P. from his hiding place to the door. Although in a furious passion he coolly informed cartman that "when he returned the marble-top bureau that he had stolen he would pay him." Cartman retorted "that he had not stolen his bureau," and "that if he did not settle with him on the spot he would *sue* him." The gentlemanly Mr. P., who would have none other than an *honest* cartman to remove his *fur-ni-ture*, told him in his teeth to "sue and be d—d, and see how much he would make out of it." Cartman sued, obtained a judgment, and ordered an execution—but when the constable came to make a levy a strange gentleman came forward and claimed the ownership of the *fur-ni ture* by virtue of a chattel mortgage.

Cartman then dropped the suit, about $20 out of pocket, and swore that no over-conscientious, fortune-telling, strange gentleman should ever be allowed to examine the palm of his hand again—and, for aught I know to the contrary, he has been as good as his word.

Such is the true and veritable history of the *dis-honest* gentleman, who wanted to employ an *honest* cartman to remove his *fur-ni-ture*.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

I. S. Lyon, Ex-Cartman, No. 2,439.

ERRATA.

No. 3.—Last word on paragraph 17, from the bottom, for "cart" read *card*.

No. 7.—At commencement of third paragraph from bottom, for a "a few days after," read a few years.

No. 10.—In middle of fourth paragraph from bottom, for "with all the treasured record of is *vast* greatness" &c., read *past* greatness &c.

No. 17.—Third paragraph from top, for "Grand Centre of *Life* and Knowledge," read Centre of Light, &c. In same No., for "Old Tad Pratt twice," read Old *Zadoc* Pratt Also in same No., the name of *Morton* is several times used instead of *Norton*.